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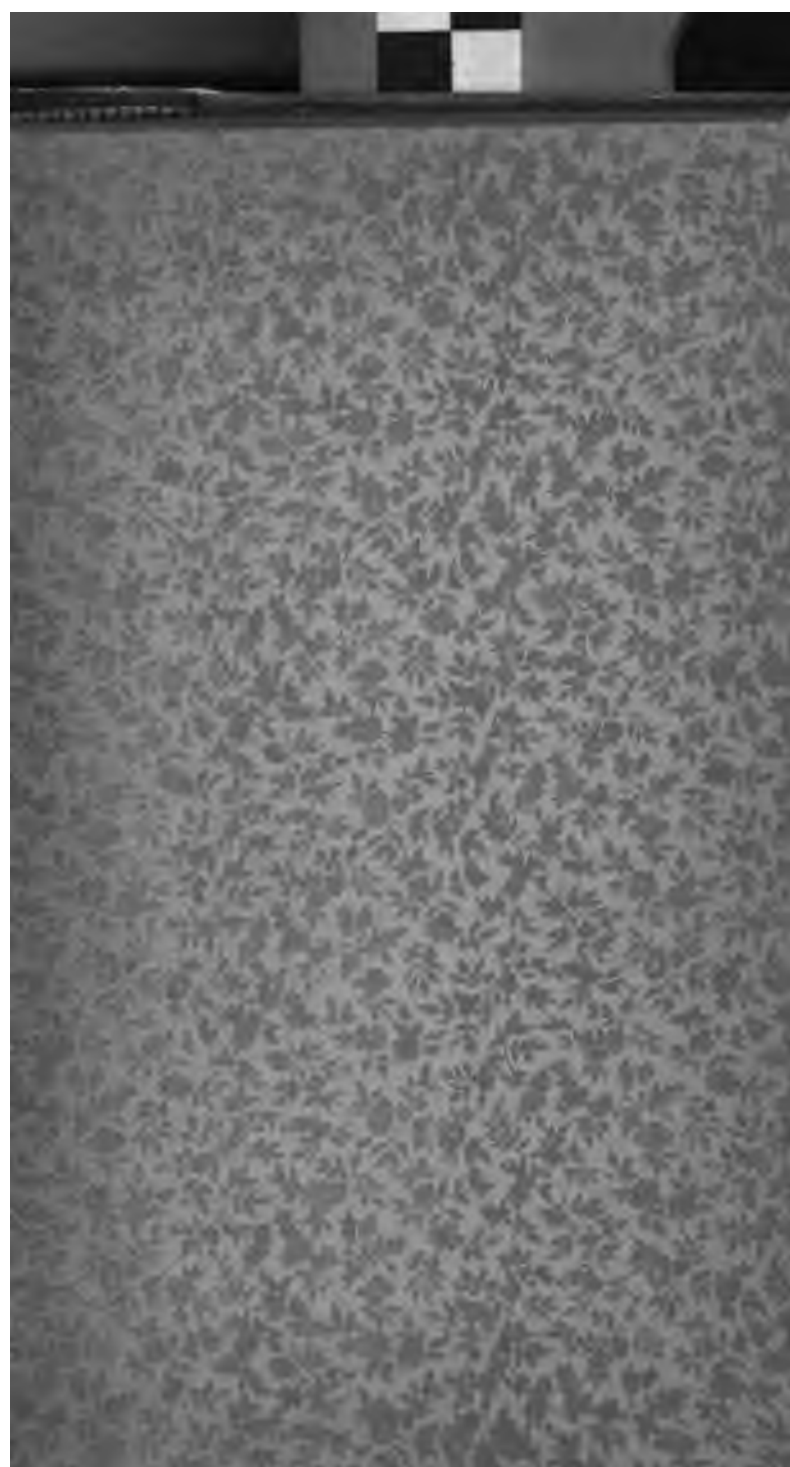
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BEST THINGS

FROM

BEST AUTHORS

VOLUME VI

COMPRISING

NUMBERS SIXTEEN, SEVENTEEN AND EIGHTEEN

OF

SHOEMAKER'S BEST SELECTIONS

Philadelphia

The Penn Publishing Company

1909



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PART FIRST.







BEST SELECTIONS

NUMBER 16.

LINCOLN.

Part of Commemoration Ode, Harvard, July 21, 1865.

LIFE may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is fate ;
But then to stand beside her, .
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield—
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stands self-poised on manhood's solid earth
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.
Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man

Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote :
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the inexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead ;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth.
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity !
They knew that outward grace is dust :
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind ;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined.
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still ;
Ere any name of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her gentle will ;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face
I praise him not ; it were too late ;

NUMBER SIXTEEN.

And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he :
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes ;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

TOPSY'S FIRST LESSON.

MISS OPHELIA began with Topsy by taking her into a chamber, and solemnly commencing a course of instruction in the art and mystery of bed-making.

Behold, then, Topsy, washed and shorn of all the little braided tails wherein her heart had delighted, arrayed in a clean gown, with well-starched apron; standing reverently before Miss Ophelia, with an expression of solemnity well befitting a funeral.

"Now, Topsy, I'm going to show you just how my

bed is to be made. I am very particular about my bed. You must learn exactly how to do it."

"Yes, ma'am," says Topsy, with a deep sigh, and a face of woful earnestness.

"Now, Topsy, look here; this is the hem of the sheet; this is the right side of the sheet, and this is the wrong—will you remember?"

"Yes, ma'am," says Topsy, with another sigh.

"Well, now, the under sheet you must bring over the bolster—so—and tuck it clear down under the mattress, nice and smooth—so—do you see?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Topsy, with profound attention.

"But the upper sheet must be brought down in this way, and tucked under, firm and smooth, at the foot—so;—the narrow hem at the foot."

"Yes, ma'am," said Topsy, as before. But we will add—what Miss Ophelia did not see—that during the time when the good lady's back was turned in the zeal of her manipulations, the young disciple had contrived to snatch a pair of gloves and a ribbon, which she had adroitly slipped into her sleeves, and stood with her hands dutifully folded as before.

"Now, Topsy, let's see you do this."

Topsy, with great gravity and adroitness, went through the exercise; smoothing the sheets, patting out every wrinkle, and exhibiting, through the whole process, a gravity and seriousness with which her instructress was greatly edified. By an unlucky slip, however, a fluttering fragment of the ribbon caught Miss Ophelia's attention. "What's this? . . . You naughty, wicked child—you've been stealing this!"

"Laws! why that ar's Miss Feely's ribbon, an't it? How could it a' got caught in my sleeve?"

"Topsy, you naughty girl! you stole that ribbon!"

"Missis, I declar for't, I didn't; never see'd it till dis yer blessed minnit."

"O, Topsy! Topsy! don't you know it's wicked to tell lies?"

"I never tells no lies, Miss Feely, it's jist the truth I've been tellin' now, an an't nothin' else."

"Topsy, I shall have to whip you, if you tell lies so."

"Laws, Missis, if you's to whip all day, couldn't say no other way," said Topsy, beginning to blubber. "I never seed dat 'ar—it must have got caught in my sleeve."

Miss Ophelia was so indignant that she caught the child and shook her. "Don't you tell me that again!" The shake brought the gloves on to the floor from the other sleeve. "There, you!" said Miss Ophelia, "will you tell me now you didn't steal the ribbon?"

Topsy now confessed to the gloves, but still persisted in denying the ribbon?"

"Now, Topsy, if you'll confess all about it, I won't whip you this time." Thus adjured, Topsy confessed to the ribbon and gloves, with woful protestations of penitence.

"Well, now, tell me—I know you must have taken other things since you have been in the house. Now tell me if you took anything, and I sha'n't whip you."

"Laws, Missis! . . . I took Miss Eva's red thing she w'ars on her neck."

"You did? you naughty child!—Well, what else?"

"I took Rosa's yer-rings—them red ones."

"Go bring them to me this minute, both of 'em."

"Laws, Missis! I can't—they's burnt up!"

"Burnt up!—what a story! Go get 'em, or I'll whip you."

Topsy, with loud protestations, and tears and groans, declared that she could not. "They's burnt up—they was."

"What did you burn 'em for?"

"'Cause I's wicked, I is. I's mighty wicked, any how—I can't help it."

Just at that moment, little Eva came into the room, with the identical coral necklace on her neck.

"Why, Eva! where did you get your necklace?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Get it? why, I've had it on all day," said Eva.

"Did you have it on yesterday?"

"Yes; and what is funny, Aunt, I had it on all night. I forgot to take it off when I went to bed."

Miss Ophelia looked perfectly bewildered; the more so as Rosa, at that instant, came into the room, with a basket of newly-ironed linen poised on her head, and the coral ear-drops shaking in her ears!

"I'm sure I can't tell what to do with such a child!" she said in despair. "What in the world did you tell me you took those things for, Topsy?"

"Why, Missis said I must 'fess; and I couldn't think of nothin' else to 'fess."

"But, of course, I didn't want you to confess things you didn't do; that's telling a lie, just as much as the other."

"Laws, now, is it?" said Topsy, with an air of innocent wonder.

"La, there an't any such thing as truth in that limb," said Rosa, looking indignantly at Topsy. "If I was Mas'r St. Clare, I'd whip her till the blood run. I would—I'd let her catch it!"

"No, no, Rosa," said Eva, with an air of command; "you mustn't talk so, Rosa. I can't bear to hear it."

"La sakes! Miss Eva, you's so good; you don't know nothing how to get along with niggers. There's no way but to cut 'em well up, I tell ye."

"Rosa!" said Eva, "hush! Don't say another word of that sort!" and the eye of the child flashed, and her cheek deepened its color.

Rosa was cowed in a moment and went away. Eva stood looking at Topsy.

There stood the two children, representatives of the two extremes of society. The fair, high-bred child, with her golden head, her deep eyes, her spiritual, noble brow, and prince-like movements; and her black, keen, subtle, cringing, yet acute neighbor. They stood, the representatives of their races. The Saxon, born of ages of cultivation, command, education, physical and moral eminence; the Afric, born of ages of oppression, submission, ignorance, toil, and vice!

When Miss Ophelia expatiated on Topsy's naughty, wicked conduct, Eva looked perplexed and sorrowful, but said sweetly—

"Poor Topsy, why need you steal? You're going to be taken good care of now. I'm sure I'd rather give you anything of mine than have you steal it."

It was the first word of kindness the child had ever heard in her life; and the sweet tone and manner struck strangely on the wild, rude heart, and a sparkle of something like a tear shone in the keen, round, glittering eye.

"What does make you so bad, Topsy? why won't you try and be good? Don't you love anybody, Topsy?"

"Dunno nothin' 'bout love; I loves candy and sich, that's all."

"But you love your father and mother?"

"Never had none, ye know. I telled ye that, Miss Eva."

"Oh, I know," said Eva, sadly; "but hadn't you any brother, or sister, or aunt, or—"

"No, none of 'em—never had nothin' nor nobody."

"But, Topsy, if you'd only try to be good, you might—"

"Couldn't never be nothin' but a nigger, if I was ever so good. If I could be skinned, and come white, I'd try then."

"But people can love you, if you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you, if you were good."

Topsy gave the short blunt laugh that was her common mode of expressing incredulity.

"Don't you think so?"

"No; she can't bar me, 'cause I'm a nigger!—she'd's soon have a toad touch her! There can't nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin'! I don't care," said Topsy, beginning to whistle.

"Oh, Topsy, poor child, I love you!" said Eva, with a sudden burst of feeling, and laying her little thin, white hand on Topsy's shoulder; "I love you, because you haven't had any father, or mother, or friends—because you've been a poor, abused child! I love you, and I want you to be good. I am very unwell, Topsy, and I think I sha'n't live a great while; and it really grieves me to have you be so naughty. I wish you would try to be good, for my sake; it's only a little while I shall be with you."

The round, keen eyes of the black child were overcast with tears; large, bright drops rolled heavily down, one by one, and fell on the little white hand. Yes, in that

moment a ray of real belief, a ray of heavenly love, had penetrated the darkness of her heathen soul! She laid her head down between her knees, and wept and sobbed, while the beautiful child, bending over her, looked like the picture of some bright angel stooping to reclaim a sinner.

"Poor Topsy!" said Eva, "don't you know that Jesus loves all alike? He is just as willing to love you as me. He loves you just as I do—only more, because He is better. He will help you to be good, and you can go to heaven at last, and be an angel forever, just as much as if you were white. Only think of it, Topsy! you can be one of those spirits bright, Uncle Tom sings about."

"Oh, dear Miss Eva, dear Miss Eva! I will try, I will try; I never did care nothin' about it before."

St. Clair, who had entered unperceived by the children and had overheard their conversation, said to Miss Ophelia, "It puts me in mind of mother. It is true what she told me; if we want to give sight to the blind, we must be willing to do as Christ did—call them to us, and put our hands on them."

"I've always had a prejudice against negroes," said Miss Ophelia, "and it's a fact, I never could bear to have that child touch me; but I didn't think she knew it."

"Trust any child to find that out," said St. Clair; "there's no keeping it from them. But I believe that all the trying in the world to benefit a child, and all the substantial favors you can do them, will never excite one emotion of gratitude, while that feeling of repugnance remains in the heart; it's a queer kind of a fact, but so it is."

"I don't know how I can help it," said Miss Ophelia;

"they are disagreeable to me—this child in particular—how can I help feeling so?"

"Eva does, it seems."

"Well, she's so loving! After all, though, she's no more than Christ-like," said Miss Ophelia; "I wish I were like her. She might teach me a lesson."

"It wouldn't be the first time a little child had been used to instruct an old disciple."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

STRATFORD FOUNTAIN.

For the dedication of the fountain at Stratford-on-Avon presented by
George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, August 29, 1887.

WELCOME, thrice welcome is thy silvery gleam,
Thou long imprisoned stream!

Welcome the tinkle of thy crystal beads
As plashing raindrops to the flowery meads,
As summer's breath to Avon's whispering reeds!
From rock-walled channels, drowned in rayless night,
Leap forth to life and light;
Wake from the darkness of thy troubled dream,
And greet with answering smile the morning's beam!

No purer lymph the white-limbed Naiad knows
Than from thy chalice flows;

Not the bright spring of Afric's sunny shores,
Starry with spangles washed from golden ores,
Nor glassy stream Blandusia's fountain pours,
Nor wave translucent where Sabrina fair

Braids her loose-flowing hair,
Nor the swift current, stainless as it rose
Where chill Arveiron steals from Alpine snows.

Here shall the traveler stay his weary feet
 To seek thy calm retreat ;
Here at high noon the brown-armed reaper rest ;
Here, when the shadows, lengthening from the west,
Call the mute song-bird to his leafy nest,
Matron and maid shall chat the cares away
 That brooded o'er the day,
While flocking round them troops of children meet,
And all the arches ring with laughter sweet.

Here shall the steed, his patient life who spends
 In toil that never ends,
Hot from his thirsty tramp o'er hill and plain,
Plunge his red nostrils, while the torturing rein
Drops in loose loops beside his floating mane ;
Nor the poor brute that shares his master's lot—
 Find his small needs forgot—
Truest of humble, long-enduring friends,
Whose presence cheers, whose guardian care defends !

Here lark and thrush and nightingale shall sip,
 And skimming swallows dip,
And strange, shy wanderers fold their lustrous plumes
Fragrant from bowers that lent their sweet perfumes
Where Pæstum's rose or Persia's lilac blooms ;
Here from his cloud the eagle stoop to drink
 At the full basin's brink,
And whet his beak against its rounded lip,
His glossy feathers glistening as they drip.

Here shall the dreaming poet linger long,
 Far from his listening throng—

Nor lute nor lyre his trembling hand shall bring;
Here no frail Muse shall imp her crippled wing,
No faltering minstrel strain his throat to sing!
These hallowed echoes who shall dare to claim
 Whose tuneless voice would shame,
Whose jangling chords with jarring notes would wrong
The nymphs that heard the Swan of Avon's song?

What visions greet the pilgrim's raptured eyes!
 What ghosts made real rise!
The dead return—they breathe—they live again,
Joined by the host of Fancy's airy train,
Fresh from the springs of Shakespear's quickening
 brain!
The stream that slakes the soul's diviner thirst
 Here found the sunbeams first;
Rich with his fame, not less shall memory prize
The gracious gift that humbler wants supplies.

O'er the wide waters reached the hand that gave
 To all this bounteous wave,
With health and strength and joyous beauty fraught;
Blest be the generous pledge of friendship, brought
From the far home of brother's love, unbought!
Long may fair Avon's fountain flow, enrolled
 With storied shrines of old,
Castalia's spring, Egeria's dewy cave,
And Horeb's rock the God of Israel clave!

Land of our Fathers, ocean makes us two,
 But heart to heart is true!
Proud is your towering daughter in the West,
Yet in her burning life-blood reign confest

Her mother's pulses beating in her breast.
 This holy fount, whose rills from heaven descend,
 Its gracious drops shall lend—
 Both foreheads bathed in that baptismal dew,
 And love make one the old home and the new!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE NEW SOUTH.

A response to a toast delivered at the annual dinner of the New England Society, 1887.

"**T**HERE was a South of secession and slavery—that South is dead. There is a South of Union and freedom—that South is living, breathing, growing every hour."

I accept the term, "The New South," as in no sense disparaging to the Old. Dear to me is the home of my childhood and the traditions of my people. There is a New South, not through protest against the Old, but because of new conditions, new adjustments, and, if you please, new ideas and aspirations. It is to this that I address myself. You have just heard an eloquent description of the triumphant armies of the North, and the grand review at Washington. I ask you, gentlemen, to picture, if you can, the foot-sore soldier, who, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was taken, testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds. Having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands

of his comrades, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find?—let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find all the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for your four years' sacrifice—what does he find, when he reaches the home he left four years before? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves freed, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone, without money, credit, employment, material or training—and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold—does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely, God, who had scourged him in his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity! As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter.

The soldiers stepped from the trenches into the furrow; the horses that had charged upon General Sherman's line marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June. From the ashes left us in 1864, we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes and have builded therein not one single ignoble prejudice or memory.

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate South—misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave, and generous always. On the record of her social, industrial, and political restoration we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading into the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace, and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair in her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity.

As she stands full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon an expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten. This is said in no spirit of time-serving and apology. The South has nothing to take back; nothing for which she has excuses to make. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hills—a plain white shaft. Deep cut into its shining sides is a name dear to me above the names of

men, that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his patriot's death. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His almighty hand and that the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. What answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudices of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in hearts which never felt the generous ardor of conflict it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered about the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with peace, touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave—will she make this vision, on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed, a benediction, or a cheat and a delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal. But if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good-will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered to this very Society forty years ago amid tremendous applause be verified in its fullest and

final sense, when he said : " Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever."

W. H. GRADY.

THE MESSAGE OF THE DOVE.

An Easter Poem

LAST night the angry sun dropped down
Like a ball of fire in the sea,
And the sullen water heaved and moaned
'Neath the weight of the storm to be ;

And, before the after-light was gone,
The wind began to roar,
God help the men at sea, to-night—
God help the wives on shore.

One wife sat alone in her cottage room,
And her heart was sick with fear ;
" 'Tis Easter Eve ; and on Easter Day
He promised that he'd be here.

" ' Please God,' he said, ' we'll be safe at home
By the blessed Easter Day.'
Oh, how can I praise if he does not come,
For my lips can only pray ?"

Black, black grew the night, and the gleaming spray
Hissed over the pebbly shore,

The wind caught it up in its evil grasp
To fling at the cottage door.

Warm-curtained the window, and on the wall
The lamplight and firelight play;
The cottage would be a pleasant place
If he were not away.

The wife cowered down in the firelight glow,
Her head upon her knee:
"O Christ, have pity on us to-night,
And bring back my man to me."

The wind went shrieking about the house,
And fain would an entrance win,
But door and window were barred and fast,
And would not let it in.

A rush—a blast—for the wind has won,
It has thrust the shutter aside;
The lamp leaps up and dies on a flash,
And the ashes are scattered wide.

And the wife sits on by the bare hearthstone,
And the wind is lord of the place;
It lays its hands on her loosened hair,
And smites on her pallid face.

The darkness crept to her inmost heart—
Faith's light was darkened too.
"Is it Love's hand then that directs the rush,
And the deeds that the storm-winds do?"

"Is it mercy that rides on the wings of doom,
Is it Light takes my light from me;
Is it Life that brings him a cruel death
And worse than death to me?"

Hark—in through the window a rush of wings,
Had an angel been sent to save?
Would her soul go up from the wind-swept home,
And his from the wind-swept wave?

The wings still fluttered, and nearer came;
Till a soft plume her cheek caressed;
She put up her hands—'twas a stray soft bird
She caught and held to her breast.

A stray, lost pigeon, wearied with flight
In the stress of the stormy air,
The tempest has blown to her human heart,
And found it a shelter there.

The bird found shelter, and lighted peace
In the heart where it rested thus:
"If God will care for a bird like this,
I trust Him—He cares for us.

"Poor bird, in the storm of death and wind,
Did some hand stretch out to thee,
To bring thee safe through the maddened skies
On a message of peace to me?

"I trust Him now—He is strong to save—
He is mighty to choose and see;
And whatever He will for His child, I know
He does what is best for me."

As o'er dark waters, dark years ago,
A dove to the ark brought peace,
So God has sent her this white dove now
To bid all her doubtings cease.

"Thy will, not mine, I can trust," she said,
And she held the white dove fast
That had passed through the storm, as her soul had done,
And had anchored in peace at last.

And she knelt and prayed—"If it be Thy will,
O Mighty, on sea and shore,
As the wings of Thy dove, guide the boat's white wings,
And bring him safe home once more."

And the storm raved on; when, at last, it slept,
Worn out with the night of doom,
Sleep had come, after the night of tears,
In the little cottage room.

And the wind, grown kind, blew out of the sky
The clouds it had gathered there;
And the sun rose up on a blue, blue sea,
And a heaven of clear, sweet air.

It played on the masts and the cordage brown
Of a boat in the harbor bay,
Which rose and rocked with the water's breast
On that happy Easter Day.

And what had guided the white warm bird,
And what led the ship that night?
The Lord of the storm and the sun had led,
And all that He does is right.

Ah, friend, when life's darkness darkens more
In the crash of the storm-wind's strife,
There's a spirit of peace who comes in and breathes
The joy of a risen life.

And your hopes renounced and your dear dead dreams
Whose loss left your life forlorn,
He will raise them all from the dust again
On His Heavenly Easter morn.

E. NESBIT.

THE BATTLE HYMN.

FATHER of earth and heaven! I call Thy name!
Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll;
My eyes are dazzled by the rustling flame;
Father, sustain an untried soldier's soul.
Or life, or death, whatever be the goal
That crowns or closes round this struggling hour,
Thou knowest, if ever from my spirit stole
One deeper prayer, 'twas that no cloud might lower
On my young fame! O hear! God of eternal power!

God! Thou art merciful. The wintry storm,
The cloud that pours the thunder from its womb,
But show the sterner grandeur of Thy form;
The lightnings, glancing through the midnight gloom,
To faith's raised eye as calm, as lovely, come,
As splendors of the autumnal evening star,
As roses shaken by the breeze's plume,
When, like cool incense, comes the dewy air,
And on the golden wave the sunset burns afar.

God! Thou art mighty! At Thy footstool bound,
 Lie gazing on Thee, chance, and life and death;
 Nor in the angel circle flaming round,
 Nor in the million worlds that blaze beneath,
 Is one that can withstand Thy wrath's hot breath.
 Woe in Thy frown, in Thy smile victory!
 Hear my last prayer! I ask no mortal wreath;
 Let but these eyes my rescued country see,
 Then take my spirit, all Omnipotent, to Thee.

Now for the fight, now for the cannon peal;
 Forward! through blood and toil, and cloud and fire!
 Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,
 The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire!
 They shake! like broken waves their squares retire!
 On them, hussars! Now give them rein and heel!
 Think of the orphaned child, the murdered sire!
 Earth cries for blood! in thunder on them wheel!
 This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph seal!

THEODORE KÖRNER.

JIMMY HOY.

JIMMY HOY was a County Cork boy, who made one in the great exodus that was occasioned by the famine. Jimmy was not ashamed of his name—he boasted that it was “always ould and respectable;” that there “was cows in the family wanst;” “and that a pig was niver a stranger to them, nor a rasher of bacon at Aisther.” Misfortune, however, had ground them down, as it had done a thousand others, to indigence, leaving

at last only Jimmy and his old mother in existence; and when he found that existence was daily a harder thing to support, he turned his face to the west, and induced his mother, whom he loved with true Irish warmth, to accompany him. Accordingly, selling off all they possessed, and making the best of their way to Cork, where a fleet of emigrant ships was loading, it so happened that in the hurry and excitement of the time, and amidst the crowd of people they encountered, they unluckily got separated, and went on board of different vessels—an error that Jimmy only discovered when his own had hoisted anchor and was standing out to sea. From this point it will be best to allow our friend to speak for himself.

“So I scrambled, you see, on board, and the minit my fut was under me—‘Is my mother here?’ says I. With that a scowlin’ fellow that was haulin’ in a rope that samed to have no end to it, turns to me and tells me I might go to—well, I won’t say where. ‘Not before you, sir,’ says I; ‘after you is manners,’ making him a bow; and so I cries out again, ‘Plase, is my mother here aboard of ye?’ and then, as no one chose to answer me, I ran about to look for her, on all the flures they call the decks, though the people stood as thick as a drove of cattle in an alley, and scrouging and roaring like that same, and I’d to squaze myself betwixt ’em from one flure to another; but not a squint of her could I ketch, sir, nor of any one as know’d her—and so at last, when I kem back again, and was tearin’ round the upper flure, plump I runs into a grand burly man at the back, with a red face and a big nose, and a gowld band about his cap—and who should he be but the capt’n.

“‘Who are you?’ says he, pumping up all the brath I had left him. ‘I axes your honor’s pardon,’ says I; ‘my name is Jimmy Hoy, and I was looking for my mother.’

“‘And did you take me for your mother?’ says he. ‘Oh, not a bit,’ says I, ‘sir; for if I had, you’d have found it out—you’d have got a hug that would have set you screaming. And so now, perhaps, you’ll tell me, sir, if my mother is aboard of ye?’

“‘How should I know?’ he roars out, for now his brath was coming back, and he was lookin’ mighty fierce. ‘And what brings you here at all, you lubberly son of a sea-calf?’ ‘Sure, sir,’ says I, ‘I—I’m going to Ameriky; and as to my father, you’re mistaken—he was no say baste at all, but Dennis Hoy, a County Cork man, and——’

“‘I don’t remember you,’ says he; ‘you hav’n’t paid your passage.’ ‘Axing your pardon,’ says I, ‘but I have, tho’. I paid it an hour ago, on shore, sir.’ ‘But you didn’t pay it to me,’ says he. ‘Why, of coorse not,’ says I, ‘sir. You wouldn’t have me pay it twice, would you?’

“‘Well, if you hav’n’t paid it to me,’ says he, ‘you hav’n’t paid it at all; so hand out your money, if you’re going to make the voyage in this ship.’ ‘By my faith, sir,’ I said, ‘I can’t—and, saving your presence, if I could I wouldn’t, seein’ I’ve done that same already. But, sure, I don’t want to be intruding; if I’ve got into the wrong ship you’ve only got to stop her till you put me aboard of the right one.’

“‘Well, that’s a capital joke,’ says he. ‘Oh, it’s not joking that I am,’ says I, ‘for I’m only axin’ you what’s fair, sir—for then, you see, I’d find my mother, and my mind would be at aise.’

“‘You and your mother may go to Chiny,’ the capt’n bellows out—growing as red as any turkey-cock, and stamping his fut upon the flure till you’d have thought he’d drive it through it. ‘Axin’ your pardon again,’ says I, ‘sir, we’re goin’ to Ameriky—and as for Chiny, all I know about it is what I’ve seen upon a plate, and—’

“‘Howld your jaw,’ says he, ‘you vagabone, and pay your passige money at wanst.’ ‘I paid it wanst,’ says I. ‘sir, and I’d want a pocket as big as your ship to go on paying it for iver.’

“‘You swindlin’ Irish scamp! don’t provoke me, or I will be the death of you;’ and then all of a sudden he got quiet—oh, so terrible quiet, sir, and with such a hard look about his eyes that, to say the truth, he frekened me. ‘See now, my buck,’ says he—‘since you can’t pay your passige, you shall work your passige.’ ‘Work it, sir?’ says I. ‘Oh, I would, and willin’—if I only knowed the way.’ ‘Oh,’ says he, with a wicked wink at me, ‘we’ll soon tache you that; we’ve a turn here for instructhin’ people that want to get their voyage for nothin’.’ And with that he put his hand to the side of his mouth and give a whistle that would split a flag, and up runs to him a hairy villin that was enough to scare a herd of oxen if he’d come upon ’em onawares.

“‘Tare-all,’ says he, ‘just take this chap in hand and tache him how to work his passige. Don’t spare him—do you hear now?’ ‘Aye, aye, sir,’ growled out Tare-all, giving me a nod, and howldin up his finger as much as to say—‘You’ll come this way.’

“And so after him I wint, sir; and sad enough, as you may suppose—not thinking of myself, but what had

become of my poor owld mother. After him I wint, to learn how I was to work my passige over—and by my throth, sir, it was the hardest thing I'd ever had to larn as yet. Were you ever aboard a ship, sir?—Oh, then sure it must have bothered you to hear the puzzlin' names they've got there.

“‘And what is it like?’ perhaps you'll ask. Work your passige out to Ameriky and you'll learn fast enough. Then they're so ignorant they don't know their right hand from their left. It's all starboard or larboard with them, though, by my throth, as every night I'd got to slape upon the flure, I found it mighty hard board.

“The sailors, you see, are snug enough. They've got what they call their hammicks—little beds tied up to hooks that they swing about in at their aise; and it was after I'd been looking at them for a night or two in the deepest admiration, that I says to myself, says I, ‘Why shouldn't I be making a little hammick for myself, to take a swing in like the rest, and not be lying here on the bare boords like a dumb baste in an outhouse?’ And so the next day, looking round me, what should I see but a hape of canvas that no one seemed to care about; so I cut out of it a yard or two just to make the bed I wanted, and that done, says I, ‘Jimmy Hoy, you'll slape to-night as snug as a cat in a blanket, anyhow’—but I didn't for all that.

“I hadn't turned in half an hour when one of the crew crapes up to me—Bob Hobbs, sir, was his name—and says he to me, ‘Jimmy Hoy,’ says he, ‘it's mortal tired I am with my day's work, and the night before: not a wink of slape I've had,’ says he, ‘for this blessed eight-and-forty hours, so be a good fellow, Jimmy, now,

and take my dooty for to-night.' Well, not liking to be ill-natured, though I didn't care much for the fellow, I tould him that I would, and so I slips out of my new bed, and mighty quick, sir, he slips into it, and up I goes on deck to take his place on the look-out.

"And thin ther kem on such a night, sir—oh, murther! you'd have thought the divel himself was out at say, and was taking his divarshun—blowing, hailin', and rainin' for six mortal hours and more—and pitchin' the oushen up into the sky as if he was makin' hay-cocks. I thought the poor ship would have gone crazy. She jumped and rowled about as if her thratement was past endoorin'. Sure, if I had bargained for a bad night I couldn't have got a better. Well, sir, the mornin' kem at last, and found me as well pickled as any herrin' in Cork harbor, and I was crawlin' off to my hammick, just to get a little slape and dry myself, when up comes the capt'n in a tearin' rage, and says he—

"'You're a pretty blackguard, aint you now?' 'Not to my knowledge, sir,' says I. 'Your knowledge, indeed, you vagabone!' 'Why, what is it I done?' says I. 'Done?' says he, 'you villin—when you're upsettin' the ship's discipline. You took Bob Hobbs's watch last night.'

"'Tuk what?' says I. 'His watch, sir. Oh, murther, capt'n!' says I. 'Would you rob a poor boy of his charakter?' 'I say you did, you rascal,' says he. 'But I didn't, sir,' says I. 'I never took Bob Hobbs's watch, nor the watch of any other man—or woman ayther. I would scorn the dirty action—for I was rared in honest principles, and 'twas considered in my scoolin'. More betoken, sir, I couldn't, for Bob Hobbs tould me

himself that he had pawned his watch in Cork before he ever kem aboard.'

"'You stupid rascal!' he cried out, 'don't you know the manin' of what I say to you? but I'll make you understand me presently—if you've got no brains you've got a back.' And what do you think he meant by that, sir? The ould tiger was goin' to flog me—but, luckily for me, you see, the storm was gettin' worse. One of the sails was split in halves, and another was torn away entirely; so the capt'n had to think about the ship, and not to be indulgin' his dirty vingeance upon me. So he roars out mighty loud, 'Set the storm jib there?' and half the crew run up the riggin' as quick as a crowd of monkeys, when—whisteroo!—would you belave it, sir! by the book in my pocket, if that same jib wasn't the very piece of canvas that I cut the two yards out of, jist to make myself a bed—and the minit the capt'n spied it he roars out agin like thunder, 'Who cut that jib?'

"'Twas I, sir,' says I, 'but I only tuk two yards of it.'

"'Give him a dozen,' says the capt'n.

"'Thank you, sir,' says I, 'but the two is quite enough for me.'

"And what do you think the villin meant by givin' me a dozen?—it was lashes that he meant, sir. Not contint with the rope's end I'd had already—though there was no end to it at all—he towld the hands to lay howld on me, and tie me to the mast—but before the miscreant could plaze himself there kem a thunderin' crack right overhead, and down kem hapes of sticks and canvas—and the capt'n bellows out agin, 'Clare the wrack! clare the wrack!—we'll sarve this lubber out directly.'

"Well, I was willin' to wait, sir—and sure they'd enough to do. I thought at first it was all over with us, and the ship would be capsizin'—and they had scarcely got her to rights a bit, and my mind was getting aisy, when I hard a voice callin' in the distance, Jip a Hoy! Jim a Hoy!" and I was lost in wonder entirely—"for who knows me," says I, "or cares for me, in the middle of the great Atlantic oushen? Is it guardian angels that's taking pity on me, and coming here to save me from a lashing?" So I tried hard to loose myself, and looking round what did I see but a ship sailing toward us, and the voice that know'd me kem'd from that, and I h'ard it cry again—"Jip a Hoy! Jim a Hoy!" "Here I am," says I; "here's the man you're wantin'."

"Howld your jaw!" says the capt'n. "Why, isn't it me they're spakin to?" says I—"and isn't it civil in me to answer 'em? Is my mother got aboard of ye?" "Bad luck to you and your mother! will you be quiet?" says the capt'n. "No, I won't," says I. "Why wouldn't I answer when I'm spoke to?" And with that the voice kem again—"Jip a Hoy! Jim a Hoy!" "Here I am," says I agin—"any news, plaze, of my mother?"

"And with that the capt'n took a spakin' trumpet just to put me down, sir—to kape me from bein' h'ard: oh, I could see that plain enough—so I roared out louder than ever, 'Here's the man you're wantin';' but the trumpet gave him the advantage of me. I couldn't make out what he said at first, it was such a bellowing he kep' up; but at last I h'rd him roar, 'Carried away fore-yard.'

"Don't be tellin' lies of me," says I; "it's only two yards that I tuk. Just now you said I tuk a watch,

and now it's four yards I've been staling. Oh, capt'n, but it's cruel of you to ruin my charakter as you're doing, and in hearin' of the ship too—and my mother perhaps aboard of her.'

"And then the voice kem from the ship agin—'Where are ye bound to?'

"'I am bound to the mast,' says I, 'and the capt'n is going to murther me.'

"'Will you howld your tongue, you rascal?' says the capt'n, looking pistols at me. 'No, I won't,' says I; 'I'll expose you to the whole world for the shameful way you're thrating me.'

"Well, we soon lost sight of the ship; but the storm was as bad as iver, and only one good kem of it—they were too busy with the danger to be amusin' themselves with me. So I got myself loose at last—and then, seeing what a way they were in, I hadn't the heart to desart them, notwithstanding my bad usage. 'No,' says I, 'I'll be ginerous, and stand by them like a man.' So I goes up to the capt'n, and overlookin' all he'd done, says I to him, quite kindly, 'Capt'n, is there anything I can do for you?'

"'Kape out of my way, you vagabone, or I shall be tempted to do for you!' says he. And with that he made a kick at me as bad as a horse stung in a sand-pit; but I made allowance for the throuble he was in, and didn't mind his timper. So I walks away to the other end of the ship, where I hear the sailors saying 'the anchor was coming home,' and that the capt'n ought to know it.

"'He ought, you say,' says I; 'then of coorse I'll go and tell him, if it's only to show him I bear no malice, and I'm still willin' to be useful.' Upon which I runs

back to him, and says I, 'Capt'n, the anchor's coming home.'

"'Tunder and ouns!' says he.

"'Don't be angry, capt'n,' says I—'small blame to it for comin' home on such a night as this. Who'd stay out, sir, that could help it?'

"Upon which Hairy-face runs up, and the capt'n then cries out to him, 'Is this thrue I hear—is the anchor coming home?'

"'Aye, aye, sir,' growls out Hairy-face.

"'Then we must cut and run,' says he; 'but we must try and save the anchor, so throw over the buoy.'

"Well, now, I must just stop to tell you that of all the mischievous little blackguards that ever deserved drowning, the cabin-boy was him. And so, still wishing to be useful, notwithstandin' all their bad thratement of me, I ran off to ketch the villin; but the little vagabone was so nimble I couldn't at all lay howld of him; howsomedever, under the sarcumstances, I did the best I could, and then I ran back to the capt'n.

"'Is the buoy overboord?' says he.

"'Faith, then, I am sorry to say, capt'n, the boy's not overboord, for the young rascal run so fast that I couldn't clap a hand on him, but the next best thing to be done I did. I threw over the black cook—and that will lighten the ship beautifully.'

"'Threw overboord the cook, you murderin' villin!' roared the capt'n. 'You'll be hanged.'

"But hanged I wasn't, I beg to say, for, in the confusion of the night it was a big tar barrel I threw overboord instid of the black cook, that same being much of his own size and color.

"Well, to make a long story short, in spite of the

storm and all our danger, we got to Ameriky at last, when the capt'n felt so happy that he gave up his any-mosity and the vingeance he vowed ag'inst me, and only laughed at the mistakes I'd made in turnin' my hand to the say service. And, what's more, when we reached New York, who should I find but my ould mother, that had got in a week before me in the ship I ought to have come in, and that had had no storm at all—but mine's the bad luek of the Hoys. And so, when I was on dhry land agin, I took a solemn oath, that I'd niver work my passige any more across the Atlantic.

SAMUEL LOVER.

FROM THE SHORE OF ETERNITY.

ALONE! to land alone upon that shore!
A With no one sight that we have seen before,
Things of a different hue,
And the sounds all new,
And fragrances so sweet the soul may faint,
Alone! Oh, that first hour of being a saint!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
On which no wavelets lisp, no billows roar,
Perhaps no shape of ground,
Perhaps no sight or sound,
No forms of earth our fancies to arrange,
But to begin alone that mighty change!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
Knowing so well we can return no more:

No voice or face of friend,
None with us to attend
Our disembarking on that awful strand,
But to arrive alone in such a land !

Alone ! to land alone upon that shore !
To begin alone to live forevermore,
To have no one to teach
The manners or the speech
Of that new life, or put us at our ease ;
O that we might die in pairs or companies !

Alone ! the God we know is on that shore,
The God of whose attractions we know more
Than of those who may appear
Nearest and dearest here ;
Oh, is He not the lifelong Friend we know
More privately than any friend below ?

Alone ! the God we trust is on that shore,
The Faithful One whom we have trusted more
In trials and in woes
Than we have trusted those
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife.
Oh, we shall trust Him more in that new life !

Alone ! the God we love is on that shore—
Love not enough, yet whom we love far more,
And whom we loved all through
And with a love more true,
Than other loves—yet now shall love Him more—
True love of Him begins upon that shore !

So not alone we land upon that shore ;
 'Twill be as though we had been there before ;
 We shall meet more we know
 Than we can meet below,
 And find our rest like some returning dove,
 And be at home at once with our eternal love !

F. W. FABER.

THE OLD STORY.

(Scientific Version.)

Professor Edwin Brown to Dr. Angelina Jones.

AT the Professors' ball to-night
 Our orbits crossed ; and still
 Throbs on my arm of fingers light
 The sweet magnetic thrill.

Like twin spheres through ellipses due,
 A double constellation,
 We moved to rhythmic music true,
 In axial rotation.

The blood corpuscles in my heart
 Were stirred to sweetest tones,
 As into voice electric start
 Pulses of telephones.

We met again, and yet again,
 And unlike gravitation,
 The psychic force which made us fain,
 Increased by separation.

My senses you the more seduced—
 Such Cupid's master malice is—
 When to your elements reduced
 By chemical analysis.

To iron in her blood is due "
 (I said) " that cheek's rare crimson ;
 Her silken tresses' golden hue
 Means prevalence of brimstone.

To protoplasm her cells were wrought
 For ether's vortex-rings,
 While, for her rearing, sunbeams brought
 Their wave of golden wings.

• Her feelings may be all resolved
 To cerebral attrition ;
 Mere energy," I said, " evolved
 From brain-decomposition."

In vain ! With love I glow the more,
 The more I analyze you,
 Sum up your elemental score,
 And but the higher prize you.

Then speak, Automaton divine,
 And save me from distraction ;
 Let our two lives in one combine
 By mutual attraction !

* * * * *
 Thanks, love ; the sun withdraws his light
 In cirrous vapor-masses ;
 His beam, which noon combines to white,
 Through rainbow-glories passes.

Like him our spectrum let's extend
Past visual rays far shining,
Nor know of love or life an end,
In new force-forms combining!

THE ÆSTHETIC CRAZE.

I AM glad the holidays are over,
My daughter's back at school,
Serenity I may recover
And let my temper cool.
For first she took the flower pots
And covered them with paint,
With blue and white forget-me-nots—
Designs both queer and quaint.

And next she took the coal-hod
And hammered it up fine,
With forms and faces very odd—
Such shapes she could design.
My furniture, both new and old—
I view it with amaze—
Was cut and carved with chisels cold,
In just the latest craze.

Scarfs were draped on everything
With ribbons bows of every hue,
Golden birds with outstretched wing
Were worked on brown or blue.
Before she left we'd natural gas,
All cost me such a bill,
And in a week those kettles brass
Where hammered fit to kill.

She says when she comes home in June
She'll cover up the walls
With painted plaques and rich maroon,
And blue and gold for halls.
I'll have to hide the high silk hat
I won election day ;
I'm sure she'd paint or hammer that
If it came in her way.

She took my wedding coat (oh, sin !)
And in the same sweet way
Said, " I will make a lambrequin
The style called applique."
I had the coachman hide the hose
For fear she'd tackle it
And fix it up with twining rose,
That girl of mine, Miss Kit.

VIRGINIA MCGILL.

THE CURSE TO LABOR.

NOW, let me say a few words on a cause, that, some years ago, was not so popular as it is to-day. You who are going out carry these words home with you. Tell them to every person you meet, whether Knight of Labor or not, that the greatest curse that labor has to contend with to-day it finds in its own home, in its own grasp ; and the worst weapon that is wielded against labor to-day is held by the strong right hand of labor itself ; and when that weapon is raised to strike a blow, it is raised in the shape of a glass that carries with it the rum that drowns man's reason. If I could put words in the

mouth of every one leaving here to-night, I would say to every man, woman, and child who labors, throughout the length and breadth of the world, cast strong drink aside as you would an ounce of liquid hell. It damns ; it blights ; it sears conscience, body, and soul ; it destroys everything it touches ; it reaches and ruins the family circle ; takes the wife you have sworn to protect and cherish, and drags her down from the pinnacle of purity, and tramples her in the mire, and then turns her into that house from which no decent, respectable woman ever comes alive. It takes her child from her grasp ; it strangles innocence, purity—aye, even life itself at times. It takes the chair, table, the furniture, the dishes, the mirror on the wall, and it takes the little pictures your pennies bought ; it takes them all to the pawnbroker's shop, and carries them back in pennies to the grog shop, and drowns them all in oblivion.

When I see men going from the door of the saloon to their homes, one in that direction, another in that, and another in that direction, each one a thing for the finger of scorn to be pointed at ; each one a thing for all strong, honest, decent men and women to shun ; each one a thing to despise as you would a serpent ; each one reeling through the street in rags, with a face in which no intelligence is shown ; each one with every feature of a man obliterated, and only that of the beast to be seen—and I have seen these things rap on the doors of their homes ; I have seen the women come to open the doors ; I have seen the smile vanish from the face ; I have heard the cry of the children where the laugh should be ; I have seen them at early morn and close of day ; I have seen them in my own city, I have seen them in your own State, I have seen them in New York, and in every city

east of the Mississippi; and I know, if there is a damning blight and curse to labor, it is that which gurgles from the neck of the bottle.

T. V. POWDERLY.

THE UNCLE.

I HAD an uncle once—a man
Of threescore years and three,
And when my reason's dawn began,
He'd take me on his knee,
And often talk, whole winter nights,
Things that seemed strange to me.

He was a man of gloomy mood,
And few his converse sought;
But, it was said, in solitude
His conscience with him wrought;
And then, before his mental eye,
Some hideous vision brought.

There was not one in all the house
Who did not fear his frown,
Save I, a little, careless child
Who gambolled up and down,
And often peeped into his room,
And plucked him by the gown.

I was an orphan and alone—
My father was his brother,
And all their lives I knew that they
Had fondly loved each other;
And in my uncle's room there hung
The picture of my mother.

There was a curtain over it—
'Twas in a darkened place,
And few or none had ever looked
Upon my mother's face ;
Or seen her pale, expressive smile
Of melancholy grace.

One night—I do remember well,
The wind was howling high,
And through the ancient corridors
It sounded drearily ;
I sat and read in that old hall ;
My uncle sat close by.

I read—but little understood
The words upon the book,
For with a sidelong glance I marked
My uncle's fearful look,
And saw how all his quivering frame
In strong convulsions shook.

A silent terror o'er me stole,
A strange, unusual dread ;
His lips were white as bone—his eyes
Sunk far down in his head ;
He gazed on me, but 'twas the gaze
Of the unconscious dead.

Then suddenly he turned him round,
And drew aside the veil
That hung before my mother's face ;
Perchance my eyes might fail,
But ne'er before that face to me
Had seemed so ghastly pale.

"Come hither, boy!" my uncle said—
I started at the sound;
'Twas choked and stifled, in his throat,
And hardly utterance found;
"Come hither, boy!" then fearfully
He cast his eyes around.

"That lady was thy mother once—
Thou wert her only child;
O God! I've seen her when she held
Thee in her arms and smiled—
She smiled upon thy father, boy,
'Twas that which drove me wild!

"He was my brother, but his form
Was fairer far than mine;
I grudged not that;—he was the prop
Of our ancestral line,
And manly beauty was of him
A token and a sign.

"Boy! I had loved her too—nay, more,
'Twas I who loved her first;
For months—for years—the golden thought
Within my soul was nursed;
He came—he conquered—they were wed—
My air-blown bubble burst!

"Then on my mind a shadow fell,
And evil hopes grew rife;
The damning thought stuck in my heart,
And cut me like a knife,
That she, whom all my days I loved,
Should be another's wife!

- "I left my home—I left the land—
I crossed the raging sea ;
In vain—in vain—where'er I turned,
My memory went with me ;
My whole existence, night and day,
In memory seemed to be.
- "I came again, I found them here—
Thou'rt like thy father, boy—
He doted on that pale face there,
I've seen them kiss and toy—
I've seen him locked in her fond arms,
Wrapped in delirious joy !
- "By Heaven ! it was a fearful thing
To see my brother now,
And mark the placid calm that sat
Forever on his brow,
That seemed in bitter scorn to say,
I am more loved than thou !
- "He disappeared—draw nearer, child !—
He died—no one knew how ;
The murdered body ne'er was found,
The tale is hushed up now ;
But there was one who rightly guessed
The hand that struck the blow.
- "It drove her mad—yet not his death—
No—not his death alone ;
For she had clung to hope, when all
Knew well that there was none ;
No, boy ! it was a sight she saw
That froze her into stone !

"I am thy uncle, child—why stare
So frightfully aghast?—
The arras waves, but know'st thou not
'Tis nothing but the blast?
I, too, have had my fears like these,
But such vain fears are past.

"I'll show thee what thy mother saw—
I feel 'twill ease my breast,
And this wild tempest-laden night
Suits with the purpose best.
Come hither—thou hast often sought
To open this old chest.

"It has a secret spring; the touch
Is known to me alone;"
Slowly the lid is raised, and now—
"What see you, that you groan
So heavily? That thing is but
A bare-ribbed skeleton."

A sudden crash—the lid fell down—
Three strides he backward gave,
"Oh, God! it is my brother's self
Returning from the grave!
His grasp of lead is on my throat—
Will no one help or save?"

That night they laid him on his bed,
In raving madness tossed;
He gnashed his teeth, and with wild oaths
Blasphemed the Holy Ghost;
And, ere the light of morning broke,
A sinner's soul was lost.

H. G. BELL.

THE ANGEL AND THE SHEPHERDS.

From Ben Hur. Copyright, 1880, by Harper & Brothers.

A MILE and a-half, it may be two miles, southeast of Bethlehem, there is a plain separated from the town by an intervening swell of the mountain. At the side farthest from the town, close under a bluff, there was an extensive *mārâh*, or sheepcot, ages old. In some long forgotten foray the building had been unroofed and almost demolished. The inclosure attached to it remained intact, however, and that was of more importance to the shepherds who drove their charges thither than the house itself.

Here, upon this eventful occasion, were assembled six of these men, omitting the watchman. Supper over and clustered in a group near the fire, some sitting, some lying prone, they rested and talked. Rude and simple as they were in their ways, they had a knowledge and a wisdom of their own and a firm belief in the one God, and that they must love Him with all their souls.

While they talked, and before the first watch was over, one by one the shepherds went to sleep, each lying where he had sat.

The night, like most nights of the winter season in the hill country, was clear, crisp, and sparkling with stars. There was no wind. The atmosphere seemed never so pure, and the stillness was more than silence; it was a holy hush, a warning that heaven was stooping low to whisper some good thing to the listening earth.

By the gate, hugging his mantle close, the watchman walked; at times he stopped, attracted by a stir among the sleeping herds, or by a jackal's cry off on the moun-

tain side. The midnight was slow coming to him ; but at last it came. His task was done ; now for the dreamless sleep with which labor blesses its wearied children ! He moved toward the fire, but paused ; a light was breaking around him, soft and white, like the moon's. He waited breathlessly. The light deepened ; things before invisible, came to view ; he saw the whole field and all it sheltered. A chill sharper than that of the frosty air—a chill of fear—smote him. He looked up ; the stars were gone ; the light was dropping as from a window in the sky ; as he looked it became a splendor ; then, in terror, he cried :

“Awake, awake !”

Up sprang the dogs, and, howling, ran away.

The herds rushed together bewildered.

The men clambered to their feet, weapons in hand.

“What is it ?” they asked, in one voice.

“See !” cried the watchman, “the sky is on fire !”

Suddenly the light became intolerably bright, and they covered their eyes, and dropped upon their knees ; then, as their souls shrank with fear, they fell upon their faces blind and fainting, and would have died had not a voice said to them :

“Fear not !”

And they listened.

“Fear not : for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.”

The voice, in sweetness and soothing more than human, and low and clear, penetrated all their being, and filled them with assurance. They rose upon their knees, and, looking worshipfully, beheld in the centre of a great glory the appearance of a man, clad in a robe intensely white ; above its shoulders towered the tops of wings

shining and folded ; a star over its forehead glowed with steady lustre, brilliant as Hesperus ; its hands were stretched toward them in blessing ; its face was serene and divinely beautiful.

They had often heard, and, in their simple way, talked of angels ; and they doubted not now, but said in their hearts : " The glory of God is about us, and this is he who of old came to the prophet by the river of Ulai."

Directly the angel continued :

" For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord !"

Again there was a rest, while the words sank into their minds.

" And this shall be a sign unto you," the annunciator said next. " Ye shall find the babe, wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger."

The herald spoke not again ; his good tidings were told ; yet he stayed awhile. Suddenly the light of which he seemed the centre, turned roseate and began to tremble ; then up, far as the men could see, there was flashing of white wings, and coming and going of radiant forms, and voices as of a multitude chanting in unison :

" Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men !"

Not once the praise, but many times.

Then the herald raised his eyes as seeking approval of one far off ; his wings stirred and spread slowly and majestically, on their upper side white as snow, in the shadow vari-tinted, like mother-of-pearl ; when they were expanded many cubits beyond his stature, he arose lightly, and, without effort, floated out of view, taking the light up with him. Long after he was gone, down from the sky fell the refrain in measure mellowed by

distance, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

When the shepherds came fully to their senses, they stared at each other stupidly, until one of them said, "It was Gabriel, the Lord's messenger unto men."

None answered.

"Christ the Lord is born ; said he not so?"

Then another recovered his voice and replied, "That is what he said ; and did he not also say in the City of David, which is our Bethlehem yonder. Let us go up and worship Him."

LEW. WALLACE.

THE HOUSE THAT WAS JUST LIKE ITS NEIGHBORS.

OH, the houses are all alike, you know—
All the houses alike, in a row !
You'll see a hat-stand in the hall,
Against the painted and polished wall ;
And the threaded sunbeams softly fall
On the long stairs, winding up, a . . . ay
Up to the garret, lone and gray :
And you can hear, if you wait awhile,
Odd little noises to make you smile ;
And minutes will be as long as a mile ;
Just as they would in the house below,
Were you in the entry waiting to go.

Oh, the houses are all alike, you know—
All the houses alike, in a row !
And the world swings sadly to and fro,
Mayhap the shining, but sure the woe !

For in the sunlight the shadows grow
Over the new name on the door,
Over the face unseen before.
Yet who shall number, by any art,
The chasms that keep so wide apart
The dancing step and the weary heart?
Oh, who shall guess that the polished wall
Is a headstone over his neighbor's hall?

Yet the houses are just alike, you know—
All the houses alike, in a row!
And solemn sounds are heard at night,
And solemn forms shut out the light,
And hideous thoughts the soul affright:
Death and despair, in solemn state,
In the silent, vaulted chambers wait;
And up the stairs as your children go,
Spectres follow them to and fro—
Only a wall between them, oh!
And the darkest demons, grinning, see
The fairest angels that dwell with thee!

For the houses are all alike, you know—
All the houses alike, in a row!
My chariot waited, gold and gay:
"I'll ride," I said, "to the woods to-day—
Out to the blithesome woods away—
Where the old trees, swaying thoughtfully,
Watch the breeze and the shadow's glee."
I smiled but once, with my joy elate,
For a chariot stood at my neighbor's gate—
A grim old chariot, dark as fate.
"Oh, where are you taking my neighbor?" I cried.
And the gray old driver thus replied:

"Where the houses are all alike, you know—
Narrow houses, all in a row!
Unto a populous city," he saith:
"The road lies steep through the Vale of Death.
Oh, it makes the old steeds gasp for breath!
There'll be a new name over the door,
In a place where he's never been before—
Where the neighbors never visit, they say—
Where the streets are echoless, night and day,
And the children forget their childish play.
And if you should live next door, I doubt
If you'd ever hear what they were about
Who lived in the next house in the row—
Though the houses are all alike, you know!"

ANONYMOUS.

"THE JEFFUL."

From Just One Day.

SHE began ripping the binding from the bottom of the skirt, and was getting along nicely, when she heard in the adjoining room a very sweet voice remarking [*cooing good-naturedly*], "Obboo gobboo yabbee yabbee ah hoo um boo baa. Iddy, iddy, iddy, iddy."

There was no Greek or other unknown tongue to mamma about this; it was perfectly intelligible, and it meant that The Jefful, baby's pet name, was beginning to get ready to begin to want to get up.

Then there was a spirited race between mamma and The Jefful, the former endeavoring to get all the braid ripped off before the latter should reach that point where she might legitimately insist upon arising. Rip,

rip, rip went the blade of mamma's little knife upon the stitches.

[*A little more spirit on the part of the baby.*] "Bibble, bubble-ob-ob-ob-ob-ob," said The Jefful, and again the little knife said, "Rip, rip, rip."

[*With coaxing tone, as if playing with one of its pink feet.*] "Attee pattee okky pokkey poo," remarked The Jefful, and the knife said: "Rip, rip, rip-rip-rip."

Then The Jefful stuffed one of her big toes in her mouth and took a rest for about two minutes, and the knife had gained nearly a yard before its antagonist resumed with: [*Beginning sweetly, but ending in a decided squall,*] "Appee-chip-ah-wa-wa-wa." "Rip, rip-r-r-r-r-r-rip." [*Breaking out much louder*] "Booga. Ommul lummy ummy moo."

This was rather discouraging to the knife, for when The Jefful got to the vowels that caused her lips to protrude it generally indicated serious business; so the knife went:

"R-r-r-r-r-r-r-rip-rip."

Then The Jefful refreshed herself for a moment or two with her thumb, which gave the knife an advantage it was not slow to improve. But there was something affrighting in The Jefful's next remark:

[*With pretty strong emphasis.*]

"Mom-mom-mom-mom-mom-mah!"

This last exclamation was long drawn out.

The knife had but two more yards to go before completing its work, and away it flew, literally snapping out as mamma drew the braid to its full tension.

[*Sound of ripping should be made very emphatically.*]

"Rip-rip-rip-rip-rip-rip."

The baby opened her mouth so wide that she had to shut her eyes as she wailed out a prolonged "Ya!"

"Rip, rip, rip!" replied the knife.

[Louder and more energetically.]

"Ya!"

"Rip, rip, rip," replied the knife.

[Louder and more energetically.]

"Ya!"

[Jumping a whole octave.]

"Ya-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-mom-mah!"

By this time every nerve in mamma's body had got into that little knife. Again The Jefful raised her voice and said:

[Screaming at top of voice.]

"Ya-ya-ah-ee-ee-um-um-nga-ya oobutty - ubbut - tub-tub-kup-put non koo poo choo."

This stimulated mamma to the utmost; she had only a scant yard to go—then only two feet—then only one—then only eight or nine inches.

Just then The Jefful started again, at which mamma gave a harder tug than usual at the braid, and crack it went backward tearing a strip several inches wide of the facing and silk and taking them with it.

Mamma dropped—threw the dress upon the floor, resisting a vulgar impulse to stamp and dance upon it, and the face she wore as she started to take The Jefful boded nothing less than impalement and subsequent quartering to that offender. But as mamma passed through the door and Jefful saw her, the little face lighted up joyfully as with arms extended she crowed:

"Obboo gobboo yabby, iddy, iddy, iddy," and mamma, the terrible, the enraged, the avenger, the despoiled, took her baby in her arms and didn't care one particle whether the dress would be too short, or whether she could match the silk so as to cover the rent with a

flounce ; she simply didn't care for anything but her wee, pink-cheeked, bright-eyed, laughing little Jefful.

JOHN HABBERTON.

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE.

AS one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has
known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy till in shadowy design
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection—for the loving thoughts
that start
Into being are like perfumes from the blossom of the
heart—
And to dream the old dreams over is a luxury divine—
When my truant fancies wander with that old sweet-
heart of mine.

Though I hear, beneath my study, like a fluttering of
wings,
The voices of my children, and the mother as she sings,
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any theme
When care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a
dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm
To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm—
For I find an extra flavor in memory's mellow wine
That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart
of mine.

A face of lily beauty, and a form of airy grace,
Floats out of my tobacco as the genii from the vase,
And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes,
As glowing as the summer, and as tender as the skies.

I can see the pink sun-bonnet, and the little checkered
dress,

She wore when I first kissed her, and she answered the
caress

With the written declaration, that as "surely as the vine
Grew around the stump, she loved me," that old sweet-
heart of mine.

And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand,
As we used to talk together of the future we had
planned—

When I should be a poet, and with nothing else to do,
Would write the tender verses that she'd set the music to.

When we should live together in a cozy little cot
Hid in the nest of roses, with a fairy garden spot,
Where the vines were ever fruited, and the weather
ever fine,
And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart
of mine.

When I should be her lover forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was
gray—

And we should be so happy that, when either's lips were
dumb,

They would not smile in heaven till the other's kiss had
come.

* * * * *

But ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair,
And the door is softly opened, and my wife is standing
there;

Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign,
To greet the living presence of that old sweetheart of
mine.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

GRANT'S STRATEGY.

WHO had thought, until Grant said it, that the crisis comes in battle when both armies are nearly exhausted, and that usually the one wins which attacks first? When did he ever fail to attack first? Who had thought, until he suggested it, that the trouble with the Potomac army, the pride of the nation, was, that it had not fought its battles through? Who then living has forgotten the utter downfall of hope, the absolute despair throughout the North, as the moan from the Wilderness came rolling up on the southern breeze? Is the task hopeless? Is this last mighty effort only more disastrous than that of McClellan, of Pope, of Burnside, of Hooker? No! listen to the assurance, "I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." Every loyal heart in the land is inspired. That telegram to the President was the death-knell of rebellion.

But the test-hour of Grant had not yet come. Meade was glorious, Sherman magnificent; but Sigel is routed, Butler has not succeeded, Banks utterly failed. Shall Grant unloose his grip? Never! Was it, then, less than the inspiration of genius? Sheridan, take the Sixth Corps, and clean out the valley so a "crow must

take his rations when he flies over it." Meade, absorb the army of the James, and never let Lee escape. Sherman, march to the sea as a cyclone of devastation. Thomas, play with Hood until you draw him to destruction. Stoneman, take your bold riders across the mountains, into Virginia and the Carolinas, right across every line of supply to the enemy. Wilson, push your twelve thousand mounted men into the heart of Alabama. Canby, capture Mobile.

Such was the new combination, audacious in strategy beyond precedent; but, if faulty in any respect, military critics have not discovered it. Its perfection, and the result of the execution, stamp it forever with the insignia of genius. Masterly tactics, brilliant manœuvring, bold fighting, though essential to success after the combinations have produced the strategical situation, yet rarely cure material defect in the latter. If cured at all, it is generally by blunders of the enemy. Lee and Johnston, as defensive generals, were not blunderers. I pity the man who, in the face of the record, attacks General Grant as a master of grand strategy. I need not speak of his tactics. I believe mankind are agreed, that the history of war discloses no display of tactical skill and vigor superior to Grant's about Vicksburg, and from the 3d to the 9th of April, 1865, being directed to prevent General Lee's attempted escape from Petersburg and junction with Johnston in North Carolina. The annals of other wars seem tame when read by the side of the story of that week's work. It resulted in the despatch to Secretary Stanton, so simple and modest in language, yet the most momentous of all history: "General Lee surrendered the army of Northern Virginia this afternoon on terms proposed by myself." The

work was done, and how completely done—done precisely as planned ; not an element, not a vestige of luck in it. Every army was at the precise place designed, with the exact work accomplished that was marked out for it. Method, plan, design, exclude the idea of luck. Let us in humble reverence say, as the truth was, the God of nations blessed General Grant in his awful undertaking.

JUDGE VEAZEY.

“I WOULDN'T—WOULD YOU ?”

WHEN a lady is seen at a party or ball—
 Her eyes vainly turned in her fits of conceit,
 As she peers at the gentlemen, fancying all
 Are enchained by her charms, and would kneel at her
 feet—
 With each partner coquetting—to nobody true—
 I wouldn't give much for her chances—would you ?

When an upstart is seen on the flags strutting out,
 With his hat cocked aslant, and a glass in his eye,
 And thick clouds of foul smoke he stands puffing about,
 As he inwardly says : “ What a stunner am I,”
 While he twists his mustache, for the ladies to view,
 I wouldn't give much for his senses—would you ?

When a wife runs about at her neighbors to pry,
 Leaving children at home, unprotected, to play ;
 Till she starts back in haste at the sound of their cry,
 And finds they've been fighting while mother's away.
 Sugar eaten, panes broken, the wind blowing through ;
 I wouldn't give much for her comfort—would you ?

When a husband is idle, neglecting his work,
In the public house snarling with quarrelsome knaves,
When he gambles with simpletons, drinks like a Turk,
While his good wife at home for the poor children
slaves,

And that home is quite destitute—painful to view—
I wouldn't give much for his morals—would you ?

When a boy at his school, lounging over his seat,
Sits rubbing his head, and neglecting his book,
While he fumbles his pockets for something to eat,
Yet pretendeth to read when his master may look,
Though he boasts to his parents how much he can do,
I wouldn't give much for his progress—would you ?

When a husband and wife keep their secrets apart,
Not a word to "my spouse" about this or on that ;
When a trifle may banish the pledge of their heart,
And he naggles—she naggles—both contradict flat ;
Though unequaled their love when its first blossoms
blew,
I wouldn't give much for their quiet—would you ?

When a man who has lived here for none but himself,
Feels laid on his strong frame the cold hand of death,
When all fade away—wife, home, pleasure, and pelf,
And he yields back to God both his soul and his
breath,

As up to the Judgment that naked soul flew—
I wouldn't give much for his Heaven—would you ?

ANONYMOUS.

THE LEGEND OF THE EARTH.

WHEN God the Father fashioned with His breath
The vasty void, which is His dwelling place.
He took upon His shoulders broad and strong
A wallet filled with all the stars of space.

So strode He forth upon the etherial plain,
And plunging deep His fingers, clutched around
In that great bag a mass of giant orbs
Which He sent rolling through the deep profound.

He drew them out by handfuls, like a sower
Who, pensive, throws the seed on every side;
And soon the fields of space beneath His feet
With streaming flames were furrowed far and wide;

And still He flung them with His sweeping arm,
Grasping their vast and bright periphery,
Till heaps on heaps of orbs and planets filled
The utmost confines of Eternity.

"Go," said the Lord, who sowed the deep with worlds,
"Go, stars, and shine throughout the spreading skies;
People the azure fields with your fair beams,
And sing to all your rhythmic harmonies.

"Go, like a burning flood, through darkest mists,
And bring down light and all the joy thereof;
Launch from those towering heights where now you
shine
A ray that thrills all hearts to matchless love.

"And may all prosper on your lucent flanks,
The seed bring forth a thousand fold, and may
All people sing His glory through all time
Who with bright suns turned darkness into day."

And all were bright and joyful, all were free,
And on their axes wheeled their mazy flight ;
And stars by thousands to the skies sent up
Their loud hosannas to the King of light.

And each star, heavy with its load of life,
Sped, wafted through soft ether like a flower,
And songs of thankfulness and songs of love
Rose from those haunts of sovereignty and power.

And as each orb rolled onward and appeared
A joy-bell ringing forth its holy glee,
The Almighty gazed upon His work and heard
With favor all creation's Jubilee.

So when the Lord had flung out all the stars,
And with soft beams the heavens were overrun,
He looked inside the wallet, where He found
Between two seams a broken piece of sun.

He took the fragment in His wondrous palm,
And without question of its rightful place
Breathed on it with the whirlwind of His mouth
And sent it reeling through the realms of space.

Then, mounting upward where His glorious throne
In purer depths of ether rose on high,
He sat Him down and listened to the sounds
Of all the worlds that wander in the sky.

He heard the vast hosannas of the spheres,
And far away the strain of voices sweet,
Loud alleluias and soft anthems rose
With clouds of incense round about His feet.

He heard throughout all time a glorious hymn
Awake triumphant all the stars among,
And the grand organ of the Universe
Join its proud pealing to each rising song.

But suddenly from out that astral sea
A murmur came, and He, the Sower, turned pale.
It slowly swelled and drowned the general cry
Of rapture with its hoarse and withering wail.

It rose from out that bit of broken sphere ;
Yea, those vile creatures whom it bore away
Wept for the Northern Mother Star they scarce could see
In their dull clime and in their sky so gray.

And curses rose from their unhallowed lips :
“ We who were also made to dwell in light
Are wanderers now,” they cried, “ with sickly brow,
Forever cast among the shades of night.

“ Our exile is full sore ; alone our eyes
Weep, when all else by pleasure’s wand is led ;
Lo, if the waters of our globe are brine
’Tis that they are the tears our fathers shed.

“ A curse on Him who rules the orbs of heaven,
That circle round His footstool from the first ;
If He withhold from us our primal star,
May He, throughout all space and time, be cursed.”

Then God arose and closed His eyes and wept
As we might weep in sadness when alone ;
And putting forth His arms made of pure light,
A voice of thunder shook His glorious throne.

"Stay, particle of Sun whose name is Earth,
And ye that crawl," said God, "worms that ye are,
Sing, for I give you Death, yea, a new birth,
That ye may all regain yon brilliant Star."

And that is why the Poet who was born
For golden stars and lands of radiant light
Fixes an eager gaze on heaven's high vault,
Where he soon hopes to wing his lofty flight.
JEAN RAMEAU.

LILY SERVOSSE'S RIDE.

From A Fool's Errand.

IT was just at sundown, and Lily was sitting on the porch at Warrington, when a horseman rode up to the gate and uttered the usual halloo which it is customary for one to give who desires to communicate with the household in that country. Lily rose and advanced to the steps.

"Here's a letter," said the horseman, as he held an envelope up to view, and then, as she started down the steps, threw it over the gate into the avenue, and cantered easily away. Lily picked up the letter, broke the seal, and read :

"COLONEL SERVOSSE :—A raid of Ku-Klux has been ordered to intercept Judge Denton on his way home to—

night. It is understood that he has telegraphed to you to accompany him home. Do not do it. If you can by any means, give him warning. It is a big raid, and means business. The decree is, that he shall be tied, placed in the middle of the bridge across the river, the planks taken up on each side, so as to prevent a rescue, and the bridge set on fire. I send this warning for your sake. Do not trust the telegraph. I shall try to send this by a safe hand, but tremble lest it should be too late. I dare not sign my name, but subscribe myself your

“UNKNOWN FRIEND.”

The young girl stood for a moment paralyzed with horror at the danger which threatened her father. It did not once occur to her to doubt the warning she had received. She glanced at the time-piece upon the mantel. The hands pointed to eight o'clock.

“Too late! too late!” she said, as she clasped her hands and raised her eyes to heaven in prayerful agony.

“O my dear, dear papa!” she cried, as she realized more fully the danger. “Can nothing be done to save him?”

Then a new thought flashed upon her mind. She ran to the back porch, and called sharply, but quietly:

“William! O William!”

“William,” said Lily, as the stable-boy appeared, “put my saddle on young Lollard, and bring him round as quick as possible.”

“But, Miss Lily, you know dat hoss—” the servant began to expostulate.

“I know all about him, William. Don't wait to talk. Bring him out.”

It was, perhaps, well for the accomplishment of her purpose that, for some time after setting out on her perilous journey, Lily Servosse had enough to do to maintain her seat and guide and control her horse.

As he dashed away with the speed of the wind, she felt how powerless she was to restrain him by means of the bit. Nor did she attempt it.

Sometimes her way lay through the forest, and she was startled by the cry of the owl. The moon cast strange shadows around her; but still she pushed on, with this one only thought in her mind, that her father's life was at stake and she alone could save him.

Still on and on the brave horse bore her with untiring limb. She glanced at her watch; she had still an hour, and half the distance has been accomplished in half that time. Half the remaining distance is now consumed and she comes to a place where the road forks, not once, but into four branches. She tries to think which of the many intersecting paths lead to Glenville—her destination—when she hears a shrill whistle to her left which turns her blood to ice in her veins.

Once, twice, thrice—and then it is answered from the road in front. There are two others. O Heaven! if she but knew which road to take! She knows well enough the meaning of those signals. She has heard them before. The masked cavaliers are closing in upon her, and, as if frozen to stone, she sits her horse in the clear moonlight and cannot choose.

From one to the other the whistle sounds—sharp, short signals. Her heart sinks within her. She has halted at the very rendezvous of the enemy. They are all about her. To attempt to ride down either road now is to invite destruction.

She urged young Lollard among the dense scrub-pines which grew between the two roads from which she knew that she must choose, turned his head back toward the point of intersection, drew her revolver, leaned over upon his neck, and peered through the overhanging branches.

Hardly had she placed herself in hiding, before the open space around the intersecting roads was alive with disguised horsemen.

"Gentlemen," said the leader, "we have met here, under a solemn and duly authenticated decree of a properly organized camp of the county of Rockford, to execute for them the extreme penalty of our order upon Thomas Denton, in the way and manner therein prescribed. We are, however, informed that there will be with the said Denton another notorious Radical well known to you all, Colonel Comfort Servosse. What shall be done with him?"

Some one moved that the same decree be made against him as against the said Denton. The vote was taken. All were in the affirmative except one young man, who said with emphasis—

"No, I'm not in favor of killing anybody!"

"Order!" cried the commander.

"Oh, you needn't yell at me! I'm not afraid of anybody here, nor all of you."

"If you stir from your place," said the leader, sternly, "I shall put a bullet through you."

"You don't expect to frighten one of the old Louisiana Tigers in that way, do you?" he continued, drawing a huge navy revolver and cocking it coolly.

At this, considerable confusion arose; and Lily, with her revolver ready cocked in her hand, turned and

cautiously made her way to the road which she had overheard, led to Glenville.

She had proceeded thus about one hundred and fifty yards when she came to a turn in the road, and saw, sitting before her in the moonlight, one of the disguised horsemen, evidently placed there on guard. He was facing the other way, but just at that instant turned, and seeing her indistinctly in the shadow, cried out at once—

“Who’s there? Halt!”

They were not twenty yards apart.

Almost before the words were out of the sentry’s mouth, she had given young Lollard the spur, and shot like an arrow into the bright moonlight, straight toward the black, muffled horseman.

“My God!” he cried, amazed at the sudden apparition.

She was close upon him in an instant. There was a shot; his startled horse sprang aside, and Lily, urging young Lollard to his utmost speed, was flying down the road toward Glenville. She heard an uproar behind—shouts, and one or two shots. On, on she sped. A mile, two miles were passed. She drew in her horse to listen. There was the noise of a horse’s hoofs coming down a hill she had just descended. She laughed, even in her terrible excitement, at the very thought that any one should attempt to overtake her.

The perplexity concerning the choice of roads had delayed Lily longer than she had expected. The train from Verdenton had reached and left Glenville. The agent had re-entered his office when a foam-flecked horse with fiery eyes and bloody nostrils, ridden by a young girl, with white, set face and flowing hair, dashed up to the station.

"Judge Denton!" the rider shrieked. The agent had but time to motion in the direction the Judge and her father had taken when she had swept on and was borne like an arrow down the avenue. She realized she must overtake them before they reached a guarded place in the road beyond which the klan were assembled ready to perform their horrible task. The tears came again, but she drove them back.

Then a thrill of joy took possession of her soul—she was in time—for from a slight elevation the carriage was just visible at a turn in the avenue.

"Papa, papa!" shrieked the girlish voice, as she swept on.

A frightened face glanced backward from the carriage, and in an instant Colonel Servosse was standing in the path of the rushing steed.

"Ho, Lollard!" he shouted, in a tone which rang over the sleepy town like a trumpet note.

The amazed horse veered quickly to one side and stopped as if stricken to stone, and Lily, happy in the realization that she was in time, fell insensible into her father's arms.

ALBION W. TOURGÉE.

AN INVITATION TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

By a gentleman with a slight impediment in his speech.

I HAVE found out a gig-gig-gift for my fuf-fuf—fair,
 I have found where the rattle-snakes bub-bub—breed.
 Won't you c-c-c-come, and I'll show you the bub-bub—
 bear,
 And the lions and tit-tit—tigers at fuf-fuf-fuf—feed.

I know where the c-c-c-cockatoo's song
Makes mum-mum-mum—melody through the sweet
vale ;
Where the m—monkeys gig-gig—grin all the day long,
Or g-g-gracefully swing by the tit-tit-tit-tit—tail.

You shall pip-pip—play, dear, some did-did—delicate
joke,
With the bub-bub—bear on the tit-tit—top of his
pip-pip-pip—pole ;
But observe, 'tis for-for-for—bidden to pip-pip—poke
At the bub-bub—bear with your pip-pip—pink pip-
pip-pip-pip—parasol.

You shall see the huge elephant pip-pip-pip—play ;
You shall gig-gig-gaze on the stit-tit—ately raccoon,
And then, did-did—dear, 'together we'll stray,
To the c-c-cage of the bub-bub—blue fuf-fuf-faced
bab-bab-bab—boon.

You wished (I r-r-r—remember it well, and I l-l-l-loved
you m-m-more for the wish)
To witness the bub-bub-bub—beautiful pip-pip—pelican
swallow the l-l-live l-l-l-little fuf-fuf—fish.

Then c-c-come, did-did-dearest, n-n-n-never say “nun-
nun-nun—nay ;”
I'll tit-tit-treat you, my love, to a bub-bub-bub—'bus,
'Tis but a thrup-pip-pip-pip—pence a pip-pip—piece ail
the way,
To see the hip-pip-pip—(I beg your pardon !)—
To see the hip-pip-pip-pip—(ahem !)
The hip-hip-pip-pip—pop-pop-pop-pot—(I mean)

The hip-po-po-po—(dear me, love, you know)
The hippo-pot-pot-pot—('pon my word I'm quite
ashamed of myself)
The hip-pip-pop—the hippo-pot,
To see the Hippop—potamus.

BACK FROM THE WAR.

I NEVER realized what this country was and is as on the day when I first saw some of these gentlemen of the Army and Navy. It was when, at the close of the war, our armies came back, and marched in review before the President's stand at Washington. I do not care whether a man was a Republican or a Democrat, a Northern man or a Southern man, if he had any emotion of nature he could not look upon it without weeping. God knew that the day was stupendous, and he cleared the heaven of cloud and mist and chill, and sprung the blue sky as a triumphal arch for the returning warriors to pass under. From Arlington Heights the spring foliage shook out its welcome, as the hosts came over the hills, and the sparkling waters of the Potomac tossed their gold to the feet of the battalions as they came to the Long Bridge and in almost interminable line passed over. The Capitol never seemed so majestic as that morning, snowy white, looking down upon the tides of men that came surging down, billow after billow. Passing in silence, yet I heard in every step the thunder of conflicts through which they had waded, and seemed to see dripping from their smoke-blackened flags the blood of our country's martyrs. For the best part of two days we stood and watched the filing on of what seemed endless battalions,

brigade after brigade, division after division, host after host, rank beyond rank ; ever moving, ever passing ; marching, marching ; tramp, tramp, tramp—thousands after thousands, battery front, arms shouldered, columns solid, shoulder to shoulder, wheel to wheel, charger to charger, nostril to nostril.

Commanders on horses whose manes were entwined with roses, and necks enchained with garlands, fractious at the shouts that ran along the line, increasing from the clapping of children clothed in white, standing on the steps of the Capitol, to the tumultuous vociferation of hundreds of thousands of enraptured multitudes, crying Huzza ! Huzza ! Gleaming muskets, thundering parks of artillery, rumbling pontoon-wagons, ambulances from whose wheels seemed to sound out the groans of the crushed and the dying that they had carried. These men came from balmy Minnesota, those from Illinois prairies. These were often hummed to sleep by the pines of Oregon, those were New England lumbermen. Those came out of the coal-shafts of Pennsylvania. Side by side in one great cause, consecrated through fire and storm and darkness, brothers in peril, on their way home from Chancellorsville and Kenesaw Mountain and Fredericksburg, in lines that seemed infinite they passed on.

We gazed and wept and wondered, lifting up our heads to see if the end had come ; but no ! Looking from one end of that long avenue to the other, we saw them yet in solid column, battery front, host beyond host, wheel to wheel, charger to charger, nostril to nostril, coming as it were from under the Capitol. Forward ! Forward ! Their bayonets caught in the sun, glimmered and flashed and blazed, till they seemed like one long river of silver, ever and anon changed into a river of fire. No end to

the procession, no rest for the eyes. We turned our heads from the scene, unable longer to look. We felt disposed to stop our ears, but still we heard it, marching, marching; tramp, tramp, tramp. But hush—uncover every head! Here they pass, the remnant of ten men of a full regiment. Silence! Widowhood and orphanage look on, and wring their hands. But wheel into line, all ye people! North, South, East, West—all decades, all centuries, all millenniums! Forward, the whole line! Huzza! Huzza!

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

CICELY CROAK.

From Harper's Young People.

IN the little hamlet of Daisyoak
There lived a maiden named Cicely Croak,
As bright and comely a country lass
As ever peeped into a looking-glass;
But life with Cicely seemed askew,
For her favorite color was indigo blue;
And true to her name, she would croak and croak,
Till it came to pass as a family joke
That Cicely'd push the world downhill,
And tumble after it, croaking still.
If the weather were cold, she knew she should freeze,
And she'd wrap her in furs from her head to her knees
If the weather were hot, 'twas going to be hotter.
And they all would perish for lack of water;
And a cloud in the west would surely bring
A thunder-storm, cyclone, or some such thing;

If the baby 'd a pain or the father an ache,
Pretty Cicely's curls would go shakety-shake,
And she'd prophesy death, and arouse their fears,
Till brothers and sisters were all in tears.
And thus said the people of Daisyoak,
"True to her name is Cicely Croak."

One fine June morning it befell
That good Mrs. Croak had eggs to sell ;
So Cicely, donning her dark blue gown,
Set off on the road to Barleytown—
To Barleytown, with its walls and spires,
Its market-place, and its crowds of buyers.
Oh, Barleytown on a market-day
Was the place where Cicely loved to stay.
But miles of woodland lay between
Fair Barleytown and these hills' of green,
And Cicely thought, with a little shiver,
Of the lonely road by the winding river,
And the grewsome forest just at hand,
Whose depths might shelter a robber band.
A robber band ! and her heart beat fast
As rabbit or squirrel darted past ;
A robber band ! and Cicely Croak
Wished she were home in Daisyoak.
She had often traversed this self-same way,
But ever before till this very day
The weather had met her mind's demands,
And she'd never bethought her of robber bands.
And now it was neither too hot nor too cold,
And the sunshine flooded the land with gold ;
Not a cloud was afloat in the clear blue sky,
And the breeze was sweet as it drifted by.

At length, through the stillness, Cicely heard
A sound that was neither of beast nor bird—
A lightsome whistle—and swift she scanned
The road and the fields on either hand ;
But no living thing could she espy,
Save a startled wren and a butterfly.
Still louder and louder the whistling grew.
Then, rounding a corner, came in view
A youth in a broad-brimmed steeple-hat,
Leading a heifer sleek and fat—
A handsome youth in a suit of gray,
With a bright red rose, befitting the day.
Thought Cicely: "Only a farmer's son.
How glad I am that I did not run!"
Then she stole sly glances up and down
The folds and frills of her dark blue gown,
And she thought to herself, with a flush of red,
"We shall meet at the cross-roads just ahead."

The whistling ceased. "A right merry day,"
Said the stranger youth in the suit of gray ;
And Cicely courtesied with maidenly grace.
While she noted the honest, cheery face,
The bright knee-buckles and silken hose,
The pointed hat and the red, red rose.
"My name," said the youth, "is Hilary Hope ;
I come from the village of Silverslope
To sell my heifer at Barleytown,
And to buy my mother a new silk gown.
So if, fair maiden, you go my way,
You will let me walk beside, I pray ;
For two on a lonely road," quoth he,
"Are better than one, as you'll agree."

Then Cicely dimpled and drooped her head.
"I am glad of your company, sir," she said ;
" 'Tis always stupid to walk alone,
And two are better than one, I own."
And thus they came into Barleytown,
The pointed hat and the dark blue gown.

The eggs and the heifer were quickly sold
For goodly prices in shining gold,
And Cicely helped to choose the silk,
And the beautiful lace as white as milk,
That were bought by the loving Hilary Hope
For the dear old mother in Silverslope ;
And they looked at this and they talked of that,
And they laughed at the tricks of a showman's cat,
And they ate their luncheon of cake and cheese
Under the spreading chestnut-trees,
And Cicely's heart was as light as her toes,
And she wore on her bosom a cream-white rose.

As the days sped onward, all the folk
Listened in vain for Cicely's croak.
The wind might howl and the rain might pour,
But Cicely only would laugh the more,
With never a frown to mar the grace
Of the joyous brow and the winsome face ;
And father and mother, wondering, smiled,
Saying, "What can have come over the child ?"
And the children, talking among themselves,
Said that a charm had been wrought by the elves—
Those curious creatures, wrinkled and brown,
Who lived in the forest of Barleytown.
And Cicely heard, but she did not say

How she came to see 'twas the happier way
To be cheery and brave, and to hope for the best,
Than to crouch and fear and be ever distressed.
So onward the moments merrily rolled,
Whether the skies were gray or gold.

A wedding followed, all in good time,
With a feast, a dance, and a nuptial rhyme,
And Cicely's heart was as light as her toes,
And she wore on her bosom a cream-white rose.
And thus say the people of Silverslope,
"True to her name is Cicely Hope."

EMMA C. DOWD

DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

WILD was the night, yet a wilder night
Hung round the soldier's pillow;
In his bosom there raged a fiercer fight
Than the fight on the wrathful billow.

A few fond mourners were kneeling by—
The few that his stern heart cherished;
They knew, by his glazed and unearthly eye,
That life had nearly perished.

They knew, by his awful and kingly look,
By the order hastily spoken,
That he dreamed of the days when nations shook,
And the nations' hosts were broken.

He dreamed that the Frenchman's sword still slew,
Still triumphed the Frenchman's "eagle;"

And the struggling Austrian fled anew,
Like the hare before the beagle.

The bearded Russian he scourged again,
The Prussian's camp was routed ;
And again on the hills of haughty Spain,
His mighty armies shouted.

Over Egypt's sands, over Alpine snows,
At the pyramids, at the mountains,
Where the wave of the lordly Danube flows,
And by the Italian fountains.

Again Marengo's field was won,
And Jena's bloody battle ;
Again the world was overrun,
Made pale at his cannon's rattle.

He died at the close of that darksome day—
A day that shall live in story ;
In the rocky land they placed his clay,
And " left him alone with his glory."

ANONYMOUS.

DECORATION DAY.

WE deck to-day each soldier's grave,
We come with garlands pure and white
To bind the brows of those who gave
Their all to keep our honor bright.

We cannot pay the debt we owe,
They gave their lives that we might live;
Our warmest words fall far below
The worship that we fain would give.

O country, fairest of the free!
Columbia! name forever blest;
O lost "Atlantis" of the sea,
Securely anchored in the West,

Unfold the flag their hands have borne!
The shreds of many a well-fought field;
The stripes alone are rent and torn,
The stars are there, our sacred shields.

Those stars are ours because they died;
The blue is dearer for their sake,
Who sleep on many a green hillside,
In rank that never more would break.

For well they wore the color true
That holds our constellation fair,
And evermore the "Boys in Blue"
Shall have a day of rest and prayer.

Yes, martyred heroes of the free!
We kneel beside your mounds and pray:
That God our nation's guard may be,
And comrade's hope from day to day.

O day baptized in blood and tears!
The blood was theirs; the tears are ours;
And children's children through the years
Shall stréw their graves with sweetest flowers.

And May-day garlands all in bloom
Will quicken other verse than mine,
And decorate the soldiers' tomb
From Southern palm to Northern pine.
WALLACE BRUCE.

AN APPEAL FOR LIBERTY.

I CALL upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors—by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil—by all you are, and all you hope to be—resist every object of disunion, resist every encroachment upon your liberties, resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman, the love of your offspring; teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or forsake her.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are; whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in defense of the liberties of your country.

I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave, with the recollection that you have lived in vain. May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves.

No ; I read in the destiny of my country far better hopes, far brighter visions. We, who are now assembled here, must soon be gathered to the congregation of other days. The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theatre of life. May God speed them and theirs. May he who, at the distance of another century, shall stand here to celebrate this day, still look round upon a free, happy, and virtuous people. May he have reason to exult as we do. May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth as well as of poetry, exclaim, that here is still his country.

JOSEPH STORY.

THE THANKSGIVING IN BOSTON HARBOR.

July, 1630.

"So we came, by the good hand of the Lord, through the deep comfortably, preaching or expounding the Word of the Lord every day for ten weeks together."—Roger Clap, on the voyage of the *Mary* and *John*.

"PRAISE ye the Lord !" The psalm to-day
Still rises on our ears,
Borne from the hills of Boston Bay
Through five times fifty years.
When Winthrop's fleet from Yarmouth crept
Out to the open main,
And through the widening waters swept
In April sun and rain.
"Pray to the Lord with fervent lips,"
The leader shouted, "Pray ;"
And prayer arose from all the ships,
As faded Yarmouth Bay.

They passed the Scilly Isles that day.

And May-days came, and June,
And thrice upon the ocean lay
The full orb of the moon.

And as that day, on Yarmouth Bay,
Ere England sunk from view,
While yet the rippling Solent lay
In April skies of blue,

“Pray to the Lord with fervent lips,”
Each morn was shouted, “Pray;”
And prayer arose from all the ships,
As first in Yarmouth Bay.

Blew warm the breeze o’er Western seas,
Through Maytime morns, and June,
Till hailed these souls the Isles of Shoals,
Low ’neath the summer moon;
And as Cape Ann arose to view,
And Norman’s Woe they passed,
The wood-doves came the white mists through,
And circled round each mast.

“Pray to the Lord with fervent lips,”
Then called the leader, “Pray;”
And prayer arose from all the ships,
As first in Yarmouth Bay.

Above the sea the hill-tops fair—
God’s towers—began to rise,
And odors rare breathe through the air,
Like balms of Paradise.
Through burning skies the ospreys flew,
And near the pine-cooled shores
Danced airy boat and thin canoe,
To flash of sunlit cars.

"Pray to the Lord with fervent lips,"
The leader shouted, "Pray!"
Then prayer arose, and all the ships
Sailed into Boston Bay.

The white wings folded, anchors down,
The sea-worn fleet in line,
Fair rose the hills where Boston town
Should rise from clouds of pine;
Fair was the harbor, summit-walled,
And placid lay the sea.
"Praise ye the Lord," the leader called;
"Praise ye the Lord," spake he.
"Give thanks to God with fervent lips,
Give thanks to God to-day,"
The anthem rose from all the ships,
Safe moored in Boston Bay.

"Praise ye the Lord!" Primeval woods
First heard the ancient song,
And summer hills and solitudes
The echoes rolled along.
The Red Cross flag of England blew
Above the fleet that day,
While Shawmut's triple peaks in view,
In amber hazes lay.
"Praise ye the Lord with fervent lips,
Praise ye the Lord to-day,"
The anthem rose from all the ships,
Safe moored in Boston Bay.

The Arabella leads the song—
The Mayflower sings below—
That erst the Pilgrims bore along
The Plymouth reefs of snow.

Oh ! never be that psalm forgot,
That rose o'er Boston Bay,
When Winthrop sung, and Endicott,
And Saltonstall, that day.
 " Praise ye the Lord with fervent lips,
 Praise ye the Lord to-day ;"
And praise arose from all the ships,
Like prayers in Yarmouth Bay.

That psalm our fathers sung we sing,
That psalm of peace and wars,
While o'er our heads unfolds its wing
The flag of forty stars.
And while the nation finds a tongue
For nobler gifts to pray,
'Twill ever sing the song they sung
That first Thanksgiving Day :
 " Praise ye the Lord with fervent lips,
 Praise ye the Lord to-day ;"
So rose the song from all the ships,
Safe moored in Boston Bay.

Our fathers' prayers have changed to psalms,
As David's treasures old
Turned, on the Temple's giant arms,
To lily-work of gold.
Ho ! vanished ships from Yarmouth's tide,
Ho ! ships of Boston Bay,
Your prayers have crossed the centuries wide
To this Thanksgiving Day !
 We pray to God with fervent lips,
 We praise the Lord to-day,
As prayers arose from Yarmouth ships
But psalms from Boston Bay.
HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

THE TELL TALE HEART.

A MURDERER'S CONFESSION.

TRUE!—nervous—very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why will you say that I am mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily—how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object, there was none. Passion, there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! yes, it was this! One of his eyes resembled that of a vulture—a pale-blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so by degrees—very gradually—I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

Now, this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded—with what caution—with what foresight—with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh, so gently! and then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly—very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place

my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon the bed. Ha!—would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously—oh, so cautiously—cautiously (for the hinges creaked) I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights—every night just at midnight—but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea; and perhaps he heard me; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back—but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers), and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in the bed crying out—"Who's there?"

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or of grief—oh, no!—it was the low, stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged

with awe. I knew the sound well. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little—a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it—you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily—until at length a single dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and fell upon the vulture eye.

It was open—wide, wide open—and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness—all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person; for I had directed the ray, as if by instinct, precisely upon the spot.

Now, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew that sound well, too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed; I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror must have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment! do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous: so I am. And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so

strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst.

And now a new anxiety seized me—the sound could be heard by a neighbor! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once—once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gayly to find the deed so far done. But for many minutes the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye—not even his—could have detected anything wrong.

When I had made an end of these labors it was four o'clock—still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart—for what had I now to fear? Then entered three men who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police.

A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled—for what had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search—search well. I led them at length to his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence I brought chairs into the room, and desired them here to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. But ere long I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears; but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct; it continued and gained definitiveness—until at length I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale; but I talked more fluently and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased—and what could I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath—and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly—more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observa-

tions of the men—but the noise steadily increased. O God! what could I do? I foamed—I raved—I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—louder. And still the men chatted pleasantly and smiled. Was it possible they heard not?

They heard!—they suspected!—they knew!—they were making a mockery of my horror! this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I can bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die!—and now—again!—hark! louder! louder! louder! louder!

“Villains!” I shrieked, “dissemble no more! I admit the deed—tear up the planks! here! here! it is the beating of his hideous heart!”

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

SONG OF THE MOUNTAINEERS.

1776.

From The Wagoner of the Alleghanies.

By permission of J. B. Lippincott Co., publishers of “Read’s Poems.”

WHERE sweeps round the mountains
The cloud on the gale,
And streams from their fountains
Leap into the vale—
Like frightened deer leap when
The storm with his pack
Rides over the steep in
The wild torrent’s track—

Even there my free home is ;
There watch I the flocks
Wander white as the foam is
On stairways of rocks.
Secure in the gorge there
In freedom we sing,
And laugh at King George, where
The Eagle is king.

I mount the wild horse with
No saddle or rein,
And guide his swift course with
A grasp on his mane ;
Through paths steep and narrow,
And scorning the crag,
I chase with my arrow
The flight of the stag.
Through snow-drifts engulfing,
I follow the bear,
And face the gaunt wolf when
He snarls in his lair,
And watch through the gorge there
The red panther spring,
And laugh at King George, where
The Eagle is king.

When April is sounding
His horn o'er the hills,
And brooklets are bounding
In joy to the mills—
When warm August slumbers
Among her green leaves,
And harvest encumbers
Her garners with sheaves—

When the flail of November
Is swinging with might,
And the miller December
Is mantled with white—
In field and in forge there
The free-hearted sing,
And laugh at King George, where
The Eagle is king.

T. BUCHANAN READ.

SELF-LIFE.

NARROW, wretched, and solitary is the self-life! The universal heart does not beat within it. As the beautiful all-sufficiency does not rise within, it is compelled to seek satisfaction from without. Blessed is the man whose spirit is the temple of Holy Love; he needs neither approbation nor encouragement from without. The all-sufficiency is in him. Give him no countenance, and he will still have countenance enough. If all men disown him, he will feel that he is the more owned. It is essential to him to love, it is not essential to him to be loved. He has immense wealth—love is his wealth. He receives it freely, and gives it freely, without missing it. If men pay him not back in the same capital, he can wait till they are richer—when the divine heart is grown in them they will pay.

The self-life feeds on ashes, for it is the law of every life, that it shall taste its own quality. The self-life is self-love, but within the inmost soul of self-love lurks the fear of evil. For if a man is the subject of his own individual will, instead of being the subject of the uni-

versal law, then all highest powers and operations are against him ; and though his senses move in a "fool's paradise," his spirit moves in a "horror of great darkness," foreboding miserable things.

Because the self-life is cold, straitened, and incapable of blessedness, God seeks to vanquish it, in order that His Love may take its place, and that man, being delivered from his selfishness, may sit down to the feast of eternity.

JOHN PULSFORD.

BAD PRAYERS.

I DO not like to hear him pray
On bended knee about an hour,
For grace to spend aright the day,
Who knows his neighbor has no flour.

I'd rather see him go to mill
And buy the luckless brother bread,
And see his children eat their fill
And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray,
"Let blessings on the widow be,"
Who never seeks her home, to say,
"If want o'ertake you, come to me."

I hate the prayer so loud and long
That's offered for the orphan's weal,
By him who sees him crushed by wrong.
And only with his lips doth feel.

I do not like to hear her pray
With jeweled ear and silken dress,
Whose washerwoman toils all day,
And then is asked to work for less.

Such pious shavers I despise ;
With folded hands and face demure,
They lift to heaven their " angel eyes,"
And steal the earnings of the poor.

I do not like such soulless prayers ;
If wrong, I hope to be forgiven—
No angel wing them upward bears :
They're lost a million miles from heaven.

BRONSON ALCOTT.

WATER AND RUM.

The following apostrophe on Water and execration on Rum by Mr John B. Gough was never published in full till after his death. He furnished it to a young friend many years ago, who promised never to publish it while he was on the lecture platform.

WATER! There is no poison in that cup ; no fiendish spirit dwells beneath those crystal drops to lure you and me and all of us to ruin ; no spectral shadows play upon its waveless surface ; no widows' groans or orphans' tears rise to God from those placid fountains ; misery, crime, wretchedness, woe, want, and rags come not within the hallowed precincts where cold water reigns supreme. Pure now as when it left its native heaven, giving vigor to our youth, strength to our manhood, and solace to our old age. Cold water is beautiful and bright and pure everywhere. In the moonlight fountains and the sunny rills ; in the warbling brook

and the giant river ; in the deep tangled wildwood and the cataract's spray ; in the hand of beauty or on the lips of manhood—cold water is beautiful everywhere.

RUM ! There is a poison in that cup. There is a serpent in that cup whose sting is madness and whose embrace is death. There dwells beneath that smiling surface a fiendish spirit which for centuries has been wandering over the earth, carrying on a war of desolation and destruction against mankind, blighting and mildewing the noblest affections of the heart, and corrupting with its foul breath the tide of human life and changing the glad, green earth into a lazaret-house. Gaze on it ! But shudder as you gaze ! Those sparkling drops are murder in disguise ; so quiet now, yet widows' groans and orphans' tears and maniacs' yells are in that cup. The worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched are in that cup.

Peace and hope and love and truth dwell not within that fiery circle where dwells that desolating monster which men call rum. Corrupt now as when it left its native hell, giving fire to the eye, madness to the brain, and ruin to the soul. Rum is vile and deadly and accursed everywhere. The poet would liken it in its fiery glow to the flames that flicker around the abode of the damned. The theologian would point you to the drunkard's doom, while the historian would unfold the dark record of the past and point you to the fate of empires and kingdoms lured to ruin by the siren song of the tempter, and sleeping now in cold obscurity, the wrecks of what once were great, grand, and glorious. Yes, rum is corrupt and vile and deadly, and accursed everywhere. Fit type and semblance of all earthly corruption !

Base art thou yet as when the wise man warned us of thy power and bade us flee thy enchantment. Vile art thou yet as when thou first went forth on thy unholy mission—filling earth with desolation and madness, woe and anguish. Deadly art thou yet as when thy envenomed tooth first took fast hold on human hearts, and thy serpent tongue first drank up the warm life-blood of immortal souls. Accursed art thou yet as when the bones of thy first victim rotted in a damp grave, and its shriek echoed along the gloomy caverns of hell. Yes, thou infernal spirit of rum, through all past time hast thou been, as through all coming time thou shalt be, accursed everywhere.

In the fiery fountains of the still; in the seething bubbles of the caldron; in the kingly palace and the drunkard's hovel; in the rich man's cellar and the poor man's closet; in the pestilential vapors of foul dens and in the blaze of gilded saloons; in the hand of beauty and on the lip of manhood. Rum is vile and deadly and accursed everywhere.

Rum, we yield not to thy unhallowed influence, and together we have met to plan thy destruction. And by what new name shall we call thee, and to what shall we liken thee when we speak of thy attributes? Others may call thee child of perdition, the base-born progeny of sin and Satan, the murderer of mankind and the destroyer of immortal souls; but I will give thee a new name among men and crown thee with a new horror, and that new name shall be the sacramental cup of the Rum-Power, and I will say to all the sons and daughters of earth—Dash it down! And thou, Rum, shalt be my text in my pilgrimage among men, and not alone shall my tongue utter it, but the groans of orphans in their

agony and the cries of widows in their desolation shall proclaim it the enemy of home, the traducer of childhood, and the destroyer of manhood, and whose only antidote is the sacramental cup of temperance, cold water!

JOHN B. GOUGH.

THE PENNSYLVANIAN'S LAMENT.

HOW sweet to my ears are the names of my childhood,
 The names Pennsylvanians worship for aye,
 Aboriginal cognomens heard in the wild-wood
 When Indians traversed the Minnequa way—
 Tunkhannock, Tamaqua and Mockendauqua,
 Tamanend, Tobyhanna and Tonawanda,
 Meshoppen, Pomensing and Catasauqua,
 I love you, I greet you, sweet sounds of Pa.

How mountain and meadow, and rill and ravine,
 The broad Susquehanna and Wyoming's ray,
 Spring forth in the landscape by memory seen—
 The Lehigh, the Schuylkill and Lackawa-na,
 Lycoming, Shamokin, Monongahela,
 Kittanning, Perkasio and Shenando-ah,
 Towamencin—another not spelled the same way—
 I love you, I greet you, sweet sounds of Pa.

The rivulets warble and cataracts roar
 The names that I cherish wherever I stray—
 Manayunk, Conshohocken, Monocacy-more,
 Nanticoke, Kittatinny, Shickshinny, Hey! Day!

OMAHA WORLD.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow,
And trying to keep pace—if they mistake
Or tread upon some flower that we would take

Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
 Or crush poor Hope until it bleed,
 We may be mute,
 Not turning quickly to impute
 Grave fault; for they and we
 Have such a little way to go—can be
 Together such a little while along the way,
 We will be patient while we may

So many little faults we find,
 We see them! for not blind
 Is Love. We see them, but if you and I
 Perhaps remember them some by-and-by,
 They will not be
 Faults then—grave faults—to you and me,
 But just odd ways—mistakes, or even less,
 Remembrances to bless.
 Days change so many things—yes, hours,
 We see so differently in suns and showers,
 Mistaken words to-night
 May be so cherished by to-morrow's light,
 We may be patient, for we know
 There is such a little way to go.

GINEVRA.

SO it is come! The doctor's glossy smile
 Deceives me not. I saw him shake his head,
 Whispering, and heard poor Giulia sob without,
 As, slowly creaking, he went down the stair.
 Were they afraid that I should be afraid?
 I, who have died once and been laid in tomb?
 They need not.

M. R. U.

Little one, look not so pale.
I am not raving. Ah! you never heard
The story. Climb up there upon the bed:
Sit close, and listen. After this one day
I shall not tell you stories any more.

How old are you, my rose? What! almost twelve?
Almost a woman! Scarcely more than that
Was your fair mother when she bore her bud;
And scarcely more was I when, long years since,
I left my father's house, a bride in May.
You know the house, beside St. Andrea's church,
Gloomy and rich, which stands and seems to frown
On the Mercato, humming at its base.
That was my play-place ever as a child;
And with me used to play a kinsman's son,
Antonio Rondinelli. Ah, dear days!
Two happy things we were, with none to chide
Or hint that life was anything but play.

Sudden the play-time ended. All at once
"You must be wed," they told me. "What is wed?"
I asked; but with the word I bent my brow,
Let them put on the garland, smiled to see
The glancing jewels tied about my neck;
And so, half-pleased, half-puzzled, was led forth
By my grave husband, older than my sire.
O the long years that followed! It would seem
That the sun never shone in all those years,
Or only with a sudden, troubled glint
Flashed on Antonio's curls, as he went by
Doffing his cap, with eyes of wistful love
Raised to my face—my conscious, woeful face.

Were we so much to blame? Our lives had twined
 Together, none forbidding, for so long.
 They let our childish fingers drop the seed,
 Unhindered, which should ripen to tall grain;
 They let the firm, small roots tangle and grow,
 Then rent them, careless that it hurt the plant.
 I loved Antonio, and he loved me.

Life was all shadow, but it was not sin!
 I loved Antonio; but I kept me pure,
 Not for my husband's sake, but for the sake
 Of him, my first-born child, my little child,
 Mine for a few short weeks, whose touch, whose look
 Thrilled all my soul and thrills it to this day.
 I loved; but, hear me swear, I kept me pure!
 (Remember that, Madonna, when I come
 Before thy throne to-morrow. Be not stern,
 Or gaze upon me with reproachful look,
 Making my little angel hide his face
 And weep, while all the others turn glad eyes
 Rejoicing on their mothers.)

It was hard

To sit in darkness while the rest had light,
 To move to discords when the rest had song,
 To be so young and never to have lived.
 I bore, as women bear, until one day
 Soul said to flesh, "This I endure no more,"
 And with the word uprose, tore clay apart,
 And what was blank before grew blanker still.

It was a fever, so the leeches said.
 I had been dead so long, I did not know
 The difference or heed. Oil on my breast,

M. R. U.

The garments of the grave about me wrapped,
They bore me forth and laid me in the tomb.

Open the curtain, child. Yes, it is night.
It was night then, when I awoke to feel
That deadly chill, and see by ghostly gleams
Of moonlight, creeping through the grated door,
The coffins of my fathers all about.
Strange, hollow clamors rang and echoed back,
As, struggling out of mine, I dropped and fell
With frantic strength I beat upon the grate.
It yielded to my touch. Some careless hand
Had left the bolt half-slipped. My father swore
Afterward, with a curse, he would make sure
Next time. Next time. That hurts me even now!

Dead or alive I issued, scarce sure which,
And down the darkling street I wildly fled,
Led by a little, cold, and wandering moon,
Which seemed as lonely and as lost as I.
I had no aim, save to reach warmth and light
And human touch; but still my witless steps
Led to my husband's door, and there I stopped,
By instinct, knocked, and called.

A window oped.
A voice—'twas his—demanded: "Who is there?"
"Tis I, Ginevra." Then I heard the tone
Change into horror, and he prayed aloud
And called upon the saints, the while I urged,
"O, let me in, Francesco; let me in!
I am so cold, so frightened, let me in!"

Then with a crash, the window was shut fast :
And, though I cried and beat upon the door
And wailed aloud, no other answer came.

Weeping, I turned away, and feebly strove
Down the hard distance toward my father's house.
"They will have pity and will let me in,"
I thought. "They loved me and will let me in."
Cowards! At the high window overhead
They stood and trembled, while I plead and prayed .
"I am your child, Ginevra. Let me in!
I am not dead. In mercy, let me in!"
"The holy saints forbid!" declared my sire.
My mother sobbed and vowed whole pounds of wax
To St. Eustachio, would he but remove
This fearful presence from her door. Then sharp
Came click of lock, and a long tube was thrust
From out the window, and my brother cried,
"Spirit or devil, go! or else I fire!"
Where should I go? Back to the ghastly tomb
And the cold confined ones! Up the long street,
Wringing my hands and sobbing low, I went.
My feet were bare and bleeding from the stones;
My hands were bleeding too; my hair hung loose
Over my shroud. So wild and strange a shape
Saw never Florence since.

At last I saw a flickering point of light
High overhead, in a dim window set.
I had lain down to die: but at the sight
I rose, crawled on, and with expiring strength
Knocked, sank again, and knew not even then
It was Antonio's door by which I lay.

A window opened, and a voice called out :
" Qui è ? " " I am Ginevra. " And I thought,
" Now he will fall to trembling, like the rest,
And bid me hence. " But, lo, a moment more
The bolts were drawn, and arms whose very touch
Was life, lifted and clasped and bore me in.
" O ghost or angel of my buried love,
I know not, care not which, be welcome here '
Welcome, thrice welcome, to this heart of mine ! "
I heard him say, and then I heard no more.

It was high noontide when I woke again,
To hear fierce voices wrangling by my bed—
My father's and my husband's ; for, with dawn,
Gathering up valor, they had sought the tomb,
Had found me gone, and tracked my bleeding feet
Over the pavement to Antonio's door.
Dead, they cared nothing ; living, I was theirs.
Hot raged the quarrel ; then came Justice in,
And to the court we swept—I in my shroud—
To try the cause.

This was the verdict given :

" A woman who has been to burial borne,
Made fast and left and locked in with the dead ;
Who at her husband's door has stood and plead
For entrance, and has heard her prayer denied ;
Who from her father's house is urged and chased,
Must be adjudged as dead in law and fact.
The Court pronounces the defendant—dead !
She can resume her former ties at will,
Or may renounce them, if such be her will.
She is no more a daughter or a spouse,

Unless she choose, and is set free to form
New ties if so she choose."

O, blessed words !

That very day we knelt before the priest,
My love and I, were wed, and life began.

Child of my child, child of Antonio's child,
Bend down and let me kiss your wondering face.
'Tis a strange tale to tell a rose like you.
But time is brief, and, had I told you not,
Haply the story would have met your ears
From them, the Amieris, my own blood,
Now turned to gall, whose foul and bitter lips
Will wag with lies when once my lips are dumb.
(Pardon me, Virgin. I was gentle once,
And thou hast seen my wrongs. Thou wilt forgive.)
Now go, my dearest. When they wake thee up,
To tell thee I am dead, be not too sad.
I who have died once, do not fear to die.
Sweet was that waking, sweeter will be this.
Close to Heaven's gate my own Antonio sits
Waiting, and, spite of all the Frati say,
I know I shall not stand long at that gate,
Or knock and be refused an entrance there,
For he will start up when he hears my voice,
The saints will smile, and he will open quick.
Only a night to part me from that joy.
Jesu Maria ! let the dawning come !

SUSAN COOLIDGE

THE IVY GREEN.

OH, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old !
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold,
The wall must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim ;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him,
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled and their words decayed
And nations have scattered before ;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days,
Shall fasten upon the past ;
For the stateliest building man can raise,
Is the ivy's food at last,
Creeping on where time has been ;
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE WATER LILY.

“O STAR on the breast of the river !
O marvel of bloom and grace !
Did you fall right down from heaven,
Out of the sweetest place ?

You are white as the thoughts of an angel,
 Your heart is steeped in the sun :
 Did you grow in the golden city,
 My pure and radiant one ?”

“Nay, nay, I fell not out of heaven ;
 None gave me my saintly white ;
 It slowly grew from the darkness,
 Down in the dreary night :
 From the ooze of the silent river
 I won my glory and grace,
 White souls fall not, O, my poet,
 They rise—to the sweetest place.”

MIRIAM'S SONG.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
 Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free !
 Sing ! for the pride of the tyrant is broken :
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave—
 How vain was their boasting!—the Lord hath but
 spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
 Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free !

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord !
 His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword !
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride ?

For the Lord hath looked out from His pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free!

THOMAS MOORE.

ALL HOLLOW.

I STOOD beneath a hollow tree, the blast it hollow
blew;
I thought upon the hollow world, and all its hollow crew,
Ambition and its hollow schemes, the hollow hopes we
follow;
Imagination's hollow dreams—all hollow, hollow, hol-
low!

A crown it is a hollow thing, and hollow heads oft wear
it,
The hollow title of a king, what hollow hearts oft bear it!
No hollow wiles, nor honey'd smiles, of ladies fair I fol-
low;
For beauty sweet still hides deceit; 'tis hollow, hollow,
hollow!

The hollow leader but betrays the hollow dupes who heed
him;
The hollow critic vends his praise to hollow fools who
feed him;
The hollow friend who takes your hand, is but a summer
swallow;
Whate'er I see is like this tree—all hollow, hollow,
hollow!

ANONYMOUS.

THE SKIPPER'S LOVE; OR, THE TIDE WILL
TURN.

THE skipper stood on the windy pier.
 "O mate," he said, "set every sail;
For love is sweet if true and dear,
 But bitter is love if love must fail."
"No hurry, skipper, to put to sea;
 The wind is foul and the water low;
But the tide will turn if you wait a wee,
 And you'll get 'Yes' where you got 'No.'"

The skipper turned again with a smile,
 And he found his love in a better mood;
For she had had time to think the while,
 "I shall find ten worse for one as good."
So the tide had turned, and he got "Yea." •
 The sails were filled and the wind was fair.
Don't limit the pleasant words, I pray;
 They are for every one everywhere.

The tide will turn if you wait a wee,
 And good's not lost if but defer'd;
Supposing your plans have gone a-gley,
 Don't flee away like a frightened bird.
Say that you've asked a favor in vain,
 To-morrow may be a better day,
Clouds may depart and the sun may shine,
 And you'll get "Yes" where you got "Nay."

The tide will turn if the thing you mind
 Is worth the waiting and worth the cost;
If you seek and seek until you find,
 Then your labor will never be lost.

For waiting is often working, you see,
And though the water may now be low,
The tide will turn if you bide a wee,
And you'll get "Yes" where you got "No."

MARY A. BARR.

THE PLACE OF THE IMAGINATION IN THE ART OF EXPRESSION.

From an oration delivered by Rev. A. J. F. Behrends, D. D., in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the occasion of the Fourteenth Annual Commencement of the National School of Elocution and Oratory.

BY the imagination I understand that energy which the mind possesses in creating, from the materials of its knowledge, ideal forms of beauty and excellence. The primary form of intellectual life is perceptive or cognitive, either by means of the senses or by introspection. The soul and the world, with the basic reality underlying and uniting both, provide for us all the materials of our knowledge. I have a knowledge of myself, and I have a knowledge of the world, and these are the media through which the Living God reveals Himself to my inquiring spirit.

I do not stop with fleeting impressions, chasing each other over the field of consciousness as do the shadows of clouds over mountain and vale. The mind of man has a registering and retentive power, which we call memory, but whose philosophy baffles us. Neither the physiologist nor the psychologist has succeeded in showing where the registry is kept, or by what means it is preserved. No less marked and marvelous is the power which the mind has of availing itself of the contents of

this voluminous registry, making its treasures subservient to its requirements, recalling them at will or under the pressure of some great emergency.

And this power of reproduction is itself under the guidance of a higher energy, which selects and combines, creating the ideal types that dominate life no less than art. The mind is something more than a photographic apparatus, realistically reproducing the ever-shifting panorama of events. It is an artist, using these crude materials of perception in the creation of ideal forms; it is an architect, hewing the rough boulders into shapes of beauty, and building them up into massive and graceful structures. And this artistic, architectonic power of the mind, a faint reflex of the creative energy of the Divine Mind, flinging the radiance of an ideal world over the world of sense, is the philosophic or poetic imagination. Are there "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in every thing"? The camera of vision does not disclose them. Their music does not fall upon mortal ears. These are purely mental intuitions, a poetic drapery which the mind weaves upon its own looms. Is all this deceptive and vain? Do we play with nature and life, as children amuse themselves with dolls, dressing up the naked, homely facts in the rags and scraps and gaudy tinsel of our own fancy? So some tell us, and summon us to reduce all thought to the level of a crude realism; to be content in science, literature, art and religion with simple description. The ideal is a delusion; the visible is the only reality. Beauty, truth and goodness are only names, convenient for classification, baseless in fact. All things are equally fair; there is nothing ugly. All things are equally true; there is nothing

false. All things are equally good; there is no sin. The things that we see are the only measure of existence; the only standard of excellence.

Now, I need not stop to show at length that such a view would rob civilization of its choicest treasures, and reduce our calling to the dignity of making mud-pies. Poetry and fiction must become commonplace and grossly realistic. Zola must supplant Milton and Walter Scott and even George Eliot, for the power of George Eliot is in her dominating, emotional idealism. Art must leap from heaven to earth, and henceforth deal only with a faultless technique, an exact reproduction on canvas and in marble of what the eyes reveal. There must be no prudery, no intervention of false modesty; the greatest artist is simply the most accurate photographer. Conversation must be content with the gossip of the street, and employ its powers in the faithful portraiture of domestic and social scandal. Ethics and religion must be relegated to the limbo of outgrown superstitions. The land of promise is certainly not one that flows with milk and honey. The prospect is dreary enough, and many will hesitate to take up the line of march into this paradise, where all ideals are ostracized and disinherited.

But the mind will not consent to be robbed of its power and heritage. It will continue to survey and people its ideal universe. Not as if the ideal is hostile to the real, or independent of it; but because the real is fully understood only under the light of the ideal. The seen and the unseen are not two spheres, removed from each other by an infinite distance, or touching each other only at a single point; they are overlapping circles with the same centre, whence the

ideal sweeps the wider and the universally inclusive circumference. The ideals which the mind creates are not the product of an empty fancy, but the emergent revelation of eternal verities. * * * * * The mind has a truly creative energy. It is not a white sheet of paper, receiving only passive impressions; it sallies forth as an interpreter under laws of thought that are inherent in its own constitution. It reads the visible in the light of the invisible; it discerns the ideal behind the face of the real. * * * * *

Poetry and theology deal with ideal forms. And therefore it is that the mere copyist never satisfies the artistic demand. The mind sees more than the photograph, and therefore demands more. We do not want the unreal, but we want the real idealized. You never saw such faces as those of Raphael's Madonnas; you never saw such forms as those which Phidias and Michael Angelo carved into marble; you never saw such groups as those of Correggio and Titian. These are the ideals of beauty and strength, and when art abandons the ideal it offends and degrades the æsthetic taste. The charm and the power of literature are in the ideals which it creates, as in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, in Dante's *Inferno*, and in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. The true poet is always a philosopher, who makes nature and life radiant with the glow and the glory of an invisible world. You never heard men speak, you never saw them act, as they do in Shakespeare's dramas. There is real life and movement; but the reality is intensified, because idealized. The figures are only the drapery of the thought; the good is shown at its best, and the bad at its worst.

Love lives in the imagination. We say it is blind

because it sees "Helen's beauty on the brow of Egypt." But love sees more than the receding brow ; its eyes are on the heart whose radiance floods the dusky face. Every man's mother is, or ought to be, the most beautiful of all women to him, because no other woman can ever be to him what she was and is. All this is the work of the imagination, but it is not, therefore, imaginary. The ideal is there, discerned by the mind, and that gives to every physical defect a new and fair perspective. * * * * Such being the imperial rank and scope of the imagination, it is entitled to careful cultivation by all who would be masters of the art of expression. Language is the most subtle and plastic of all instruments. Its mastery is the most difficult of all achievements. A faultless pronunciation and a perfect syntax may serve only to expose the poverty that hides behind the purple. I do not undervalue the physiological and the rhetorical training ; but there must be something to say, else the saying it well only makes the speaker ridiculous. And not only must there be something to say, but there must be a proper perspective to which the sentences are adjusted. Language is only a means to an end ; and the aim of all expression is impression. You wish to describe a scene or narrate an event or tell a story ; your end is gained only when you can make your listener see what you have seen or hear what you have heard. To do that you must be a mental artist. The salient features must be firmly grasped in your own thought, and the lines must be drawn with a steady, rapid hand. There must be no needless digression. You must know what to leave out, for prolixity and wandering will produce inattention and restlessness.

Do a faultless pronunciation, a studied inflection, and a measured emphasis insure good reading? The tone of the voice is of far greater importance, that subtle, indescribable, irresistible quality which is born of true and deep emotion, and which passes like an electric shock from the reader to the hearer. The poem or the page of prose, must first be mastered by the reader, all its hidden recesses of suggestion explored, all its depths sounded, its literary environment reproduced in fancy; and only when the author has been thus idealized, can he be successfully interpreted.

Need I add that for the orator or debater this imaging, or grouping power of the mind, is of primary importance? I do not mean that he must think in pictures and talk in similes, for some of the most effective speakers have been men of a simple and unadorned vocabulary. But you can point to no successful advocate or preacher or debater who has not been clear in his analysis, sure of his thought, definite in his aim, marching toward it along the most direct lines.

Of course, the imagination may be turned to dishonest and dishonorable uses. The tongue may be made to drop manna, making "the worse appear the better reason." At no point is there greater need for the guidance and check of an enlightened and sensitive conscience. The higher the art, the more powerful will be its ministry for good or for evil. The imagination needs the ethical restraints. Our mental pictures must correspond to the truth of things, and in their interpretation to others we must guard against the temptation to vanity. Speech is one of God's noblest gifts to man, and it should be kept firmly to its divine intention—to make plain and radiant the truth, the whole truth,

and nothing but the truth. For if we must part with either beauty or truth, we will hold fast to truth even in a beggar's garb. But beauty and truth are twin-born. He who made the world strong has also made it fair; and we only follow His example when we fit speech to thought, arranging with artistic skill our apples of gold in finely chased baskets of silver.

THE OLD MAN AND JIM.

OLD man never had much to say—
 'Ceptin' to Jim—
 And Jim was the wildest boy he had—
 And the Old man jes' wrapped up in him!
 Never heerd him speak but once
 Er twice in my life—and first time was
 When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
 The Old man backin' him, fer three months.
 And all 'at I heerd the Old man say
 Was, jes' as we turned to start away—
 "Well; good-bye, Jim:
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

'Peared-like, he was more satisfied
 Jes' lookin' at Jim
 And likin' him all to hisse'f-like, see?—
 'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!
 And over and over I mind the day
 The Old man come and stood round in the way
 While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim—
 And down at the deepot a-heerin' him say—
 "Well; good-bye, Jim:
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

Never was nothin' about the farm
 Disting'ished Jim ;
 Neighbors all ust to wonder why
 The Old man 'peared wrapped up in him .
 But when Cap. Biggler, he writ back
 'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
 In the whole rigiment—white er black,
 And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad—
 'At he had led, with a bullet clean
 Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
 Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen—
 The Old man wound up a letter to him
 'At Cap. read to us, 'at said—" Tell Jim
 Good-bye ;
 And take keer of hisse'f!"

Jim come back jes' long enough
 To take the whim
 'At he'd like to go back in the calvery—
 And the Old man jes' wrapped up in him !—
 Jim 'lowed 'at he'd had sich luck afore,
 Guessed he'd tackle her three years more.
 And the Old man give him a colt he'd raised
 And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,
 And laid around for a week or so,
 Watchin' Jim on dress-parade—
 Tel finally he rid away,
 And last he heard was the Old man say—
 " Well ; good-bye, Jim :
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the Old man did,
 A-watchin' fer Jim—

Fully believin' he'd make his mark

Some way—jes' wrapped up in him!—

And many a time the word 'u'd come

'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum—

At Petersburg, fer instance, where

Jim rid right into their cannons there,

And tuk 'em, and p'inted 'em t' other way,

And socked it home to the boys in gray,

As they skooted fer timber, and on and on—

Jim a lieutenant and one arm gone,

And the Old man's words in his mind all day—

“ Well ; good-bye, Jim :

Take keer of yourse'f !”

Think of a private, now, perhaps,

We 'll say like Jim,

'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps—

And the Old man jes' wrapped up in him !

Think of him—with the war plum' through,

And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue

A-laughin' the news down over Jim

And the Old man, bendin' over him—

The surgeon turnin' away with tears

'At hadn't leaked fer years and years—

As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to

His father's, the old voice in his ears—

“ Well ; good-bye, Jim :

Take keer of yourse'f !”

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

BETTER THAN THE MISER'S GOLD.

BETTER than gold in the miser's grasp;
Better than gold in a mean man's clasp,
Better than gold which the rich man hoards;
Better than idle gold affords—
Is charity with open hand
Extending aid throughout the land.
Ah! better than all the miser's gold
Is charity—a thousand fold.

Better than gold is the word of cheer
That drives from the face of grief a tear;
Better than gold is a kindly deed
To a fellow man in the hour of need;
Better than gold in this world of strife
Is a smiling face and a cheerful life.
Ah! words of cheer are a wealth untold
And better far than the miser's gold.

Better than gold is the wealth we reap
From knowledge broad, immortal, deep;
Better than gold is a cultured mien
Adorning life from a source unseen;
Better than gold and more refined—
Is wisdom dwelling within the mind.
Ah! knowledge deep is a wealth untold
And better far than the miser's gold.

A conscience clear is better than gold
And the joy it yields cannot be told;
To the meek it falls as a frequent lot.

It is oftener found in the poor man's cot
Than in the home of rich and great,
Or in the halls of high estate.
Ah! a conscience clear is a joy untold
And better far than the miser's gold.

Better than praise and better than gold,
And better than rank by a thousand fold,
Is the bloom of health with a mind at rest,
And peace at home as a loving guest.
To have a heart that is warm within,
To live a life unstained by sin,
To dare the right with a courage bold,
Is better than hoarding piles of gold.

VIRGIL A. PINKLEY.

WISDOM DEARLY PURCHASED.

THE British Parliament, in a former session, frightened into a limited concession by the menaces of Ireland, frightened out of it by the menaces of England, was now frightened back again, and made an universal surrender of all that had been thought the peculiar, reserved, uncommunicable rights of England. No reserve, no exception; no debate, no discussion. A sudden light broke in upon us all. It broke in, not through well-contrived and well-disposed windows, but through flaws and breaches—through the yawning chasms of our ruin. We were taught wisdom by humiliation. No town in England presumed to have a prejudice, or dared to mutter a petition. What was worse, the whole Parliament of England, which re-

tained authority for nothing but surrenders, was despoiled of every shadow of its superintendence. It was, without any qualification, denied in theory, as it had been trampled upon in practice.

What, Gentlemen! was I not to foresee, or, foreseeing, was I not to endeavor to save you from all these multiplied mischiefs and disgraces? Would the little, silly, canyass prattle of obeying instructions, and having no opinions but yours, and such idle, senseless tales, which amuse the vacant ears of unthinking men, have saved you from "the pelting of that pitiless storm" to which the loose improvidence, the cowardly rashness, of those who dare not look danger in the face so as to provide against it in time, and therefore throw themselves headlong into the midst of it, have exposed this degraded nation, beat down and prostrate on the earth, unsheltered, unarmed, unresisting? Was I an Irishman on that day that I boldly withstood our pride? or on the day that I hung down my head, and wept in shame and silence over the humiliation of Great Britain? I became unpopular in England for the one, and in Ireland for the other. What then? What obligation lay on me to be popular? I was bound to serve both kingdoms. To be pleased with my service was their affair, not mine.

I was an Irishman in the Irish business, just as much as I was an American, when, on the same principles, I wished you to concede to America at a time when she prayed concession at our feet. Just as much was I an American, when I wished Parliament to offer terms in victory, and not to wait the ill-chosen hour of defeat, for making good by weakness and by supplication a claim of prerogative, preëminence, and authority.

Instead of requiring it from me, as a point of duty, to kindle with your passions, had you all been as cool as I was, you would have been saved disgraces and distresses that are unutterable. Do you remember our commission? We sent out a solemn embassy across the Atlantic Ocean, to lay the crown, the peerage, the commons of Great Britain at the feet of the American Congress. That our disgrace might want no sort of brightening and burnishing, observe who they were that composed this famous embassy. My Lord Carlisle is among the first ranks of our nobility. He is the identical man who, but two years before, had been put forward, at the opening of a session, in the House of Lords, as the mover of an haughty and rigorous address against America. He was put in the front of the embassy of submission. Mr. Eden was taken from the office of Lord Suffolk, to whom he was then Under-Secretary of State—from the office of that Lord Suffolk who but a few weeks before, in his place in Parliament, did not deign to inquire where a congress of vagrants was to be found.

They enter the capital of America only to abandon it; and these assertors and representatives of the dignity of England, at the tail of a flying army, let fly their Parthian shafts of memorials and remonstrances at random behind them. Their promises and their offers, their flatteries and their menaces, were all despised; and we were saved the disgrace of their formal reception only because the Congress scorned to receive them; whilst the State-house of independent Philadelphia opened her doors to the public entry of the ambassador of France. From war and blood we went to submission, and from submission plunged back

again to war and blood, to desolate and be desolated, without measure, hope, or end. I am a Royalist: I blushed for this degradation of the Crown. I am a Whig I blushed for the dishonor of Parliament. I am a true Englishman: I felt to the quick for the disgrace of England. I am a man: I felt for the melancholy reverse of human affairs in the fall of the first power in the world.

To read what was approaching in Ireland, in the black and bloody characters of the American war, was a painful, but it was a necessary part of my public duty. For, Gentlemen, it is not your fond desires or mine that can alter the nature of things; by contending against which, what have we got, or ever shall get, but defeat and shame? I did not obey your instructions. No. I conformed to the instructions of truth and Nature, and maintained your interest, against your opinions, with a constancy that became me. A representative worthy of you ought to be a person of stability. I am to look, indeed, to your opinions—but to such opinions as you and I must have five years hence. I was not to look to the flash of the day. I knew that you chose me, in my place, along with others, to be a pillar of the State, and not a weathercock on the top of the edifice, exalted for my levity and versatility, and of no use but to indicate the shifting of every fashionable gale. Would to God the value of my sentiments on Ireland and on America had been at this day a subject of doubt and discussion! No matter what my sufferings had been, so that this kingdom had kept the authority I wished it to maintain, by a grave foresight, and by an equitable temperance in the use of its power.

EDMUND BURKE.

THE MOURNER A LA MODE.

I SAW her last night at a party
 (The elegant party at Mead's),
And looking remarkable hearty
 For a widow so young in her weeds ;
Yet I know she was suffering sorrow
 Too deep for the tongue to express—
Or why had she chosen to borrow
 So much from the language of dress ?

Her shawl was as sable as night ;
 And her gloves were as dark as her shawl ;
And her jewels—that flashed in the light—
 Were black as a funeral pall ;
Her robe had the hue of the rest,
 (How nicely it fitted the shape !)
And the grief that was heaving her breast
 Boiled over in billows of crape !

What tears of vicarious woe,
 That else might have sullied her face,
Were kindly permitted to flow
 In ripples of ebony lace !
While even her fan, in its play,
 Had quite a lugubrious scope,
And seemed to be waving away
 The ghost of the angel of Hope !

Yet rich as the robes of a queen
 Was the sombre apparel she wore ;
I'm certain I never had seen
 Such a sumptuous sorrow before ;

And I couldn't help thinking the beauty,
In mourning the loved and the lost,
Was doing her conjugal duty
Altogether regardless of cost!

One surely would say a devotion
Performed at so vast an expense
Betrayed an excess of emotion
That really was something immense ;
And yet as I viewed, at my leisure,
Those tokens of tender regard,
I thought: It is scarce without measure
The sorrow that goes by the yard!

Ah! grief is a curious passion ;
And yours—I am sorely afraid
The very next phase of the fashion
Will find it beginning to fade ;
Though dark are the shadows of grief,
The morning will follow the night,
Half-tints will betoken relief,
Till joy shall be symbolized in white!

Ah, well! it were idle to quarrel
With Fashion, or aught she may do ;
And so I conclude with a moral
And metaphor—warranted new—
When measles come handsomely out,
The patient is safest, they say ;
And the sorrow is mildest, no doubt,
That works in a similar way!

JOHN G. SAXE.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

IF I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him because he was a negro and a slave, hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen—the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe,

the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver locks of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreath a laurel, rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a State to the blood of its sons—anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams, before any Englishman or American had won the right; and yet this is the record which the history of rival States makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the State he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great

Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THAT WALTZ OF VON WEBER.

GAYLY and gayly rang the gay music,
The blithe merry music of harp and of horn,
The mad, merry music, that set us a-dancing
Till over the midnight came stealing the morn.

Down the great hall went waving the banners,
Waving and waving their red, white, and blue,
As the sweet summer wind came blowing and blowing
From the city's great gardens asleep in the dew.

Under the flags, as they floated and floated,
Under the arches and arches of flowers,
We two and we two floated and floated
Into the mystical midnight hours.

And just as the dawn came stealing and stealing
The last of those wild Weber waltzes began ;
I can hear the soft notes now appealing and pleading,
And I catch the faint scent of the sandalwood fan

That lay in your hand, your hand on my shoulder,
As down the great hall, away and away,
All under the flags and under the arches,
We danced and we danced till the dawn of the day.

But why should I dream o'er this dreary old ledger,
In this counting-room down in this dingy old street,
Of that night or that morning, just there at the dawning,
When our hearts beat in time to our fast flying feet ?

What is it that brings me that scene of enchantment,
So fragrant and fresh from out the dead years,
That just for a moment I'd swear that the music
Of Weber's wild waltzes was still in my ears ?

What is it, indeed, in this dusty old alley,
That brings me that night or that morning in June ?
What is it, indeed ?—I laugh to confess it—
A hand-organ grinding a creaking old tune.

But somewhere or other I caught in the measure
That waltz of Von Weber's, and back it all came,
That night or that morning, just there at the dawning
When I danced the last dance with my first and last
flame.

My first and my last ! but who would believe me
If, down in this dusty old alley to-day,

Twixt the talk about cotton, the markets and money,
I should suddenly turn in some moments and say :

The one memory only had left me a lonely
And gray-bearded bachelor, dreaming of Junes,
Where the nights and the mornings, from the dusk to
the dawns

Seemed set to the music of Weber's wild tunes.

NORA PERRY.

WHAT SHE SAID.

SHE tole me sumfin defful!
It almost made me cry!
I never will b'lieve it,
It mus' be all a lie!
I mean she mus' be 'staken.
I know she b'oke my heart;
I never can forgive her!
That horrid Maggie Start.

Tuesdays, she does her bakin's!
An' so, I fought, you see,
I'd make some fimble cookies
For Arabella's tea.
An' so I took my dollies
An' set 'em in a row,
Where they could oversee me
When I mixed up my dough.

An' when I'd wolloed an' mixed it
Free minutes, or an hour,
Somehow I dwopped my woller,
An' spilt a lot of flour.

An' I was defful firsty,
An' fought I'd help myself
To jes' a little dwop of milk
Off from the pantry shelf.

So I weached up on tip-toe,
But, quicker than a flash,
The horrid pan turned over,
An' down it came, ker-splash!
O then you should have seen her
Rush frough that pantry door!
"An' this is where you be!" she said,
"O what a lookin' floor!

"You, an' your dolls—I'll shake you all
I'll shake you black 'n' blue!"
"You shall not touch us, Miss," I cried,
"We're jest as good as you!
An' I will tell my mofer,
The minute she gets home,
An' I will tell ole Santa Claus,
An' I'll tell every one."

O then you should have heard her laugh!
"Tell Santa Claus, indeed!
I'd like to have you find him, first,
The humbug never lived!"
"What do you mean, you Maggie Start,
Is dear old Santa dead?"
"Old Santa never lived," she cried,
And that is what she said.

SARAH DE WOLF GAMWELL.

“CALLS.”

THE Rev. Mr. Mulkittle having successfully organized a church fair, was a very happy man. It had been hinted that the congregation were a “little short” on raising the reverend gentleman’s salary, hence the proceeds of the fair would more than supply the deficiency.

The good man, after retiring from a profitable afternoon’s work, during which he had assured dyspeptics that potato salad would not hurt them, seated himself by the library fire, when the “youngest” entered.

“Where have you been been, pa?”

“To the fair.”

“What fair?”

“Our church fair.”

“Did they have it out to the fair grounds?”

“No.”

“Where then?”

“Down town in our church.”

“Did they have horses and cows?”

“Oh, no! they didn’t show anything.”

“Well, what did they do?”

“Oh, they sold toys and something for people to eat.”

“Did they sell it to the poor?”

“They sold it to anybody who had money.”

“Oh, papa! it was the feast of the passover, wasn’t it?”

Mr. Mulkittle took up a newspaper and began to read.

“Do you want me to be a preacher, pa?”

“Yes, if the Lord calls you.”

“Did the Lord call you?”

“Yes.”

“What did He say?”

"Told me to go and preach the gospel to every living creature."

"Didn't tell you to preach to niggers, did He?"

"That'll do now."

"You thought the Lord had called you again the other day, did you?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," said the minister.

"Don't you know the other day you told ma you had a call to go some place, and you would go if you could get two hundred dollars more. Wouldn't the Lord give you the two hundred dollars?"

"Didn't I tell you to hush, sir?" said the minister, throwing down his paper and glaring at his son.

"No, sir; you told me to behave myself."

"Well, see that you do."

"I wish you'd tell me—"

"Tell you what?"

"'Bout the call."

"Well, a church in another town wanted me to come there and preach."

"Why didn't you go?"

"Couldn't afford it. They didn't pay enough money."

"Call wasn't loud enough, was it?"

"Well, hardly," asserted Mr. Mulkittle, with a smile.

"It wasn't loud enough to be very interesting."

"If it had been louder, would you went?"

"I should have gone if they had offered me more money."

"It wasn't the Lord that called you that time then, was it?"

"I think not."

"How much money did the Lord offer you?"

"Do you see that door?"
 "No, sir; which door?"
 "That one."
 "Yes, sir."
 "Well, go out and shut it."
 "I want to stay in here."
 "You cannot."
 "Why?"
 "Because you are too foolishly inquisitive."
 "What's foolish 'quisitive?"
 "Asking so many questions."
 "How many must I ask?"
 "None."
 "Then I couldn't talk, could I?"
 "It would be better for you, if you couldn't talk so much."
 "How much must I talk?"
 "Here, I'll give you ten cents now, if you'll go away and hush."
 "Call aint strong enough," said the boy, shaking his head.
 "Well, here's a quarter," said the preacher, smiling.
 "Call is strong enough; I'll go."

ANONYMOUS.

TWO QUEENS IN WESTMINSTER.

IN the chapel of Henry the Seventh,
 Where the sculptured ceilings rare
 Show the conquered stone-work hanging
 Like cobweb films in air,
 There are held two shrines in keeping,
 Whose memories closely press—

The tomb of the Rose of Scotland,
And that of stout Queen Bess.

Each side of the sleeping Tudor
They lie ; and over their dust
The canopies mould and blacken,
And the gilding gathers rust ;
While, low on the marble tablet,
Each effigied in stone,
They lie, as they went to judgment,
Uncrowned, and cold, and alone.

Beside them pass the thousands
Each day ; and hundreds strive
To read the whole of the lesson
That is known to no man alive.
Of which was the more to be pitied,
Or which the more to be feared,
The half masculine petulant ruler,
Or the woman too close endeared.

One weakened her land with faction,
One strengthened with bands of steel,
One died on the black-draped scaffold,
One broke on old age's wheel,
And both—oh, sweet Heaven, the pity !—
Felt the thorns in the rim of the crown,
Far more than the sweep of the ermine,
Or the ease of the regal down.

Was the Stuart of Scotland plotting
For her royal sister's all ?
Was it hatred in crown or in person,
Drove the Tudor to wish her fall ?

Was there guilty marriage with Bothwell,
And black crime at the Kirk of Field?
And what need how the smothered passion
That for Essex stood half revealed.

Dark questions!—and who shall solve them?
Not one, till the great assize,
When royal secrets and motives
Shall be opened to commonest eyes;
Not even by book-worm students,
Who shall dig, and cavil, and grope,
And keep to the ear learned promise,
While they break it to the hope.

Ah, well! there is one sad lesson
Made clear to us all, at the worst—
Of two forces, made quite incarnate,
And that equally blessed and cursed:
With the English woman, all conquering,
Was power, with its handmaid pride:
With the Scottish walked hot-browed passion,
Calling lovers to her side.

And the paths were the paths of ruin,
Of disease and of woe, to both—
With their guerdon the sleepless pillow,
And their weapon the broken troth;
And each, when she died, might have shuddered
To know she had failed to find
So near an approach to contentment
As that felt by some landless hind.

Ah, well, again! they are sleeping
Divided, yet side by side;

And the lesson were far less heedful
If their sepulchres severed wide ;
And well for Bess and for Marie
That the eyes, to judge them at last,
Will be free from the veils and the glamors
Blinding all, in the present and past.

HENRY MORFORD.

THE FIRST VIEW OF THE HEAVENS.

OFTEN have I swept backward, in imagination, six thousand years, and stood beside our great ancestor, as he gazed for the first time upon the going down of the sun. 'What strange sensations must have swept through his bewildered mind, as he watched the last departing ray of the sinking orb, unconscious whether he should ever behold its return.

Wrapt in a maze of thought, strange and startling, he suffers his eye to linger long about the point at which the sun had slowly faded from view. A mysterious darkness creeps over the face of Nature ; the beautiful scenes of earth are slowly fading, one by one, from his dimmed vision.

A gloom deeper than that which covers earth steals across the mind of earth's solitary inhabitant. He raises his inquiring gaze toward heaven ; and lo ! a silver crescent of light, clear and beautiful, hanging in the western sky, meets his astonished gaze. The young moon charms his untutored vision, and leads him upward to her bright attendants, which are now stealing,

one by one, from out the deep blue sky. The solitary gazer bows, wonders, and adores.

The hours glide by; the silver moon is gone; the stars are rising, slowly ascending the heights of heaven, and solemnly sweeping downward in the stillness of the night. A faint streak of rosy light is seen in the east; it brightens; the stars fade; the planets are extinguished; the eye is fixed in mute astonishment on the growing splendor, till the first rays of the returning sun dart their radiance on the young earth and its solitary inhabitant.

The curiosity excited on this first solemn night, the consciousness that in the heavens God had declared His glory, the eager desire to comprehend the mysteries that dwell in their bright orbs, have clung, through the long lapse of six thousand years, to the descendants of him who first watched and wondered. In this boundless field of investigation, human genius has won its most signal victories.

Generation after generation has rolled away, age after age has swept silently by; but each has swelled, by its contributions, the stream of discovery. Mysterious movements have been unraveled; mighty laws have been revealed; ponderous orbs have been weighed; one barrier after another has given way to the force of intellect; until the mind, majestic in its strength, has mounted, step by step, up the rocky height of its self-built pyramid, from whose star-crowned summit it looks out upon the grandeur of the universe, self-clothed with the prescience of a God.

O. M. MITCHEL.

WASTED

WASTED !

Precious pearls of Time,
 Moments rich as diadems :
 One by one they came unnoted,
 One by one afar they floated ;
 One by one : till myriads sped
 Far away to join the dead ;
 Till that lost life, shattered, broken,
 Won no heaven-born light nor token,
 Drifted to the fearful shore,
 Helpless, hopeless, evermore

Wasted !

Gifts of doubtless mind,
 By the hand eternal given ;
 They had mounted to the skies.
 Meet and reverent sacrifice,
 To the Majesty of Heaven ;
 But that spirit-lyre, erst strung
 To sweet harmonies unspoken,
 Shivered and its deep chords broken,
 Murmureth but of songs unsung ;
 Of rich melodies flung wildly
 On Fame's gorgeous altar fire,
 One brief moment in its brightness,
 Flashing quickly to expire :
 Of high purposes all blasted,
 Talents hidden, treasures wasted,
 Consecrate at Mammon's shrine,
 Owning not the hand divine.

Wasted!

Founts of deepest Love,
Gifts of mercy from above,
Lavished on a human breast,
Striving for an earthly rest;
On a human idol pouring
Treasures from affection's deep :
At a human shrine adoring
Waking but to writhe and weep ;
Starting from a dream of rapture
At the touch of mortal care,
On its shivered idols gazing
In the frenzy of despair.
Heart sore-stricken! Love eternal
Woos thee from a heavenly throne ;
He, the world's Redeemer, asks thee
Now to trust the unchanging One.

Wasted—youth's rich, golden hours,
Wasted—loftiest, mightiest powers.
Wasted—manhood's glorious prime,
Hopes and aims and thoughts sublime.

Weep'st thou? Ere life's setting sun,
Ere time's fleeting sands be run,
Rouse thee from ignoble rest,
Toil to win the land more blest.
Swiftly are thy moments flying,
Up! ere hope be drooping, dying ;
Ere high purposes all blasted
Speak thy life forever wasted.

REV. J. F. NORTON.

THE PORTRAIT.

MIDNIGHT past! not a sound of aught
Through the silent house, but the wind at his prayers;
I sat by the dying fire and thought
Of the dear dead woman upstairs.

A night of tears! for the gusty rain
Had ceased, but the eaves were dripping yet,
And the moon looked forth as though in pain,
With her face all white and wet.

Nobody else in the country place
All round that knew of my loss beside,
But the good young priest with the Raphael face,
Who confessed her when she died.

Nobody with me my watch to keep
But the friend of my bosom, the man I love,
And grief had sent him fast asleep
In the chamber up above.

That good young priest is of gentle nerve,
And my grief had moved him beyond control,
For his lips grew white, as I could observe,
When he speeded her parting soul.

I sat by the dreary hearth alone,
I thought of the pleasant days of yore,
I said: "The staff of my life is gone,
The woman I loved is no more."

On her cold dead bosom my portrait lies,
Which next to her breast she used to wear,
Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes,
When my own face was not there.

It is set all round with rubies red
And pearls which a Peri might have kept,
For each ruby there my heart hath bled,
For each pearl my eyes have wept.

And I said, "The thing is precious to me,
They will bury her soon in the churchyard clay,
It lies on her heart and lost must be
If I do not take it away."

I lighted my lamp at the dying flame
And crept up the stairs that creaked for fright,
Till into the chamber of death I came
Where she lay all in white.

The moon shone over her winding sheet,
There stark she lay on her carven bed,
Seven burning tapers about her feet
And seven about her head.

As I stretched my hand I held my breath,
I turned as I drew the curtain apart,
I dared not look on the face of death,
I knew where to find her heart.

I thought at first as my touch fell there,
It had warmed that heart to life with love ,
For the thing I touched was warm, I swear,
And I could feel it move.

'Twas the hand of a man that was moving slow
 O'er the heart of the dead—from the other side
 And at once the sweat broke over my brow :
 " Who is robbing the corpse !" I cried.

Opposite me, by the tapers' light,
 The friend of my bosom, the man I loved,
 Stood over the corpse, and all as white,
 And neither of us moved.

" What do you hear, my friend ?" The man
 Looked first at me and then at the dead :
 " There is a portrait here," he began ;
 " There is ; it is mine," I said.

Said the friend of my bosom, " Yours, no doubt,
 The portrait was till a month ago,
 When this suffering angel took that out
 And placed mine there. I know."

" This woman she loved me well," said I.
 " A month ago," said my friend to me.
 And in my throat I groaned, " You lie !"
 He answered : " Let us see."

" Enough," I returned, " let the dead decide,
 And whose soever the portrait prove,
 His shall it be, when the cause is tried,
 Where death is arraigned by Love."

We found the portrait there in its place,
 We opened it by the taper's shrine ;
 The gems were all unchanged, the face
 Was neither his nor mine.

"One nail drives out another, at least;
 The face of the portrait there," I cried,
 "Is our friend's, the Raphael-faced young priest,
 Who confessed her when she died.

"The setting is all of rubies red,
 And pearls which a Peri might have kept,
 For each ruby there my heart had bled,
 For each pearl my eyes have wept."

LORD LYTTON.

GENERAL GRANT'S ENGLISH.

Delivered at the annual reunion of the Army and Navy Club, of Connecticut, on the anniversary of General Grant's birthday, April 27th, 1887.

I WILL detain you with only just a few words—just a few thousand words—and then give place to a better man, if he has been created. Lately a great and honored author, Matthew Arnold, has been finding fault with General Grant's English. That would be fair enough, may be, if the examples of imperfect English averaged more instances to the page in General Grant's book than they do in Mr. Arnold's criticism upon the book; but they don't. It would be fair enough, may be, if such instances were commoner in General Grant's book than they are in the works of the average standard author; but they aren't. In truth, General Grant's derelictions in the matter of grammar and construction are not more frequent than are such derelictions in the works of a majority of the professional authors of our time and all previous times—authors as

exclusively and painstakingly trained to the literary trade as was General Grant to the trade of war.

This is not a random statement ; it is a fact, and easily demonstrable. I have at home a book called "Modern English Literature, its Blemishes and Defects," by Henry H. Breen, F. S. A., a countryman of Mr. Arnold. In it I find examples of bad grammar and slovenly English from the pens of Sydney Smith, Sheridan, Hallam, Whately, Carlyle, both Disraelis, Alison, Junius, Blair, Macaulay, Shakespeare, Milton, Gibbon, Southey, Bulwer, Cobbett, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Trench, Lamb, Landor, Smollett, Walpole, Walker (of the dictionary), Christopher North, Kirke White, Mrs. Sigourney, Benjamin Franklin, Walter Scott, and Mr. Lindley Murray, who made the grammar.

In Mr. Arnold's paper on General Grant's book we find a couple of grammatical crimes and more than several examples of very crude and slovenly English—enough of them to easily entitle him to a lofty place in that illustrious list of delinquents just named. General Grant's grammar is as good as anybody's ; but if this were not so, we might brush that inconsequential fact aside and hunt his great book for far higher game. To suppose that because a man is a poet or a historian he must be correct in his grammar, is to suppose that an architect must be a joiner, or a physician a compounder of medicines. If you should climb the mighty Matterhorn to look out over the kingdoms of the earth, it might be a pleasant incident to find strawberries up there ; but, you don't climb the Matterhorn for strawberries !

There is that about the sun which makes us forget his spots ; and when we think of General Grant our

pulses quicken and his grammar vanishes. We only remember that this is the simple soldier, who, all untaught of the silken phrase-makers, linked words together with an art surpassing the art of the schools, and put into them a something which will still bring to American ears, as long as America shall last, the roll of his vanished drums and the tread of his marching hosts. What do we care for grammar when we think of the man that put together that thunderous phrase, "Unconditional and immediate surrender!" And those others: "I propose to move immediately upon your works!" "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer!" Mr. Arnold would, doubtless, claim that that last sentence is not strictly grammatical, and yet, nevertheless, it did certainly wake up this nation as a hundred million tons of A 1, fourth proof, hard-boiled, hide-bound grammar from another mouth couldn't have done. And, finally, we have that gentler phrase, that one which shows you another true side of the man; shows that in his soldier heart there was room for other than gory war mottoes, and in his tongue the gift to fitly phrase them: "Let us have peace."

MARK TWAIN.

THE OLD FIREPLACE.

THE blessed old fireplace! how bright it appears!
As back to my boyhood I gaze,
O'er the desolate waste of the vanishing years,
From the gloom of these lone latter days;
Its lips are as ruddy, its heart is as warm
To my fancy to-night as of yore,

When we cuddled around it and smiled at the storm,
As it showed its white teeth at the door.

I remember the apple that wooed the red flame
Till the blood bubbled out of his cheek,
And the passionate pop-corn that smothered its shame
Till its heart split apart with a shriek ;
I remember the Greeks and the Trojans who fought
In their shadowy shapes on the wall,
And the yarn in thick tangles my fingers held taut,
While my mother was winding the ball.

I remember the cat that lay cozy and curled
By the jam where the flames flickered high,
And the sparkles—the fireflies of winter—that whirled
Up the flue as the wind whistled by ;
I remember the bald-headed, bandy-legged tongs,
That frowned like a fiend in my face,
In a fury of passion, repeating their wrongs
They had borne in the old fireplace.

I remember the steam from the kettle that breathed
As soft as the flight of a soul,
The long-handled skillet that spluttered and seethed
With the batter that burdened its bowl .
I remember the rusty, identical nail,
Where the criminal pothooks were hung ;
The dragon-faced andirons, the old cedar pail,
The gourd and the peg where it swung.

But the fire has died out on the old cabin hearth,
The wind clatters loud thro' the pane,
And the dwellers they've flown to the ends of the earth,
And will gaze on it never again ;

A forget-me-not grows in the mouldering wall,
The last, as it were, of its race,
And the shadows of night settled down like a pall
On the stones of the old fireplace.

THE WONDERFUL COUNTRY.

THERE once was a time when, as old songs prove it,
The earth was not round, but an endless plain.
The sea was as wide as the heavens above it—
Just millions of miles, and begin again.
And that was the time—ay, and more's the pity
It ever should end!—when the world could play
When singers told tales of a crystal city
In a wonderful country far away!

But the schools must come, with their scales and
measures,
To limit the visions and weigh the spells:
They scoffed at the dreamers with rainbow treasures,
And circled the world in their parallels;
They charted the vales and the sunny meadows,
Where minstrels might ride for a year and a day;
They sounded the depths and they pierced the shadows
Of that wonderful country far away.

For fancies they gave us their microscopics;
For knowledge, a rubble of fact and doubt;
Wing-broken and caged, like a bird from the tropics,
Romance at the wandering stars looked out.
Cold Reason, they said, is the earthly Eden;
Go, study its springs, and its ores assay;

But fairer the flowers and fields forbidden
Of that wonderful country far away.

They questioned the slumbering baby's laughter,
And cautioned its elders to dream by rule;
All mysteries past and to come hereafter
Were settled and solved in their common school.
But sweeter the streams and the wild birds singing,
The friendships and loves that were true alway;
The gladness unseen, like a far bell ringing,
In that wonderful country far away.

Nay, not in their Reason our dear illusion,
But truer than truths that are measured and weighed—
O land of the spirit! where no intrusion
From bookmen or doubters shall aye be made!
There still breaks the murmuring sea to greet us
On shadowy valley and peaceful bay;
And souls that were truest still wait to meet us
In that wonderful country far away!

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

PRAYING FOR SHOES.

ON a dark November morning,
A lady walked slowly down
The thronged, tumultuous thoroughfare
Of an ancient seaport town.

Of a winning and gracious beauty,
The peace of her pure young face
Was soft as the gleam of an angel's dream
In the calms of a heavenly place.

Her eyes were fountains of pity,
And the sensitive mouth expressed
A longing to set the kind thoughts free
In music that filled her breast.

She met, by a bright shop-window,
An urchin timid and thin,
Who, with limbs that shook, and a yearning look,
Was mistily glancing in

At the rows and various clusters
Of slippers and shoes outspread ;
Some, shimmering keen, but of sombre sheen ;
Some, purple and green and red.

His pale lips moved and murmured ;
But of what, she could not hear,
And oft on his folded hands would fall
The round and bitter tear.

"What troubles you, child?" she asked him,
In a voice like the May-wind sweet.
He turned, and while pointing dolefully
To his naked and bleeding feet,

"I was praying for shoes," he answered :
"(Just look at the splendid show!)
I was praying to God for a single pair,
The sharp stones hurt me so!"

She led him, in museful silence,
At once through the open door,
And his hope grew bright, like a fairy light,
That flickered and danced before!

And there he was washed and tended,
 And his small brown feet were shod;
 And he pondered there on his childish prayer,
 And the marvelous answer of God.

Above them his keen gaze wandered,
 How strangely from shop and shelf,
 Till it almost seemed that he fondly dreamed
 Of looking on God Himself.

The lady bent over and whispered:
 "Are you happier now, my lad;"
 He started and his soul flashed forth
 In a gratitude swift and glad.

"Happy?—Oh, yes!—I am happy!"
 Then (wonder with reverence rife,
 His eyes aglow, and his voice sunk low),
 "Please tell me: Are you God's wife?"

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

A MEDLEY.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary,
 While I pondered, weak and weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
 lore,
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a
 tapping,
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber
 door.
 "'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my cham-
 ber door—
 Only this, and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate, dying ember wrought its ghost upon
the floor;
Eagerly I wished the morrow, vainly I had sought to
borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow, sorrow for the lost
Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore,
Nameless here forevermore.
And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple
curtain

Thrilled me for—Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well!
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred!
Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabering the gunners there.
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered—
If the little, chatterin', sassy wren,
No bigger'n my thumb, knows more'n
men,
Jest show me that! ur prove 't the
bat
Hez got more brains than's in my hat

An' I'll back—Ruffians, back! not
dare to tread

Too near the body of my dead,
Nor touch the living boy; I stand
Between him and your lawless band.
Take me, and bind these arms, these
hands,

With Russia's heaviest iron bands,
And drag me to Siberia's wilds to
perish!

Take—the rope and throw across the
top,

And I will go and tie that end around
my waist,

Well, every woman to her taste, you
always would be tightly laced.

Below the armpits tied around, she
takes her station on the ground,

While on the roof, beyond the ridge,
he shovels clear the lower edge.

But sad mischance! the loosened snow
Comes sliding down to plunge below,

And as he tumbles with the slide

Up goes Rachel on 'tother side—of
the haymow, about five or six feet up; now, I nefer vas
very big up and down, but I vas pretty big all de vay
round, and I coodn't reach up to vere dat hen make her
nesht in de side of de haymow, dill I get a parrel to
standt on. Vell, ven I climet on de parrel und my head
rise up by de nesht dot old hen giv sich a bick dot my
nose run all over my face mit plood, und ven I dodge
back, dat parrel he preak, and in I vent, und I fit so
dite I coodn't get oud efervay, my vest vas bushed vay

up under mine armholes, ven I found I vas dite stuck
I call "Katrina! Katrina!" und ven she coom and see
me stuck in dat parrel, mit my face all—

In the wild March morning

I heard the angels call,

It was when the moon was shining,

And the dark was over all.

The bees began to whisper,

And the winds began to roll,

And in the wild March morning

I heard them call—Darius! Darius!

how do you like flying? ha! ha! Well, I like flyin' well enough, but there isn't so very much fun when you come—into my kitchen smiling, and says, kind o' scared like, here's Fing Wing, Kitty, and you'll have too much sense to mind his being a little strange. Wid that she shoots the doore, and I, mistrusting if I was tidied up sufficient for me foine b'y wid his paper collars, looks up, and howly fathers! may I never breathe anither breath, but there stud a rale haythen Chinezer, a-grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay box, and a black pigtail hangin' down from behind, which was pieced out with some black stuff, the haythen chate, wid his feet stuck into the haythenist shoes you ever set your eyes on, his eyes cocked upward like two poomp handles, an' his finger nails full a yard long, and if you'll belave me the craytur wuz that yaller it would sicken one

—more unfortunate,

Weary of breath,

Rashly importunate,

Gone to her death.

Take her up tenderly, lift her with care,

Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair—yes.

I have a pair of eyes, and that's just it, if they woz a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' microscopes o' hextra power, perhaps I might be able to see through two flights of stairs and a deal door, but bein' honly eyes, you see, my wision's limited. Now, Mr. Weller, I want to shee wheels to go wound. No, Teddy, I can't now—want to shee wheels go wound. No! no! Not now; want to shee wheels go wound. I won't open my watch in the dust. Want shee wheels go wound. (Bursts into a loud cry.)

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan! hurrah for horse and man.

Here is the steed that saved the day,
 By carrying Sheridan into the fight.
 As "The Judge rode slowly up the hill,"
 And saw Maud Muller standing still,
 A form more fair a face more sweet,
 Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet,
 And her modest answer and graceful air
 Show her wise and good as she is fair.
 Would she were mine, and I to-day,
 Like her, a harvester of hay.
 No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
 Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues.

"For they deprive us of the ballot, and we aint allowed to take no part in politics. Is it right? True, we are not yet learned in these matters, but what of that? How many men know what they are votin' for? I demand the ballot! I—I want to be a torchlight procession. I want to sit in Congress amongst the other old grannies. Matrimony thus far in the world's history has been our only destiny. I am glad I always have had strength enough of mind to resist all propo-

sitions looking to my enslavement. I had too much self-respect to make myself the slave of any man. Once, indeed, I might have done so, but the merest accident in the world saved me. A young man, in my younger days, when the bloom was on the cheek, ere sleepless nights spent in meditating on the wrongs of my sex, had worn furrows into these once blushing cheeks, a young gentleman came to our house and conversed sweetly with me. It was my first beau, and oh! my sisters, if he that night had asked me to be his'n, I should have been weak enough to have said yes, and I would have been a washer of dishes and a mender of stockings for life. But fate saved me. He did not ask me that night, nor never afterwards."

"For Mabel Martin sat apart,
And let the hay mow's shadow fall
Upon the loveliest face of all.
She sat apart as one forbid,
Who knew that none would condescend
To own the witch-wife's child as friend."
But cruel eyes have found her out,
And cruel lips repeat her name,
And taunt her with her mother's shame.

She answered, "It's my belief, after all, that the button wasn't off your shirt; it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say it's very strange; however, there's one comfort, it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and sha'n't trouble you a great while. Ha! you may laugh, and I dare say you would. That's your love—that's your feeling. I know that I am sinking every day, though I say nothing about it, and when I

am gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons! You'll find out the difference then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me then, for "

My heart was throbbing loud and fast,
And the tears began to fall.
He led me out beneath the stars.
I told him it was vain for him to vow,
I had no faith to pledge with him again.
His voice was sad and thrilling and deep,
And my pride flew away,
And left me to weep,
And when he said he loved me most true,
And ever should love me,
"Yes, love only you," he said.
I could not help trusting Archie,
Say, could you?

ARRANGED BY SALLIE McHENRY.

BABY IN CHURCH.

AUNT NELLIE has fashioned a dainty thing,
Of Hamburg and ribbon and lace,
And mamma has said, as she settled it 'round
Our beautiful baby's face,
Where the dimples play and the laughter lies
Like sunbeams hid in her violet eyes:
"If the day is pleasant and baby is good,
She may go to church and wear her new hood."

Then Ben, aged six, began to tell,
In elder-brotherly way,

How very, very good she must be
If she went to church next day.
He told of the church, the choir, and the crowd,
And the man up in front who talked so loud ;
But she must not talk nor laugh nor sing,
But just sit as quiet as anything.

And so, on a beautiful Sabbath in May,
When the fruit-buds burst into flowers
(There wasn't a blossom on bush or tree
So fair as this blossom of ours),
All in her white dress, dainty and new,
Our baby sat in the family pew.
The grand, sweet music, the reverent air,
The solemn hush and the voice of prayer

Filled all her baby soul with awe,
As she sat in her little place,
And the holy look that the angels wear
Seemed pictured upon her face.
And the sweet words uttered so long ago
Came into my mind with a rhythmic flow :
'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," said He,
And I knew that He spake of such as she.

The sweet-voiced organ pealed forth again,
The collection-box came round,
And baby dropped her penny in,
And smiled at the chinking sound.
Alone in the choir Aunt Nellie stood,
Waiting the close of the soft prelude,
To begin her solo. High and strong
She struck the first note, clear and long.

She held it, and all were charmed but one,
Who, with all the might she had,
Sprang to her little feet and cried :—
“Aunt Nellie, you’re being bad.”
The audience smiled, the minister coughed,
The little boys in the corner laughed,
The tenor-man shook like an aspen leaf
And hid his face in his handkerchief.

And poor Aunt Nellie never could tell
How she finished that terrible strain,
But says that nothing on earth would tempt
Her to go through the same scene again.
So, we have decided, perhaps ’tis best,
For her sake, ours and all the rest,
That we wait, maybe for a year or two,
Ere our baby re-enter the family pew.

MINNIE M. GOW.

FRAUDULENT PARTY OUTCRIES.

MR. PRESIDENT: On the great questions which occupy us, we all look for some decisive movement of public opinion. As I wish that movement to be free, intelligent, and unbiased, the true manifestation of the public will, I desire to prepare the country for another appeal, which I perceive is about to be made to popular prejudice, another attempt to obscure all distinct views of the public good, by loud cries against false danger, and by exciting the passions of one class against another. I am not mistaken in the omen; I see the magazine whence the weapons of this warfare are to be drawn. I

already hear the din of the hammering of arms preparatory to the combat. They may be such arms, perhaps, as reason and justice and honest patriotism cannot resist. Every effort at resistance, it is possible, may be feeble and powerless; but, for one, I shall make an effort—an effort to be begun now, and to be carried on and continued, with untiring zeal, till the end of the contest comes.

Sir, I see in those vehicles which carry to the people sentiments from high places, plain declarations that the present controversy is but a strife between one part of the community and another. I hear it boasted as the unfailing security, the solid ground, never to be shaken, on which recent measures rest, that the poor naturally hate the rich. I know that, under the cover of the roofs of the Capitol, within the last twenty-four hours, among men sent here to devise means for the public safety and the public good, it has been vaunted forth, as matter of boast and triumph, that one cause existed powerful enough to support everything, and to defend everything; and that was, the natural hatred of the poor to the rich.

Sir, I pronounce the author of such sentiments to be guilty of attempting a detestable fraud on the community; a double fraud; a fraud which is to cheat men out of their property and out of the earnings of their labor, by first cheating them out of their understandings.

"The natural hatred of the poor to the rich!" Sir, it shall not be till the last moment of my existence—it shall be only when I am drawn to the verge of oblivion, when I shall cease to have respect or affection for anything on earth—that I will believe the people of the United States capable of being effectually deluded,

cajoled, and driven about in herds, by such ~~admirable~~ frauds as this. If they shall sink to that point ; if they so far cease to be men, thinking men, intelligent men, as to yield to such pretences and such clamor—they will be slaves already ; slaves to their own passions, slaves to the fraud and knavery of pretended friends. They will deserve to be blotted out of all the records of freedom ; they ought not to dishonor the cause of self-government, by attempting any longer to exercise it ; they ought to keep their unworthy hands entirely off from the cause of republican liberty, if they are capable of being the victims of artifices so shallow, of tricks so stale, so threadbare, so often practised, so much worn out, on serfs and slaves.

“The natural hatred of the poor against the the rich !” “The danger of a moneyed aristocracy !” “A power as great and dangerous as that resisted by the Revolution !” “A call to a new Declaration of Independence !” Sir, I admonish the people against the objects of outcries like these. I admonish every industrious laborer in the country to be on his guard against such delusion. I tell him the attempt is to play off his passions against his interests, and to prevail on him, in the name of liberty, to destroy all the fruits of liberty ; in the name of patriotism, to injure and afflict his country ; and, in the name of his own independence, to destroy that very independence, and make him a beggar and a slave. Has he a dollar ? He is advised to do that which will destroy half its value. Has he hands to labor ? Let him rather fold them, and sit still, than be pushed on, by fraud and artifice, to support measures which will render his labor useless and hopeless.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE ELF-CHILD.

LITTLE Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay.
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, and brush the
crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth,
an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her
board an' keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper things is
done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about.
An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs—
An' when he went to bed at night, away upstairs,
His mammy heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him
bawl,
An' when they turn the kivvers down he wasn't there
at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole,
an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' everywhere, I
guess,
But all they ever found was this, his pants an' round-
about:—

An' the gobble-uns'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one an' all her blood-an-kin.
An' onc't, when they was "company," 'an old folks was
there,
She mocked 'em, an' shocked 'em, 'an said she didn't
care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an'
hide,
They was two great Big Black Things a-standin' by her
side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she
knowed what she's about!
An' the gobble-uns'll get you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes Woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away—
You better mind yer parents, and yer teachers fond an'
dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, and dry the orphant's
tear,
An' he'p the po' an' needy ones, 'at clusters all about,

Er the gobble-uns'll get you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE CHRISTENING.

NO, I won't forgive our parson—not down to my dyin' day.

He'd orter waited a minnit; that's what I'll allers say.
But to christen my boy, my baby, with such an orful name—

Why, where's the use o' talkin'? I tell you he was to blame.

You see it happened in this way: There was father an' Uncle Si

An' mother, an' each one wantin' a finger in the pie—
Each with a name for baby, as ef I hadn't no voice.
But the more they talked an' argied, the more I stuck to my choice.

"Semanthy"—this was father—"you'd best take pattern by mother,

For she named thirteen children 'thout any such fuss or bother.

As soon as she diskivered that family names was too few,
Why she jest fell back on the Bible, as perfessers air bound to do."

"Semanthy"—this was Reuben—" 'most any one else
could see
That, bein' as I'm his father, he'd orter be named for
me.
You say my name's old-fashioned ; well, I'm old-fash-
ioned too,
Yet 'twarn't so long ago, nuther, that both of us suited
you."

Then there was Uncle Silas: "Semanthy, I tell ye
what—
Jest name him Silas. I'll give him that hundred-acre
lot—
I'll make out the deed to-morrer—an' then when I've
gone to my rest,
There'll be a trifle o' money to help him feather his
nest."

But the worst of all was mother. She says, so meek an'
mild :
"I'd love to call him Jotham, after my oldest child ;
He died on his second birthday. The others are grown-
up men,
But Jotham is still my baby ; he has never grown since
then.
His hair was so soft an' curlin', eyes blue as blue could
be,
An' this boy of yours, Semanthy, jest brings him back
to me."

Well, it warn't no easy matter to keep on sayin' No,
An' disapp'intin' every one. Poor Rube he fretted so,
When I told him the name I'd chosen, that he fairly
made me cry ;

For I'd planned to name the darling Augustus Percival
Guy.

Ah! that was a name worth hearin', so 'ristocratic an'
grand!

He might 'a held up his head then with the proudest in
the land.

But now—Well, 'tisin't no wonder, when I look at that
blessed child

An' think of the name he's come to, that I can't be re-
conciled.

At last I coaxed up Reuben, an' a Sabbath mornin' came
When I took my boy to meetin' to git his Christian
name.

Jest as proud as a peacock I stood a-waitin' there;
I couldn't hardly listen to the readin' nor the prayer.
For of half a dozen babies mine was the finest of all;
An' they had sech common names, too. But pride must
have a fall.

"What will ye call him?" says Parson Brown, bendin'
his head to hear.

Then I handed a bit of paper up, with the names writ
full an' clear.

But Uncle Si, 'stead of passin' it, jest reads it over slow,
With sech a won'drin', puzzled face, as ef he didn't know.
The child was beginnin' to fidget, an' Rube was gittin red,
So I kinder scowled at Uncle Si, and then I shook my
head.

"The name?" says Parson Brown agin; "I'm 'feard I
haven't caught it."

"Jee-hoshaphat!" says Uncle Si, out loud, before he
thought it.

The parson—he's near-sighted—he couldn't understand,
Though I p'inted to the paper in Uncle Silas' hand.
But that word did the business; an' before I got my
breath

That boy was named Jehoshaphat. I felt a'most like
death.

I couldn't keep from cryin' as I hurried down the aisle,
An' I fairly hated Widder Green when I see her kinder
smile.

I've never, never called him by that name, an' never
will,

An' I can't forgive old Parson Brown, though I bear
him no ill-will.

E. T. CORBETT.

"THE DAY OF JUDGMENT."

(From Trot's Wedding Journey.)

I AM thirteen years old and Jill is eleven and a quarter. Jill is my brother. That isn't his name, you know; his name is Timothy and mine is George Zacharias; but they call us Jack and Jill.

Well, Jill and I had an invitation to Aunt John's this summer, and that was how we happened to be there.

I'd rather go to Aunt John's than any place in the world. When I was a little fellow I used to think I'd rather go to Aunt John's than to Heaven. But I never dared to tell.

She'd invited us to come on the twelfth of August. It takes all day to get there. She lives at Little River in New Hampshire, way up. You have to wait at South Lawrence in a poky little depot, and you get some played

out—at least I don't, but Jill does. So we bought a paper and Jill sat up and read it. When he'd sat a minute and read along—

“Look here!” said he.

“Look where?” said I.

“Why, there's going to be a comet,” said Jill.

“Who cares?” said I.

Jill laid down the paper, and crunched a pop-corn all up before he answered that, then said he, “I don't see why father didn't tell us. I suppose he thought we'd be frightened, or something. Why, s'posing the world did come to an end? That's what this paper says. ‘It is pre—’ where is my place? Oh! I see—‘predicted by learned men that a comet will come into con—junction with our plant’—no—‘our planet this night. Whether we shall be plunged into a wild vortex of angry space, or suffocated with n-o-x—noxious gases, or scorched to a helpless crisp, or blasted at once, eternal an-ni-hi—’” A gust of wind grabbed the paper out of Jill's hand just then, and took it out of the window; so I never heard the rest.

“Father isn't a goose,” said I. “He didn't think it worth while mentioning. He isn't a-going to be afraid of a comet at his time of life.” So we didn't think any more about the comet till we got to Aunt John's, where we found company. It wasn't a relation, only an old school friend, and her name was Miss Togy; she had come without an invitation, but had to have the spare room because she was a lady. That was how Jill and I came to be put in the little chimney bed-room.

That little chimney bed-room is the funniest place you ever slept in. There had been a chimney once, and it ran up by the window, and grandfather had it taken

away. It was a big, old-fashioned chimney, and it left the funniest little gouge in the room, so the bed went in as nice as could be. We couldn't see much but the ceiling when we got to bed.

"It's pretty dark," said Jill; "I shouldn't wonder if it did blow up a storm a little—wouldn't it scare—Miss—Bogy!"

"Togy," said I.

"Well, T—o— —" said Jill; and right in the middle of it he went off as sound as a weasel.

The next thing I can remember is a horrible noise. I can't think of but one thing in this world it was like, and that isn't in this world so much. I mean the last trumpet, with the angel blowing as he blows in my old primer. The next thing I remember is hearing Jill sit up in bed—for I couldn't see him, it was so dark—and his piping out the other half of Miss Togy's name just as he had left it when he went to sleep.

"Gy!—Bogy!—Fogy!—Soaky! Oh," said Jill, coming to at last, "I thought—why, what's up?"

I was up, but I couldn't tell what else was for a little while. I went to the window. It was as dark as a great rat-hole out-of-doors, all but a streak of lightning and an awful thunder, as if the world was cracking all to pieces.

"Come to bed!" shouted Jill; "you'll get struck, and then that will kill me."

I went back to bed, for I didn't know what else to do, and we crawled down under the clothes and covered ourselves all up.

"W—would-you-call—Aunt—John?" asked Jill. He was most choked. I came up for air.

"No," said I, "I don't think I'd call Aunt John."

I should have liked to call her by that time, but then I should have felt ashamed.

"I s'pose she has got her hands full with Miss Croaky, anyway," chattered Jill, bobbing up and under again. By that time the storm was the worst storm I had ever seen in my life. It grew worse and worse—thunder, lightning, and wind—wind, lightning, and thunder; rain and roar and awfulness. I don't know how to tell how awful it was.

In the middle of the biggest peal we'd had yet, up jumped Jill. "Jack!" said he, "that comet." I'd never thought of the comet till that minute: I felt an ugly feeling and cold all over. "It is the comet!" said Jill. "It is the day of judgment, Jack."

Then it happened. It happened so fast I didn't even have time to get my head under the clothes. First there was a creak, then a crash, then we felt a shake as if a giant pushed his shoulder up through the floor and shoved us. Then we doubled up. And then we began to fall. The floor opened, and we went through. I heard the bed-post hit as we went by. Then I felt another crash; then we began to fall again; then we bumped down hard. After that we stopped falling. I lay still. My heels were doubled up over my head. I thought my neck would break. But I never dared to stir, for I thought I was dead. By and by I wondered if Jill were not dead too, so I undoubled my neck a little and found some air. It seemed just as uncomfortable to breathe without air when you were dead as when you weren't.

I called out softly, "Jill!" no answer. "Jill!" not a sound. "O—Jill!" But he did not speak, so then I knew Jill must be dead, at any rate. I couldn't help

wondering why he was so much deader than I that he couldn't answer a fellow. Pretty soon I heard a rustling noise around my feet, then a weak, sick kind of a voice, just the kind of noise I always supposed ghosts would make if they could talk.

"Jack?"

"Is that you, Jill?"

"I—suppose—so. Is it you, Jack?"

"Yes. Are you dead?"

"I don't know. Are you?"

"I guess I must be if you are. How awfully dark it is."

"Awfully dark! It must have been the comet."

"Yes; did you get much hurt?"

"Not much—I say, Jack?"

"What?"

"It is the judgment day."

Jill broke up, so did I; we lay as still as we could. If it were the judgment day— "Jill!" said I.

"Oh, dear me!" sobbed Jill.

We were both crying by that time, and I don't feel ashamed to own up, either.

"If I'd known," said I, "that the day of judgment was coming on the 12th of August, I wouldn't have been so mean about that jack-knife of yours with the notch in it."

"And I wouldn't have eaten your luncheon that day last winter when I got mad at you," said Jill.

"Nor we wouldn't have cheated mother about smoking, vacations," said I.

"I'd never have played with the Bailey boys out behind the barn," said Jill.

"I wonder where the comet went to?" said I.

“Whether we shall be plunged into,” quoted Jill, in a horrible whisper, from that dreadful newspaper, “shall be plunged into a wild vortex of angry space—or suffocated with noxious gases—or scorched into a helpless crisp—or blasted—”

“When do you think they will come after us?” I interrupted Jill.

That very minute somebody came. We heard a step and then another, then a heavy bang. Jill howled out a little. I didn’t, for I was thinking how the cellar door banged like that. Then came a voice, an awful hoarse and trembling voice as ever you heard.

“George Zacharias!”

Then I knew it must be the judgment day and that the angel had me in court to answer him, for you couldn’t expect an angel to call you Jack after you was dead.

“George Zacharias!” said the awful voice again. I didn’t know what else to do, I was so frightened, so I just hollered out, “Here!” as I do at school.

“Timothy!” came the voice once more.

Now Jill had a bright idea. Up he shouted, “Absent!” at the top of his lungs.

“George! Jack! Jill! Where are you? Are you killed? Oh, wait a minute, and I’ll bring a light.”

This didn’t sound so much like judgment day as it did like Aunt John. I began to feel better. So did Jill. I sat up. So did he. It wasn’t a minute till the light came into sight, and something that looked like a cellar door, the cellar steps, and Aunt John’s spotted wrapper, and Miss Togy in a night-gown, away behind as white as a ghost. Aunt John held the light above her head and looked down. I don’t believe I shall ever

see an angel that will make me feel any better to look at than Aunt John did that night.

"O you blessed boys!" said Aunt John—she was laughing, and crying together. "To think that you should have fallen through the old chimney to the cellar floor and be sitting there alive in such a funny heap as that!"

And that was just what we had done. The old flooring (not very secure) had given away in the storm; and we'd gone down through two stories, where the chimney ought to have been, jam! into the cellar on the coal heap, and all as good as ever excepting the bedstead.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

THE LOST CHILD.

MY home was in the wilderness ; I dwelt
Far from the bustling toil of city life.
Our neighbors were but few, yet they were kind,
And ever ready to assist in all
The little acts of sympathy which smoothe
Life's rugged pathway. We had struggled hard
To earn an honest livelihood ; and God
Had prospered our endeavors ; and our crops,
Our flocks and herds, increas'd abundantly.

One autumn morn I drove a noble herd
Of fifty cattle to the nearest town,
And sold them well. Then purchased all the goods
We needed for awhile, and bade them bring
The choicest doll they had in all the store,

To please my darling Annie; who could talk
Of nothing else, since I had promised her
That she should have a doll with waxen face
And sweet blue eyes that opened with a smile,
And closed again, as if in peaceful sleep.
And, as I came away, the little pet,
Although but three years old, had followed me
Down to the gate; and as I gallop'd off
Called after me in her own prattling tones—
“Bring me a big one, pa.” I turn'd my head
And kissed my hand, and said, “I will, my lass.”

’Twas sunset ere I started home; oft I thought,
Far better stay till morn; for ten long miles
Of rough, wild road had I that stormy night
To travel: but I wish'd to be at home,
So hurried onward. Scarcely had I left
The town a mile, when every twinkling star
Became obscured, and not a ray of light
Shone on my path. I threw my reins around
My horse's neck, for well I knew that he
Would find his way through all the blinding rain
And beating storm far better than myself.
When we had reach'd the little glen, through which
The mountain brook was rushing furiously,
Roaring and boiling in its wild career,
Increased in volume by the heavy rain,
We slack'd our speed. The night was pitchy dark,
And little rivulets were rushing down
The road, to join the gurgling stream below.

Just as we turned the corner of the wood,
I heard a feeble cry, as of a child
Weary and faint. I stopped and listened long,

Then heard the cry again. Oh! how my heart
Beat with emotion. I was never known
To shrink from danger ; superstitious fears
Were strangers to my bosom ; but a host
Of people knew I carried gold and notes,
The produce of my sale. Was this a trap
To lure me to destruction ? And the sweat
Stood thickly on my brow, as once again
I heard that cry, so low and pitiful.
It seemed so utterly impossible,
On such a stormy night, a living child
Should be in such a place. And yet, once more
Its plaintive tones fell on my listening ear.

Despite my fears, I speedily got down
And called aloud, " Whosoever child thou art
I'm not the man to leave thee here to die."

I groped in vain among the long, damp grass,
And then bethought me of a hollow place
Against the hill, close by the road, and there
I found a little dripping thing, which sobbed
And moaned, as I upraised it and returned
To mount my horse, which waited patiently
For my approach. I tucked the little one
Within my coat, and promised I would bring
The sobbing child to its own home again,
And so it fell asleep against my breast.

Onward in haste I rode, until I saw
The windows of my house all lighted up ;
I thought my loving wife had, for my sake,
Done this to guide me home ; but ere I reached
The door, I heard the voices from within,
And saw the shadows flitting to and fro,

And knew by this some dire calamity
 Had come upon us. Almost numb with fear
 I stood, all powerless to upraise the latch ;
 And when I mustered courage, I beheld
 The parlor full of neighbors, and my wife
 Sobbing in deep distress. She hid her face
 And said, " Oh ! do not tell him ; it will kill
 My husband when he hears the dreadful truth."
 " What is it, neighbors ?" I exclaimed, when one
 Old, honest farmer said, " Oh, nothing now,
 I hope ; for what is that within your coat ?"
 " A poor lost child of some one's," I replied ;
 " I found it on the road, three miles away,
 Moaning, and nearly dead." But when I gave
 The little sleeping thing to one of them,
 And, in the blazing light, saw that the child
 I saved from death was my own darling pet—
 My little Annie—who had wandered out
 To meet papa, and whom, for many hours,
 Till heavy rains set in, and all was dark,
 They sought in vain—I sank upon my knee
 In presence of them all, and gratefully
 Gave thanks to God for rescuing my child.

And, though full many years have passed since then,
 I often think, how could I bear to live
 Had I not stopped old Rodger when I heard
 That baby cry, scarce louder than the chirp
 Of a young squirrel, in the pathless woods,
 And feelings of the deepest gratitude
 Pervade my spirit, as I thank the Lord
 For rescuing my darling little one.

JOHN RYLEY ROBINSON.

A PIN.

From the Century.

OH, I know a certain woman who is reckoned with
the good,
But she fills me with more terror than a raging lion
could.
The little chills run up and down my spine whene'er we
meet,
Though she seems a gentle creature, and she's very trim
and neat.

And she has a thousand virtues, and not one acknowl-
edged sin,
But she is the sort of person you could liken to a pin.
And she pricks you, and she sticks you in a way that
can't be said—
When you ask for what has hurt you, why you cannot
find the head.

But she fills you with discomfort and exasperating
pain—
If anybody asks you why, you really can't explain.
A pin is such a tiny thing—of that there is no doubt—
Yet when it's sticking in your flesh, you're wretched till
it's out.

She is wonderfully observing—when she meets a pretty
girl
She is always sure to tell her if her “bang” is out of
curl.

And she is so sympathetic to her friend, who's much
admired,
She is often heard remarking: "Dear, you look so
worn and tired!"

And she is a careful critic; for on yesterday she eyed
The new dress I was airing with a woman's natural
pride,
And she said: "Oh, how becoming!" and then softly
added
"It is really a misfortune that the basque is such a
fit."

Then she said: "If you had heard me yestereve, I'm
sure, my friend,
You would say I am a champion who knows how to
defend"
And she left me with the feeling—most unpleasant, I
aver—
That the whole world would despise me if it had not
been for her.

Whenever I encounter her, in such a nameless way,
She gives me the impression I am at my worst that day.
And the hat that was imported (and that cost me half
a sonnet),
With just one glance from her round eye, becomes a
Bowery bonnet.

She is always bright and smiling, sharp and shining for
a thrust—
Use does not seem to blunt her point, nor does she
gather rust—

Oh! I wish some hapless specimen of mankind would
begin

To tidy up the world for me, by picking up this pin.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

HOW THE CELEBRATED MILTIADES PETER-
KIN PAUL GOT THE BETTER OF
SANTA CLAUS.

"OF course," said Miltiades Peterkin Paul
On the day before Christmas, "I've no doubt at
all

It is Santa Claus who, every Christmas-day brings
The presents, and candy, and all the nice things,
Which I find in my stocking; and doubtless, 'tis true
That he drives six fleet reindeer and comes down the
flue;

But I should like to see him, and perhaps, too, I might,
If I sat up and kept a sharp look-out to-night."

"But that never would do," explained John Henry
Jack;

"He would turn straight around, and would never come
back—

For you see the old gentleman's taken a whim
That not one of you children shall catch sight of him;
If he came to the house and found one single eye
Remained open, he'd whip up and gallop straight by."
Nevertheless, thought Miltiades Peterkin Paul,

"I think I shall see him to-night after all."

So that night after bedtime, when in the house all
Was quite still, young Miltiades Peterkin Paul
Softly stepped from his bedroom, and stealthily creeping
Past the door where his mother and father were sleeping,
Stole down to the sitting-room, where, you must know,
He had hung by the mantel, an hour ago,
Both his new scarlet stockings. "No, no," chuckled he;
"Now we'll see, Mr. Santa Claus, what we shall see."

Then from where he had hidden it under the carpet,
He drew out a steel trap (not really so sharp it
Could do serious harm), and with sang froid quite shock-
ing,

He set it and placed it deep down in his stocking,
So that Santa Claus, when he inserted his fist,
Would find himself caught and held fast by the wrist.
"There," said little Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
"If that doesn't fix him I'll eat it, that's all."

Then little Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
Having made these arrangements, crept back through
the hall,

And up into bed again. "Now then," he thought,
"I'll just lie still and wait till the old fellow's caught:
Then I'll hurry downstairs in an instant and free him;
He will find in my sock, when he puts his hand in it,
A warm grip, that will not let him loose in a minute."

"But be careful, Miltiades Peterkin Paul,"
He presently added, "it won't do to fall
Fast asleep at your post;" yet he hardly had spoken,
When he sank back in slumber. Then silence unbroken
Reigned supreme for an hour in Farmer Gray's dwelling;

At the end of that time such an unearthly yelling
And howling broke in on the stillness of night,
That the whole household woke in a panic of fright.
"Oho," cried Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
As he started upright, "the old fellow can bawl.

"Why, at this rate he'll wake the whole house from its
nap;
I'll go down and release him at once from the trap."
So he bounced out of bed, and ran down in a jiffy;
Then, arrived at the threshold, he stopped short as if he
Were struck by a thunderbolt—well, too, he might,
For he certainly saw an astonishing sight.

It was not Santa Claus (as before this you all
May have guessed) that Miltiades Peterkin Paz!
Beheld, but his grandfather dancing about,
And calling for some one to help him out.
"Oho," cried our hero, beginning to see
At length who old Santa Claus really must be:
"Was it you, after all, had a hand in it, pray?"
"I should think that it was," answered grandfather
Gray.

JOHN BROWNJOHN.

THE SWAN-SONG.

From St. Nicholas.

THE great old-fashioned clock struck twelve, but as
yet not one of the boys had stirred. All were
listening too intently to what Carl Von Weber was say-
ing to notice the time. Around one of the grand

piano a group of boys was gathered. Perched on the top of it was a bright, merry-looking boy of fourteen. By his side sat a pale, delicate little fellow, with a pair of soft, dark eyes, which were fixed in eager attention upon Carl's face. Below, and leaning carelessly upon the piano, was Raoul von Falkenstein, a dark, handsome boy of fifteen.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, scornfully, after Carl had finished. "Is that all? just for a few paltry thalers and a beggarly violin, to work myself to death? No! I don't think I shall trouble myself about it."

"Oh, Raoul!" cried Franz, the little fellow who sat by Carl, "you forget that it is to be the most beautiful violin in Germany, and to be given to us by the Empress herself. And the two hundred thalers—just think of that!" and Franz's dark eyes grew bright to think what he could do with them.

"Really," returned Raoul, insolently, "you don't mean to say that you are going to try! Why, the last time you played you broke down entirely!"

The color mounted into Franz's face, and the tears came into his eyes; and Carl cried out, angrily:

"For shame! you know very well that it was only fright that made Franz fail.

"Don't mind him," he said, putting his arm around his friend's neck, "he is only hateful, as he always is. Let us go and see who is to be chosen for the concert. Come, Franz!"

"No, Carl," said his friend, quietly; "I would rather stay here. You go and find out, and then come and tell me."

The Empress once a year gave a prize to the school, but this year it was to be finer than usual, and her

Majesty had sent to Herr Bach and requested him to choose five of his best boys, each of whom was to compose a piece of his own. No one was to see it until the end of three weeks, when they were to play it at a grand concert, which the imperial family were to attend with the whole court. Franz was very anxious to be chosen, for he wanted the prize very much. He thought how pleased the mother would be, and he thought how hard she worked to give her little boy a musical education, and how many comforts the thalers would buy. Oh, he would work hard for it. The dear mother would be so surprised. And he fell into a brown study, from which he was awakened by feeling a pair of strong arms around him, and being frantically whirled around the room, while a voice shouted in his ear :

"We've got it! We're chosen—you, Gottfried, Johann, old hateful Raoul, and I!"

The boys worked very hard, for there was only a short time given them. Franz put his whole soul into his composition, and made himself almost sick over it. Raoul went about, declaring, in his usual contemptuous manner, that he did not intend to kill himself over it, but secretly he worked with great industry.

One lovely moonlight night, as he sat by his window composing, for the moon was so bright he could see very well, he impatiently flung his pen down and muttered, "There is no use; I can never do it; this will never do!" and began angrily to tear up one of the music sheets, when suddenly he stopped and raised his head and listened intently. Such a lovely melody, so soft and clear, rising and falling in the sweetest cadences, now growing louder and louder in a wild, passionate crescendo, and then dying slowly away!

For a moment, the boy remained silent ; then, suddenly springing to his feet, he cried :

" It is Franz ! I know it, for no one but he could write anything so beautiful. But it shall be mine, for it is the piece that will gain the prize ! Ah, Franz, I play before you, and what I play shall be—"

He stopped, and the moonlight streaming in at the window glanced across the room, and revealed a look of half triumph, half shame on his dark, haughty face. Why had he stopped ? Perhaps his guardian angel stood behind him, warning him against what he was about to do. For a moment, a fierce struggle seemed to take possession of the boy, between his good and his evil spirit. But, alas ! the evil conquered, and, sitting down, he wrote off what he had heard, aided by his wonderful memory ; and, after an hour, he threw down the piece, finished. Then, with an exulting smile, he cried, " The prize is mine ! " and, throwing himself on the bed, he fell into a troubled sleep.

The time had come at last for the great concert, and the boys were so excited they could hardly keep still ; even Franz, whose cheeks glowed with a brilliant hectic flush, and whose eyes were strangely bright. The hall was crowded. The imperial family was there, together with the whole court.

The concert began with an overture from the orchestra. Then came Fraulein, the prima donna of the Imperial Opera, and then the boys. Carl came first, and played a brilliant, sparkling little piece, and was loudly applauded ; next Gottfried and Johann, and then Raoul. When he stepped out upon the platform, his handsome face and fine form seemed to make an impression on the audience, for they remained per-

fectly silent. Raoul commenced. At first Franz paid no attention to him, then suddenly he started. The melody flowed on; louder and louder, clearer and clearer it rose. Franz stood motionless, listening in strained, fixed attention, until at last, overcome with grief and astonishment, he sank upon the floor and cried out piteously, with tears streaming down his face:

"Oh, Raoul! Raoul! how could you, could you do it—my own little piece that I loved so much? Oh, mother! mother!"—and, burying his head in his arms, he sobbed in an agony of grief.

He heard the burst of applause that greeted his piece—not Raoul's; he heard it all, but moved not until he heard Carl say:

"Come, Franz! it's time to go. They are all waiting for you; but I am afraid that Raoul has won the prize."

What should he do, he wondered? And then he thought perhaps the kind Father in heaven would help him. So, breathing a little prayer in his heart, he walked calmly forth upon the platform.

At first, he trembled so that he could hardly begin; then a sudden inspiration seemed to come to him—a quick light swept across his face. He raised the violin to his shoulder and began.

The audience at first paid no attention; but presently all became quiet, and they leaned forward in breathless attention. What a wonderful song it was!—for it was a song. The violin seemed almost to speak, and so softly and sweetly and with such exquisite pathos were the notes drawn forth that the eyes of many were filled with tears. For it was pouring out all little Franz's griefs and sorrows; it was telling how the little heart

was almost broken by the treachery of the friend ; it was telling how hard he had worked to win, for the dear mother's sake ; and it was telling, and the notes grew sweeter as it told, how the good God had not forsaken him. The boy seemed almost inspired ; his eyes were raised to heaven, and his face glowed with a rapt delight, as he improvised his beautiful song. Not a sound was heard ; it seemed as if all were turned to stone, so intense was the silence. His heart seemed to grow lighter of its burden, and the song burst into a wild, sweet carol, that rang rich and clear through the hall ; and then it changed and grew so soft it could hardly be heard, and at last it died away.

For a moment the vast audience seemed spell-bound ; then, all rising with one uncontrollable impulse, and breaking into a tempest of applause that rocked the building to its very foundations, they rained down bouquets on his head.

But the boy stood with a far-off look in his large and beautiful eyes, and then, giving a little sigh, fell heavily to the floor.

When he returned to consciousness, he heard a voice say, "Poor child !" It seemed like Herr Bach's ; and then he heard Carl say, in a sobbing voice, "Franz ! dear Franz !" Why did they pity him, he wondered ; and then it all came back to him—the prize, the violin, and Raoul.

"Where is the violin ?" he murmured.

"It will be here in a moment," some one said.

Then he saw the pale, remorseful face of Raoul, who said : "Dear little Franz, forgive me !"

The boy raised his hand and pointed to heaven, and said, softly : "Dear Raoul, I forgive you !"—and then

all the pain and bitterness in his heart against Raoul died out.

The sweet face of the Empress, made lovely by its look of tender pity, bent over him, and she kissed him and murmured, "Poor little one!" Then she placed the beautiful violin in his arms, and the thalers in his hands.

And so, with the famed violin and bright thalers clasped close on his breast, the life-light died out of his eyes, and little Franz fell asleep.

KATHARINE RITTER BROOKS.

THE TWO PICTURES

IT was a bright and lovely summer's morn,
Fair bloomed the flowers, the birds sang softly
sweet,

The air was redolent with perfumed balm,
And Nature scattered, with unsparing hand,
Her loveliest graces over hill and dale.
An artist, weary of his narrow room
Within the city's pent and heated walls,
Had wandered long amid the ripening fields,
Until, remembering his neglected themes,
He thought to turn his truant steps toward home.
These led him through a rustic, winding lane,
Lined with green hedge-rows, spangled close with
flowers,

And overarched by trees of noblest growth.
But when at last he reached the farther end
Of this sweet labyrinth, he there beheld

A vision of such pure, pathetic grace,
That weariness and haste were both obscured.
It was a child—a young and lovely child
With eyes of heavenly hue, bright golden hair,
And dimpled hands clasped in a morning prayer,
Kneeling beside its youthful mother's knee.
Upon that baby brow of spotless snow,
No single trace of guilt, or pain, or woe,
No line of bitter grief or dark despair,
Of envy, hatred, malice, worldly care,
Had ever yet been written. With bated breath,
And hand uplifted as in warning, swift,
The artist seized his pencil, and there traced
In soft and tender lines that image fair:
Then, when 'twas finished, wrote beneath one word,
A word of holiest import—Innocence.

Years fled and brought with them a subtle change,
Scattering Time's snow upon the artist's brow,
But leaving these the laurel wreath of fame,
While all men spake in words of praise his name;
For he had traced full many a noble work
Upon the canvas that had touched men's souls,
And drawn them from the baser things of earth,
Toward the light and purity of heaven.
One day, in tossing o'er his folio's leaves,
He chanced upon the picture of the child,
Which he had sketched that bright morn long before,
And then forgotten. Now, as he paused to gaze,
A ray of inspiration seemed to dart
Straight from those eyes to his. He took the sketch,
Placed it before his easel, and with care
That seemed but pleasure, painted a fair theme.

Touching and still re-touching each bright lineament,
Until all seemed to glow with life divine—
'Twas innocence personified. But still
The artist could not pause. He needs must have
A meet companion for his fairest theme ;
And so he sought the wretched haunts of sin,
Through miry courts of misery and guilt,
Seeking a face which at the last was found.
Within a prison cell there crouched a man—
Nay, rather say a fiend—with countenance seamed
And marred by all the horrid lines of sin ;
Each mark of degradation might be traced,
And every scene of horror he had known,
And every wicked deed that he had done,
Were visibly written on his lineaments ;
Even the last, worst deed of all, that left him here,
A parricide within a murderer's cell.

Here then the artist found him ; and with hand
Made skillful by its oft-repeated toil,
Transferred unto his canvas that vile face,
And also wrote beneath it just one word,
A word of darkest import—it was Vice.
Then with some inspiration not his own,
Thinking, perchance, to touch that guilty heart,
And wake it to repentance e'er too late,
The artist told the tale of that bright morn,
Placed the two pictured faces side by side,
And brought the wretch before them. With a shriek
That echoed through those vaulted corridors,
Like to the cries that issue from the lips
Of souls forever doomed to woe,
Prostrate upon the stony floor he fell,

And hid his face and groaned aloud in anguish.
"I was that child once—I, yes, even I—
In the gracious years forever fled,
That innocent and happy little child!
These very hands were raised to God in prayer,
That now are reddened with a mother's blood.
Great Heaven! can such things be? Almighty power
Send forth Thy dart and strike me where I lie!"
He rose, laid hold upon the artist's arm
And grasped it with demoniac power,
The while he cried: "Go forth, I say, go forth
And tell my history to the tempted youth.
I looked upon the wine when it was red,
I heeded not my mother's piteous prayers,
I heeded not the warnings of my friends,
But tasted of the wine when it was red,
Until it left a demon in my heart
That led me onward, step by step, to this,
This horrible place, from which my body goes
Unto the gallows, and my soul to hell!"
He ceased at last. The artist turned and fled;
But even as he went, unto his ears
Were borne the awful echoes of despair,
Which the lost wretch flung on the empty air,
Cursing the demon that had brought him there.

ANOTHER YEAR.

ANOTHER year passed over—gone,
Hope beaming with the new,
Thus move we on—forever on,
The many and the few;

The many of our childhood's days,
Growing fewer, one by one,
Till death, in duel with each life,
Proclaims the last is gone.

Another year—the buried past
Lies in its silent grave,
The stream of life flows ever on,
As wave leaps into wave ;
Another year—ah ! who can tell
What memories it may bring
Of lonely hearts and tearful eye,
And hope bereft of wing ?

Another year—the curfew rings,
Fast cover up each coal ;
The old year dies, the old year dies,
The bells its requiem toll—
A pilgrim year has reached its shrine,
The air with incense glows,
The spirit of another year
Comes forth from long repose.

Another year, with tears and joys,
To form an arch of love—
Another year to toil with hope,
And seek for rest above ;
Another year wing'd on its way—
Eternity the goal ;
Another year—peace in its train,
Peace to each parting soul !

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

THE CHARIOT RACE.

From "Ben-Hur," by Lew Wallace. Copyright, 1880, by Harper & Bros.

WHEN the dash for position began, Ben-Hur, as we have seen, was on the extreme left of the six. For a moment, like the others, he was half blinded by the light in the arena; yet he managed to catch sight of his antagonists and divine their purpose. At Messala, who was more than an antagonist to him, he gave one searching look. The air of passionless hauteur characteristic of the fine patrician face was there as of old, and so was the Italian beauty; which the helmet rather increased; but more—it may have been a jealous fancy, or the effect of the brassy shadow in which the features were at that moment cast, still the Israelite thought he saw the soul of the man as through a glass, darkly: cruel, cunning, desperate; not so excited as determined—a soul in a tension of watchfulness and fierce resolve.

In a time not longer than was required to turn to his four again, Ben-Hur felt his own resolution harden to a like temper. At whatever cost, at all hazards, he would humble this enemy! Prize, friends, wagers, honor—everything that can be thought of as a possible interest in the race was lost in the one deliberate purpose. Regard for life even should not hold him back. Yet there was no passion, on his part; no blinding rush of heated blood from heart to brain, and back again; no impulse to fling himself upon Fortune: he did not believe in Fortune; far otherwise. He had his plan, and, confiding in himself, he settled to the task never more observant, never more capable. The air about him seemed aglow with a renewed and perfect transparency.

When not half-way across the arena, he saw that Messala's rush would, if there was no collision, and the rope fell, give him the wall; that the rope would fall, he ceased as soon to doubt; and, further, it came to him, a sudden flash-like insight, that Messala knew it was to be let drop at the last moment (pre-arrangement with the editor could safely reach that point in the contest); and it suggested, what more Roman-like than for the official to lend himself to a countryman who, besides being so popular, had also so much at stake? There could be no other accounting for the confidence with which Messala pushed his four forward the instant his competitors were prudentially checking their fours in front of the obstruction—no other except madness.

It is one thing to see a necessity and another to act upon it. Ben-Hur yielded the wall for the time.

The rope fell, and all the fours but his sprang into the course under the urgency of voice and lash. He drew head to the right, and, with all the speed of his Arabs, darted across the trails of his opponents, the angle of movement being such as to lose the least time and gain the greatest possible advance. So, while the spectators were shivering at the Athenian's mishap, and the Sidonian, Byzantine, and Corinthian were striving, with such skill as they possessed, to avoid involvement in the ruin, Ben-Hur swept around and took the course neck and neck with Messala, though on the outside. The marvellous skill shown in making the change thus from the extreme left across to the right without appreciable loss did not fail the sharp eyes upon the benches: the Circus seemed to rock and rock again with prolonged applause. Then Esther clasped her hands in glad surprise; then Sanballat, smiling, offered his hun-

dred sesterii a second time without a taker; and then the Romans began to doubt, thinking that Messala might have found an equal, if not a master, and that in an Israelite!

And now, racing together side by side, a narrow interval between them, the two neared the second goal. The pedestal of the three pillars there, viewed from the west, was a stone wall in the form of a half-circle, around which the course and opposite balcony were bent in exact parallelism. Making this turn was considered in all respects the most telling test of a charioteer; it was, in fact, the very feat in which Orestes failed. As an involuntary admission of interest on the part of the spectators, a hush fell over all the Circus, so that for the first time in the race the rattle and clang of the cars plunging after the tugging steeds were distinctly heard. Then, it would seem, Messala observed Ben-Hur, and recognized him; and at once the audacity of the man flamed out in an astonishing manner.

"Down Eros, up Mars!" he shouted, whirling his lash with practised hand—"Down Eros, up Mars!" he repeated, and caught the well-doing Arabs of Ben-Hur a cut the like of which they had never known.

The blow was seen in every quarter, and the amazement was universal. The silence deepened; up on the benches behind the Consul the boldest held his breath, waiting for the outcome. Only a moment thus: then, involuntarily, down from the balcony, as thunder falls, burst the indignant cry of the people.

The four sprang forward affrighted. No hand had ever been laid upon them except in love: they had been nurtured ever so tenderly; and as they grew, their confidence in man became a lesson to men beautiful to see.

What should such dainty natures do under such indignity but leap as from death ?

Forward they sprang as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car. Past question, every experience is serviceable to us. Where got Ben-Hur the large hand and mighty grip which helped him now so well ? Where but from the oar with which so long he fought the sea ? And what was this spring of the floor under his feet to the dizzy eccentric lurch with which in the old time the trembling ship yielded to the beat of the staggering billows, drunk with their power ? So he kept his place, and gave the four free rein, and called to them in soothing voice, trying merely to guide them round the dangerous turn ; and before the fever of the people began to abate he had back the mastery. Nor that only : on approaching the first goal, he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman. So clearly was the feeling shown, so vigorous its manifestation that Messala, with all his boldness, felt it unsafe to trifle further.

As the cars whirled round the goal, Esther caught sight of Ben-Hur's face—a little pale, a little higher raised, otherwise calm, even placid.

Immediately a man climbed on the entablature at the west end of the division wall, and took down one of the conical wooden balls. A dolphin on the east entablature was taken down at the same time.

In like manner, the second ball and second dolphin disappeared.

And then the third ball and third dolphin.

Three rounds concluded : still Messala held the inside position ; still Ben-Hur moved with him side by side ; still the other competitors followed as before. The con-

test began to have the appearance of one of the double races which became so popular in Rome during the later Caesarean period—Messala and Ben-Hur in the first, the Corinthian, Sidonian, and Byzantine in the second. Meantime the ushers succeeded in returning the multitude to their seats, though the clamor continued to run the rounds, keeping as it were, even pace with the rivals in the course below.

In the fifth round the Sidonian succeeded in getting a place outside Ben-Hur, but lost it directly.

The sixth round was entered upon without change of relative position.

Gradually the speed had been quickened—gradually the blood of the competitors warmed with the work. Men and beasts seemed to know alike that the final crisis was near, bringing the time for the winner to assert himself.

The interest which from the beginning had centered chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with an intense and general sympathy for the latter, was fast changing to anxiety on his account. On all the benches the spectators bent forward motionless, except as their faces turned following the contestants. Ilderim quitted combing his beard, and Esther forgot her fears.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" called Sanballat to the Romans under the Consul's awning.

There was no reply.

"A talent—or five talents, or ten: choose ye!"

He shook his tablets at them defiantly.

"I will take thy sestertii," answered a Roman youth, preparing to write.

"Do not so," interposed a friend.

"Why?"

"Messala hath reached his utmost speed. See him lean over his chariot-rim, the reins loose as flying ribbons. Look then at the Jew."

The first one looked.

"By Hercules!" he replied, his countenance falling. "The dog throws all his weight on the bits. I see, I see! If the gods help not our friend, he will be run away with by the Israelite. No, not yet. Look! Jove with us, Jove with us!"

The cry, swelled by every Latin tongue, shook the velaria over the Consul's head.

If it were true that Messala had attained his utmost speed, the effort was with effect; slowly but certainly he was beginning to forge ahead. His horses were running with their heads low down; from the balcony their bodies appeared actually to skim the earth; their nostrils showed blood-red in expansion; their eyes seemed straining in their sockets. Certainly the good steeds were doing their best! How long could they keep the pace? It was but the commencement of the sixth round. On they dashed. As they neared the second goal, Ben-Hur turned in behind the Roman's car.

The joy of the Messala faction reached its bound: they screamed and howled, and tossed their colors; and Sanballat filled his tablets with wagers of their tendering.

Malluch, in the lower gallery over the Gate of Triumph, found it hard to keep his cheer. He had cherished the vague hint dropped to him by Ben-Hur of something to happen in the turning of the western pillars. It was the fifth round, yet the something had not come; and he had said to himself, the sixth will bring it; but, lo! Ben-Hur was hardly holding a place at the tail of his enemy's car.

Over in the east end, Simonides' party held their peace. The merchant's head was bent low. Ilderim tugged at his beard, and dropped his brows till there was nothing of his eyes but an occasional sparkle of light. Esther scarcely breathed. Iras alone appeared glad.

Along the home-stretch—sixth round—Messala leading, next him Ben-Hur, and so close it was the old story :

“First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds ;
With those of Tros bold Diomed succeeds ;
Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And seem just mounting on his car behind ;
Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,
And, hovering o'er, their stretching shadow sees.”

Thus to the first goal and round it. Messala fearful of losing his place, hugged the stony wall with perilous clasp ; a foot to the left, and he had been dashed to pieces ; yet, when the turn was finished, no man, looking at the wheel-tracks of the two cars, could have said, here went Messala, there the Jew. They left but one trace behind them.

As they whirled by, Esther saw Ben-Hur's face again, and it was whiter than before.

Simonides, shrewder than Esther, said to Ilderim the moment the rivals turned into the course, “I am no judge, good shiek, if Ben-Hur be not about to execute some design. His face hath that look.”

To which Ilderim answered, “Saw you how clean they were and fresh ? By the splendor of God, friend, they have not been running ! But now watch !”

One ball and one dolphin remained on the entablatures ; and all the people drew a long breath, for the beginning of the end was at hand.

First, the Sidonian gave the scourge to his four, and, smarting with fear and pain, they dashed desperately forward, promising for a brief time to go to the front. The effort ended in promise. Next the Byzantine and Corinthian each made the trial with like result, after which they were practically out of the race. Thereupon, with a readiness perfectly explicable, all the factions except the Romans joined hope in Ben-Hur, and openly indulged their feeling.

"Ben-Hur! Ben-Hur!" they shouted, and the blent voices of the many rolled overwhelmingly against the consular stand.

From the benches above him as he passed, the favor descended in fierce injunctions.

"Speed thee, Jew!"

"Take the wall now!"

"On! loose the Arabs! Give them rein and scourge!"

"Let him not have the turn on thee again. Now or never!"

Over the balustrade they stooped low, stretching their hands imploringly to him.

Either he did not hear, or could not do better, for half-way round the course and he was still following; at the second goal even still no change!

And now, to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds, an act which necessarily slackened their speed. His spirit was high; more than one altar was richer of his vows; the Roman genius was still president. On the three pillars only six hundred feet away were fame, increase of fortune, promotions, and a triumph ineffably sweetened by hate, all in store for him! That moment Malluch, in the gallery, saw Ben-Hur lean forward over his Arabs and give them

the reins. Out flew the many-folded lash in his hand; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed and hissed and writhed again and again; and though it fell not, there was both sting and menace in its quick report; and as the man passed thus from quiet to resistless action, his face suffused, his eyes gleaming, along the reins he seemed to flash his will; and instantly not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car. Messala, on the perilous edge of the goal, heard, but dared not look to see what the awakening portended. From the people he received no sign. Above the noises of the race there was but one voice, and that was Ben-Hur's. In the old Aramaic, as the sheik himself, he called to the Arabs, "On, Atair! On, Rigel! What, Antares! dost thou linger now? Good horse—oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing and the women—singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldabaran, victory!—and the song will never end. Well done! Home to-morrow, under the black tent—home! On, Antares! The tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting! 'Tis done! 'tis done! Ha, ha! We have overthrown the proud. The hand that smote us is in the dust. Ours the glory! Ha, ha!—steady! the work is done—soho! Rest!"

There had never been anything of the kind more simple; seldom anything so instantaneous.

At the moment chosen for the dash, Messala was moving in a circle round the goal. To pass him, Ben-Hur had to cross the track, and good strategy required the movement to be in a forward direction; that is on a like circle limited to the least possible increase. The thousands on the benches understood it all: they saw

the signal given—the magnificent response; the four close outside Messala's outer wheel, Ben-Hur's inner wheel behind the other's car—all this they saw. Then they heard a crash loud enough to send a thrill through the Circus, and, quicker than thought out over the course a spray of shining white and yellow flinders flew. Down on its right side toppled the bed of the Roman's chariot. There was a rebound as of the axle hitting the hard earth; another and another; then the car went to pieces; and Messala, entangled in the reins, pitched forward headlong.

To increase the horror of the sight by making death certain, the Sidonian, who had the wall next behind, could not stop or turn out. Into the wreck full speed he drove; then over the Roman, and into the latter's four, all mad with fear. Presently out of the turmoil, the fighting of horses, the resound of blows, the murky cloud of dust and sand, he crawled in time to see the Corinthian and Byzantine go on down the course after Ben-Hur, who had not been an instant delayed.

The people arose, and leaped upon the benches, and shouted and screamed. Those who looked that way caught glimpses of Messala, now under the trampling of the fours, now under the abandoned cars. He was still; they thought him dead; but far the greater number followed Ben-Hur in his career. They had not seen the cunning touch of the reins by which, turning a little to the left, he caught Messala's wheel with the iron-shod point of his axle, and crushed it; but they had seen the transformation of the man, and themselves felt the heat and glow of his spirit, the heroic resolution, the maddening energy of action with which, by look, word, and gesture, he so suddenly inspired his Arabs. And such

running! It was rather the long leaping of lions in harness; but for the lumbering chariot, it seemed the four were flying. When the Byzantine and Corinthian were half way down the course, Ben-Hur turned the first goal.

And the race was won!

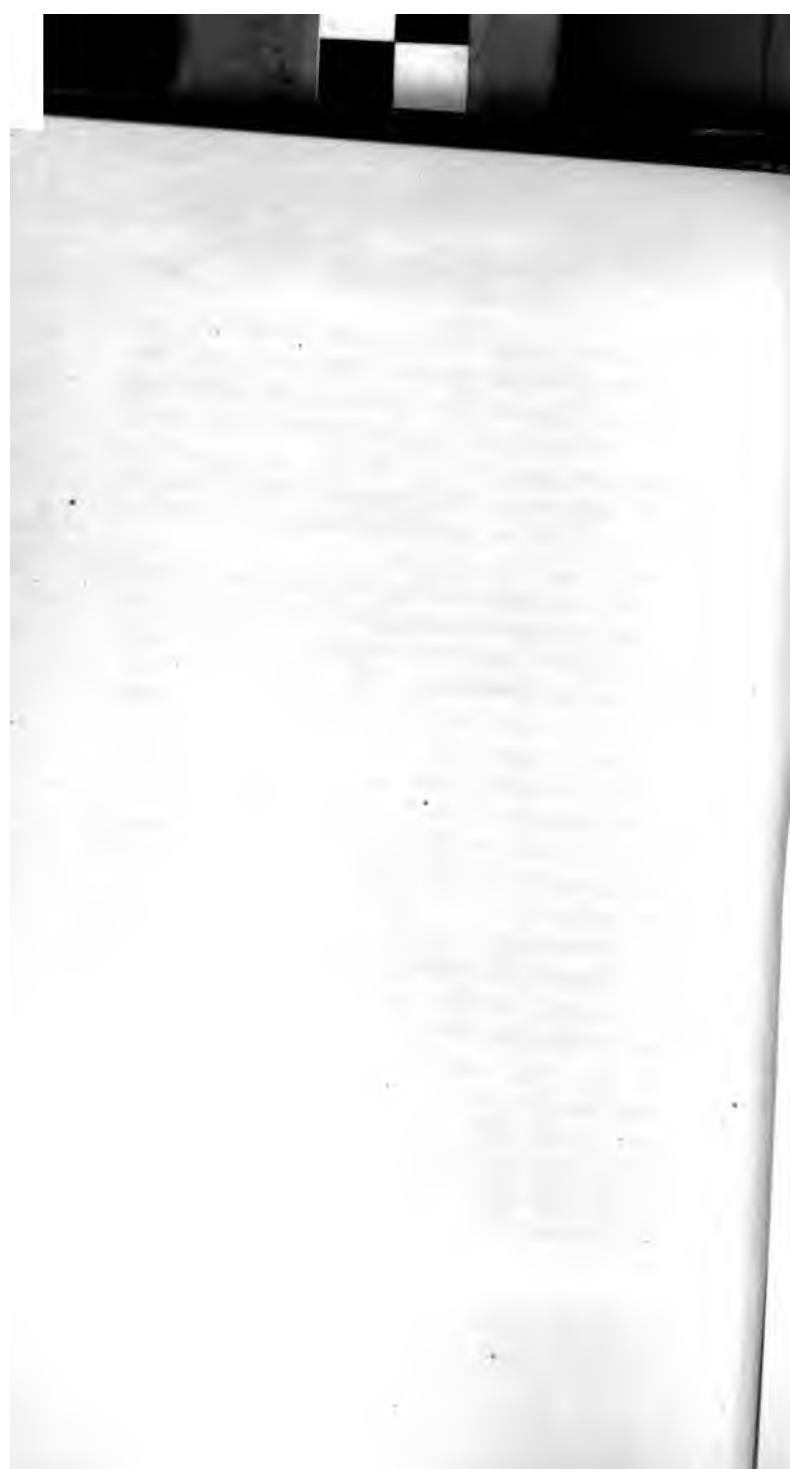
The Consul arose; the people shouted themselves hoarse; the editor came down from his seat and crowned the victors.

The fortunate man among the boxers was a low-browed, yellow-haired Saxon, of such brutalized face as to attract a second look from Ben-Hur, who recognized a teacher with whom he himself had been a favorite at Rome. From him the young Jew looked up and beheld Simonides and his party on the balcony. They waved their hands to him. Esther kept her seat; but Iras arose, and gave him a smile and a wave of her fan— favors not the less intoxicating to him because we know, O reader, they would have fallen to Messala had he been the victor.

The procession was then formed, and, midst the shouting of the multitude which had had its will, passed out of the Gate of Triumph.

And the day was over.

LEW WALLACE.





PART SECOND.







BEST SELECTIONS

NUMBER 17.

INGÉ, THE BOY-KING.

[Abridged.]

THE incident upon which this poem is founded occurred in the year 1206, during the great civil war which raged in Norway from 1137 to 1240. The loyalists were called Birchlegs, a name first used derisively, because of their habit of wearing shoes made of birch bark, but afterward adopted as a name of honor. The rebels were called Baglers—i. e., Crookmen—because their chief for a long time was the crafty and treacherous Bishop Nicholas.

“Hail to the King!

Ingé, the boy-king, the hope of the land!

And the foul rebel band—

May the plague overtake them,

And burn them and shake them,

That ruin would bring

To Ingé, the King!”

Now the hoarse shouts are hushed

Though the midnight still quakes,

And the hearth-flames that rushed

Like golden-red snakes

Up the black-throated chimney have lost their wild
breath,

And writhe as in death.

For the boy-king slept.
In Nidaros town
He had made a wedding of wide renown
For Sigrid, his sister. No vigil kept
The sentries that night; for the darkness flung
Its ample mantle from earth to sky;
Black like a pall o'er the castle hung
Its heavy folds, which no foeman would try
With his sword to pierce. It were safe to sleep
In a gloom so deep.

Fitfully down
Whirled the snow over Nidaros town.
But hush! From the bar
Of the harbor a clank comes—or rather, a jar!
A crunching of keels on the edge of the ice,
A flapping of sails and the creak of a spar!
Now it is silent. Nay, once—now twice,
Comes a muffled command! Again it is still.
Only the snow
Sweeps in gusts from the fiord below.
Hark! What is that? 'Tis only the wind—
Storm-voices haunting the darkness blind,
Filling the soul with forebodings of ill.

Out of the dark
Wildly struggles a dog's harsh bark
From a lonely wharf; and a comrade in town
Dismally howls, the tempest to drown.
But the Birchlegs sleep,
Unheeding the shapes that, like ghosts of the
storm,
Up from the piers o'er the hill-sides swarm

And swift mid the deep
Smoke-ridged snow-drifts with shadowy tread
Noiselessly spread.

That is the chief —
Old Bishop Nick—accursed be his name!
Norway's realm thou, varlet, would'st claim?
Stretchest thy hand, thou ravenous thief,
Through the storm and the gloom of the buried
town
For Norway's crown!

Hail to the King!
Angels that guard him, his sleep-drunken eyes
Ope and arouse him and bid him arise!
Hand him his sword! There it gleams o'er his
head!
Flamelets of red
Dance in the steel! Hear it clank! hear it ring,
Trembling to wake from his slumber the King!
Up then, my liege lord, to horse and away!
Death is upon thee ere breaking of day!
Grasp thy good blade and sing with it soon
The rebels a tune!

Saints, what a night!
Was it the storm-wind that thumped on the door,
Howled down the smoke-hole and shrieked in its
flight,
Wailed like a soul torn with anguish and fright,
Swept the dead ashes in whirls o'er the floor
And died in a roar?
Nay, but the voice and the groan, as of pain

That was a man's voice! Some one is slain!
Crash goes the door, and over it bounds
Reidulf, the guardsman, all dripping with wounds
Yell upon yell cleaves the night, far and near:
"Rouse thee, King Ingé, the Baglers are here!"

Out of his bed
Tumbled the boy-king, bewildered with sleep.
Whiz-z! O'er his head
Struck a fierce arrow that with a sharp clang
Quivering rang.
Steel-fangéd shafts that sped from the deep
Bosom of darkness stuck in the wall.
Out of the gloom came a hurried call:
"Hie thee, my liege lord; here is my knife,
Shield thee behind me! Down with thy head!
Stoop, sire; now follow! When I am dead,
Fly for thy life."

"Nay, it were vain.
Save thine own life, man. Where is my sword?"
"Cling to me! Parley not, dearest my lord!
Hie thee amain!"
Straight on his back that was bleeding and sore
Raised he King Ingé and burst through the door.
Swiftly each Bagler that rose from the gloom
Sped to his doom.
Heavy the blows that he took and he gave,
Reidulf the brave!

Black was the night.
Sounds as of thundering chariots' roll
Shook the wide sky; and the anxious toll,
From the church-tower's height,

Of the tocsin that pealed and summoned in fright
Birchlegs to fight.
But how in the dark,
Unlit by the moon or a star's faint spark,
Could their thirsty spears or their sword-points know
Brother from foe !

Alas for the King !
Snow-flakes borne on the tempest's wing
Lashed, as with scourges, his naked breast ;
Bit, as with fangs, his frost-numbered face ;
Hugged him close in an icy embrace,
Howled in his ears with a savage zest,
Smote with age his golden-brown hair
That streamed in the air.

On like the wind,
Over hill, over dale, over snow-clad field
Where the screams and the clash of the sword on
the shield
Sounded far behind,
Now half-muffled, and oft-times lost,
'Mid the roaring of pine-tops tempest-tossed,
Reidulf with tottering footsteps sped ;
Sank in the snow ; and a crimson stain
Showed where he fell—where he rose again ;
From his wounds that bled
Shot a burning pain like a poisonous sting ;
But he heeded naught save this one thing —
The King !

Like a mighty harp
Chanted the pines tempestuous hymns

That swept through the sky ; while the storm-
shaken limbs
Stung their faces with needles sharp
And checked their flight ;
By their long gaunt hands in the darkness black
The King was torn from his rescuer's back ;
And Reidulf, chilled by a sudden fright,
Stooped aghast in the snow to fold
His lord in his arms ; when, rebounding, the
bough
Felled him to earth ; he crept, he rolled ;
Found the King ; he touched his brow—
It was icy cold !

A shiver ! A groan !
“ Ye angels ! he lives ! Arouse thee, my lord !
That drowse means death ! To strength restored,
Thou soon shalt sit in state on thy throne.
Here is my cloak—I'll wrap thee warm—
My jerkin, my hose—thy poor cold breast
I'll shield from the rage of the merciless storm,
Arouse thee, arouse thee, by God's holy rood !
Yield not to thy torpor ; thou soon shalt rest.
My father's house lies beyond the wood ;
There thou art safe as a bird in his nest.
With hearts and with tongues they'll greet thee
and sing,
'Hail to the King!' ”

Then lifting the King in his aching arm,
He shielded him bravely from cold and harm,
And staggered downward through gloom and snow
Toward the vale below.

A shimmer of light
Flushed the east and anon grew bright,
The wind was still,
In dale, upon hill,
When the folk of the Orkdale farm beheld
(O pity! with horror their heart-blood froze!)
A pallid phantom that stumbled and reeled
Out of the forest, across the field,
And yet, by some fitful force impelled,
Rose from each fall—or half arose—
Bearing a burden. Nearer he came—
In his half-quenched eyes a flickering flame.
To the threshold he crawled, and there fell prone
On the icy stone.
“Hail to the King!” he hoarsely cried,
And gasped—and died.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

THE USUAL WAY.

THERE was once a little man, and his rod and line
he took,
For he said, “I’ll go a-fishing in the neighboring
brook.”
And it chanced a little maiden was walking out that
day,
And they met—in the usual way.

Then he sat him down beside her, and an hour or two
went by,
But still upon the grassy brink his rod and line did lie;

"I thought," she shyly whispered, "you'd be fishing all the day!"

And he was—in the usual way.

So he gravely took his rod in hand and threw the line about,

But the fish perceived distinctly he was not looking out;

And he said, "Sweetheart, I love you," but she said she could not stay,

But she did—in the usual way.

Then the stars came out above them, and she gave a little sigh

As they watched the silver ripples like the moments running by;

"We must say good-bye," she whispered by the alders old and gray.

And they did—in the usual way.

And day by day beside the stream, they wandered to and fro,

And day by day the fishes swam securely down below,
Till this little story ended, as such little stories may,

Very much—in the usual way.

And now that they are married, do they always bill and coo?

Do they never fret and quarrel, like other couples do?
Does he cherish her and love her? does she honor and

obey?

Well, they do—in the usual way.

PENN'S MONUMENT.

BORN in stormy times, William Penn walked amid troubled waters all his days. In an age of bitter persecution and unbridled wickedness, he never wronged his conscience. A favored member of a court where statesmanship was intrigue and trickery, where the highest morality was corruption, he never stained his hands with a bribe. Living under a government at war with the people, and educated in a school that taught the doctrine of passive obedience, his lifelong dream was of popular government, of a State where the people ruled.

In his early manhood, at the bidding of conscience, against the advice of his dearest friends, in opposition to stern paternal commands, against every dictate of worldly wisdom and human prudence, in spite of all the dazzling temptations of ambition so alluring to the heart of a young man, he turned away from the broad fair highway to wealth, position, and distinction that the hands of a king opened before him, and, casting his lot with the sect weakest and most unpopular in England, through paths that were tangled with trouble, and lined with pitiless thorns of persecution, he walked into honor and fame, and the reverence of the world, such as royalty could not promise, and could not give him.

In the land where he planted his model State, to-day, no descendant bears his name. In the religious society for which he suffered banishment from home, persecution, and the prison, to-day, no child of his blood and name walks in Christian fellowship, nor stands covered in worship. His name has faded out of the living meet-

ings of the Friends, out of the land that crowns his memory with sincerest reverence. Even the uncertain stone that would mark his grave stands doubtfully among the kindred ashes that hallow the ground where he sleeps.

But his monument, grander than storied column of granite, or noble shapes of bronze, is set in the glittering brilliants of mighty States between the seas. His noblest epitaph is written in the State that bears his honored name. The little town he planned to be his capital has become a city larger in area than any European capital he knew. Beyond his fondest dreams has grown the State he planted in the wilderness by "deeds of peace." Out of the gloomy mines that slept in rayless mystery beneath its mountains while he lived, the measureless wealth of his model State sparkles and glows on millions of hearthstones. From its forests of derricks and miles of creeping pipe lines, the world is lighted from the State of Penn with a radiance to which the sons of the founder's sons were blind. Roaring blast and smoky forge and ringing hammer are tearing and breaking the wealth of princes from his mines, that the founder never knew.

Clasping the continent from sea to sea, stretches a chain of States as free as his own. From sunrise to sunset reaches a land where the will of the people is the supreme law—a land that never felt the pressure of a throne, and never saw a sceptre. And in the heart of the city that was his capital, in old historic halls, still stands the bell that first, in the name of the doctrines he taught his colonists, proclaimed liberty throughout the land, and to all the inhabitants thereof. This is his monument, and every noble charity gracing this State is his epitaph.

R. J. BURDETTE

LORD DUNDREARY'S RIDDLES.

ONE of the many popular delusions wespecting the Bwedish swell is the supposition that he leads an independent life—goes to bed when he likes, gets up when he likes, d-dwesses how he likes, and dines when he pleases.

The public are gwossly deceived on this point. A weal swell is as m-much under authowity as a pwivate in the marines, a clerk in a government office, or a f-fourth-form boy at Eton. Now I come under the demon—demonima—(no—thop—what is the word?)—dom—denom—d-denomination,—that 'th it—I come under the de-denomination of a swell—(in—in fact—a howwid swell—some of my friends call me, but that 'th only their flattewy), and I assure you a f-fellah in that capacity is so much westained by rules of f-fashion, that he can scarcely call his eye-glath his own. A swell, I take it, is a fellah who t-takes care that he swells as well as swells who swell as well as he (there's thuch a lot of thwel-ling in that thentence—ha, ha!—it's what you might c-call a busting definition). What I mean is, that a f-fellah is obliged to do certain things at certain times of the year, whether he likes 'em or no. For instance, in the season I've got to go to a lot of balls and dwums and tea-fights in town, that I don't care a bit about, and to show myself in the Park wegularly ewewy afternoon; and latht month I had to victimize mythelf down in the countwy—shooting (a bwutal sort of amusement, by the way). Well, about the end of October ewewy one goes to Bwighton,

n-no one knowth why—that 'th the betht of it—
and so I had to go too—that's the wortht of it—
ha, ha!

Not that it's such a b-bad place after all—I d-dare
say if I hadn't had to go I should have gone all the
same, for what is a f-fellah to do who ithn't much of
a sportsman just about this time? There 'th n-noth-
ing particular going on in London. Everthing is
b-beathly dull; so I thought I would just run down
on the Southeastern Railway to be—ha, ha!—
Bwightoned up a bit. (Come, th-that's not bad for
an impromptu!)

That weminds me of a widdle I made down there
(I—I've taken to widdles lately, and weally it 'th a
vewy harmleth thort of a way of getting through the
morning, and it amuthes two f-fellahs at onth, be-
cause if—if you athk a fellah a widdle, and he can't
guess it, you can have a jolly good laugh at him, and
—if he—if he doth guess it, he—I mean you—no
—that is the widdle—stop, I—I'm getting con-
futhed—where wath I? Oh! I know. If—if he doth
guess it . . . however, it ithn't vewy likely he
would—so what's the good of thupposing impwoba-
bilities?) Well, thith was the widdle I made—I
thed to Sloper (Sloper's a fwiend of mine—a vewy
good thort of fellah Sloper is—I d-don't know exactly
what his pwofession would be called, but hith uncle
got him into a b-berth where he gets f-five hundred
a year—f-for doing nothing—s-somewhere—I forget
where—but I—I know he does it),—I said to Sloper,
“Why is a fellah with a b-bassoon l-like his own
instrument?” and Sloper said, “How—how the dooth

should I know?" (Ha, ha!—I thought he'd give it up!) So I said to Sloper, "Why, b-because they both get blown—in time!" You thee the joke, of course, but I don't think Sloper did, thomehow; all he thed was "V-vewy mild, Dundreary"—and t-tho—it was mild—thertainly, f-for October, but I d-don't thee why a f-fellah should go making wemarks about the weather instead of laughing at m-my widdle.

Bwighton is filling fast now. You see dwoves of ladies evey day on horseback, widing about in all diwections. By the way, I—I muthn't forget to mention that I met those two girls that always laugh when they thee me, at a tea-fight. One of 'em—the young one—told me, when I was intwoduiced to her, —in—in confidence, mind,—that she had often heard of me and of my widdles. Tho you thee I'm getting quite a weputation that way. The other morning, at Mutton's, she wath ch-chaffing me again, and begging me to tell her the latetht thing in widdles. Now, I hadn't heard any mythelf for thome time, tho I couldn't give her any vewy great novelty, but a fwiend of mine made one latht theason which I thought wather neat, tho I athked her, When ith a jar not a jar? Thingularly enough, the moment she heard thith widdle she burtht out laughing behind her pocket-handkerchief!

"Good gwacious! what 'th the matter?" said I.
"Have you ever heard it before?"

"Never," she said emphatically, "in that form; do, please tell me the answer."

So I told her,—When it ith a door! Upon which she—she went off again in hystewics. I—I—I never did see such a girl for laughing. I know it's a good

widdle, but I didn't think it would have such an effect as that.

By the way, Sloper told me afterwards that he thought he had heard the widdle before, somewhere, but it was put in a different way. He said it was : When ith a door not a door?—and the answer. When it ith a jar !

I—I've been thinking over the matter lately, and though I dare thay it—d-don't much matter which way the question is put, still—pwaps the last f-form is the betht. It—it seems to me to wead better. What do you think ?

Now I weckomember, I made such a jolly widdle the other day on the Ethplanade. I thaw a fellah with a big New—Newfoundland dog, and he inthpired me—the dog, you know, not the fellah—he was a lunatic. I'm keeping the widdle, but I don't mind telling you.

Why does a dog waggle his tail ? Give it up ? I think motht fellahs will give that up !

You thee, the dog waggles hith tail becauth the dog's stwonger than the tail. If he wathn't, the tail would waggle the dog !

Ye-eth—that 'th what I call a widdle. If I can only wecollect it, I thall athtonish those two girls thome of these days.

THE HEAVENLY GUEST.

[From the Russian of Count Tolstoï.]

(St. Nicholas.)

THE winter night shuts swiftly down. Within his
 little humble room
 Martin, the good old shoemaker, sits musing in the
 gathering gloom.
 His tiny lamp from off its hook he takes, and lights its
 friendly beam,
 Reaches for his beloved book and reads it by the flicker-
 ing gleam.

Long pores he o'er the sacred page. At last he lifts his
 shaggy head.
 "If unto me the Master came, how should I welcome
 Him?" he said;
 "Should I be like the Pharisee, with selfish thoughts
 filled to the brim,
 Or like the sorrowing sinner—she who weeping min-
 istered to Him?"

He laid his head upon his arms, and while he thought,
 upon him crept
 Slumber so gentle and so soft he did not realize he
 slept.
 "Martin!" he heard a low voice call. He started,
 looked toward the door:
 No one was there. He dozed again. "Martin!" he
 heard it call once more.

"Martin, to-morrow I will come. Look out upon the street for me."

He rose and slowly rubbed his eyes, and gazed about him drowsily.

"I dreamed," he said, and went to rest. Waking sometimes with morning light,

He wondered, "Were they but a dream, the words I seemed to hear last night?"

Then, working by his window low, he watched the passers to and fro.

Poor Stephen, feeble, bent, and old, was shoveling away the snow;

Martin at last laughed at himself for watching all so eagerly.

"What fool am I! What look I for? Think I the Master's face to see?"

"I must be going daft, indeed!" He turned him to his work once more,

And stitched awhile, but presently found he was watching as before.

Old Stephen leaned against the wall, weary and out of breath was he.

"Come in, friend," Martin cried, "come, rest, and warm yourself, and have some tea."

"May Christ reward you!" Stephen said, rejoicing in the welcome heat;

"I was so tired!" "Sit," Martin begged, "be comforted and drink and eat."

But even while his grateful guest refreshed his chilled and toil-worn frame

Did Martin's eyes still strive to scan each passing form that went and came.

"Are you expecting somebody?" old Stephen asked.
And Martin told,
Though half ashamed, his last night's dream. "Truly,
I am not quite so bold
As to expect a thing like that," he said, "yet, somehow,
still I look!"
With that from off its shelf he took his worn and precious Holy Book.

"Yesterday I was reading here, how among simple folk
He walked
Of old, and taught them. Do you know about it?
No?" So then he talked
With joy to Stephen. "Jesus said, 'The kind, the
generous, the poor,
Blessed are they, the humble souls, to be exalted ever-
more.'"

With tears of gladness in his eyes poor Stephen rose
and went his way,
His soul and body comforted; and quietly passed on the
day,
Till Martin from his window saw a woman shivering in
the cold,
Trying to shield her little babe with her thin garment
worn and old.

He called her in and fed her, too, and while she ate he
did his best
To make the tiny baby smile, that she might have a
little rest;
"Now may Christ bless you, sir!" she cried, when
warmed and cheered she would have gone;
He took his old cloak from the wall. "'Twill keep the
cold out. Put it on,"

She wept. "Christ led you to look out and pity
wretched me," said she.

Martin replied, "Indeed He did!" and told his story
earnestly,

How the low voice said, "I will come," and he had
watched the livelong day.

'All things are possible,' she said, and then she, also,
went her way.

Once more he sat him down to work, and on the passers-
by to look,

Till the night fell, and then again he lit his lamp and
took his book.

Another happy hour was spent, when all at once he
seemed to hear

A rustling sound behind his chair; he listened without
thought of fear.

He peered about. Did something move in yonder cor-
ner dim and dark?

Was that a voice that spoke his name? "Did you not
know me, Martin?" "Hark!

Who spoke?" cried Martin. "It is I," replied the
Voice, and Stephen stepped

Forth from the dusk and smiled at him, and Martin's
heart within him leapt!

Then like a cloud was Stephen gone, and once again did
Martin hear

That heavenly Voice. "And this is I," sounded in
tones divinely clear.

From out the darkness softly came the woman with the
little child,

Gazing at him with gentle eyes, and, as she vanished
sweetly smiled.

Then Martin thrilled with solemn joy. Upon the sacred
page read he:

"Hungry was I, ye gave me meat; thirsty, and ye gave
drink to me;

A stranger I, ye took me in, and as unto the lowliest
one

Of these my brethren, even the least, ye did it, unto me
'twas done."

And Martin understood at last it was no vision born of
sleep,

And all his soul in prayer and praise filled with a rap-
ture still and deep.

He had not been deceived, it was no fancy of the twi-
light dim,

But glorious truth! The Master came, and he had
ministered to Him.

CELIA THAXTER.

LEXINGTON.

SLOWLY the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,
Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun,
When from his couch, while his children were sleeping
Rose the bold rebel, and shouldered his gun.

Waving her golden veil

Over the silent dale,

Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire,

Hushed was his parting sigh,

While from his noble eye

Flashed the last sparkle of Liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing,
Calmly the first-born of glory have met ;
Hush ! the death-volley around them is ringing !
Look ! with their life-blood the young grass is wet !
Faint is the feeble breath,
Murmuring low in death,
" Tell to our sons how their fathers have died ;"
Nerveless the iron hand,
Raised for its native land,
Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling,
From their far hamlets the yeomanry come ;
As through the storm-clouds the thunder-burst rolling,
Circles the beat of the mustering drum.
Fast on the soldier's path
Darken the waves of wrath,
Long have they gathered, and loud shall they fall,
Red glares the musket's flash,
Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
Biazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,
Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,
Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,
Reeled with the echoes that rode on the gale ;
Far as the tempest thrills,
Over the darkened hills,
Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,
Roused by the tyrant band,
Woke all the mighty land,
Girded for battle, from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying !
Shroudless and tombless they sank to their rest,
While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying,
Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.
Borne on her Northern pine,
Long o'er the foamy brine,
Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun !
Heaven keep her ever free,
Wide as o'er land and sea
Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

IGNORANCE A CRIME, IN A REPUBLIC.

IN all the dungeons of the Old World, where the strong champions of freedom are now pining in captivity beneath the remorseless power of the tyrant, the morning sun does not send a glimmering ray into their cells, nor does night draw a thicker veil of darkness between them and the world, but the lone prisoner lifts his iron-laden arms to heaven in prayer, that we, the depositaries of freedom and of human hopes, may be faithful to our sacred trust ; while, on the other hand, the pensioned advocates of despotism stand, with listening ear, to catch the first sound of lawless violence that is wafted from our shores, to note the first breach of faith or act of perfidy amongst us, and to convert them into arguments against liberty and the rights of man.

The experience of the ages that are past, the hopes of the ages that are yet to come, unite their voices in an appeal to us ; they implore us to think more of the char-

acter of our people than of its numbers; to look upon our vast natural resources, not as tempters to ostentation and pride, but as a means to be converted, by the refining alchemy of education, into mental and spiritual treasures; they supplicate us to seek, for whatever complacency or self-satisfaction we are disposed to indulge, not in the extent of our territory or in the products of our soil, but in the expansion and perpetuation of the means of human happiness; they beseech us to exchange the luxuries of sense for the joys of charity, and thus give to the world the example of a nation whose wisdom increases with its prosperity, and whose virtues are equal to its power. For these ends they enjoin upon us a more earnest, a more universal, a more religious devotion to our exertions and resources, to the culture of the youthful mind and heart of the nation. Their gathered voices assert the eternal truth, that, in a republic, ignorance is a crime; and that private immorality is not less an opprobrium to the state than it is guilt in the perpetrator.

HORACE MANN.

THE DEAD MARCH.

TRAMP, tramp, tramp, in the drunkard's way
March the feet of a million men;
If none shall pity and none shall save,
Where will the march they are making end?
The young, the strong, the old are there
In woful ranks as they hurry past,
With not a moment to think or care
What is the fate that comes at last.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, to a drunkard's doom,
Out of a boyhood pure and fair—
Over the thoughts of love and home—
Past the check of a mother's prayer;
Onward swift to a drunkard's crime,
Over the plea of wife and child,
Over the holiest ties of time—
Reason dethroned, and soul gone wild.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, till a drunkard's grave
Covers the broken life of shame—
Whilst the spirit Jesus died to save
Meets a future we dare not name.
God help us all, there's a cross to bear,
And work to do for the mighty throng!
God give us strength, till the toil and prayer
Shall end one day in the victor's song!
MARY T. LATHROP

THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market-day;
A low-backed car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And decked with flowers of spring,
No flower was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in the low-backed car,
The man at the turnpike bar

Never asked for the toll,
But just rubbed his owld poll,
And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars
With hostile scythes demands his tithes
Of death—in warlike cars;
While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her bright eye
That knock men down in the market-town,
As right and left they fly;
While she sits in her low-backed car
Than battle more dangerous far—
For the doctor's art
Cannot cure the heart
That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy round her cart, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far outnumber these;
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle-dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of love;
While she sits in her low-backed car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin'
As she sits in her low-backed car.

Oh! I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,

Than a coach and four, and gold galore,
And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit forinst me,
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
With my arm around her waist,
While we drove in the low-backed car
To be married by Father Maher;
Oh! my heart would beat high
At her glance and her sigh,
Though it beat in a low-backed car.

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN CREATION.

WERE all the interesting diversities of color and form to disappear, how unsightly, dull, and wearisome would be the aspect of the world! The pleasures conveyed to us by the endless varieties with which these sources of beauty are presented to the eye, are so much things of course, and exist so much without intermission, that we scarcely think either of their nature, their number, or the great proportion which they constitute in the whole mass of our enjoyment. But, were an inhabitant of this country to be removed from its delightful scenery to the midst of an Arabian desert, a boundless expanse of sand, a waste, spread with uniform desolation, enlivened by the murmur of no stream, and cheered by the beauty of no verdure; although he might live in a palace, and riot in splendor and luxury, he would, I think, find life a dull, wearisome, melancholy round of existence; and, amid all his gratifications, would sigh for the

hills and valleys of his native land, the brooks and rivers, the living lustre of the spring, and the rich glories of the autumn. The ever-varying brilliancy and grandeur of the landscape, and the magnificence of the sky, sun, moon, and stars enter more extensively into the enjoyment of mankind, than we, perhaps, ever think, or can possibly apprehend, without frequent and extensive investigation. This beauty and splendor of the objects around us, it is ever to be remembered, is not necessary to their existence, nor to what we commonly intend by their usefulness. It is, therefore, to be regarded as a source of pleasure gratuitously superinduced upon the general nature of the objects themselves, and, in this light, as a testimony of the divine goodness peculiarly affecting.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

MY WIFE IS A WOMAN OF MIND.

MY wife is a woman of mind,
And Deville, who examined her bumps,
Vowed that never were found in a woman
Such large intellectual lumps.
"Ideality" big as an egg,
With "Causality" great, was combined;
He charged me ten shillings and said,
"Sir, your wife is a woman of mind."

She's too clever to care how she looks,
And will horrid blue spectacles wear,
Not because she supposes they give her
A fine intellectual air;

No! She pays no regard to appearance,
And combs all her front hair behind,
Not because she is proud of her forehead,
But because she's a woman of mind.

She makes me a bushel of verses,
But never a pudding or tart.
If I hint I should like one, she vows
I'm an animal merely, at heart;
Though I've noticed she spurns not the pastry.
Whene'er at a friend's we have din'd,
And has always had two plates of pudding—
Such plates! for a woman of mind.

Not a stitch does she do but a distich,
Mends her pen, too, instead of my clothes;
I haven't a shirt with a button,
Nor a stocking that's sound at the toes;
If I ask her to darn me a pair,
She replies she has work more refined;
Besides, to be seen darning stockings!
Is it fit for a woman of mind?

The children are squalling all day,
For they're left to the care of a maid.
My wife can't attend to "the units,"
"The millions" are wanting her aid,
And its vulgar to care for one's offspring—
The mere brute has a love of its kind,
But she loves the whole human fam'ly,
For she is a woman of mind.

Everything is an inch thick in dust,
And the servants do just as they please;

The ceiling is covered with cobwebs,
The beds are all swarming with fleas;
The windows have never been clean'd,
And as black as your hat is each blind;
But by wife's nobler things to attend to,
For she is a woman of mind.

The nurse steals the tea and the sugar,
The cook sells the candles as grease,
And gives all the cold meat away
To her lover, who's in the police;
When I hint that the housekeeping's heavy
And hard is money to find,
"Money's vile, filthy dross!" she declares,
"And unworthy a woman of mind."

When'er she goes out to a dance
She refuses to join in the measure,
For dancing she can't but regard
As an unintellectual pleasure.
So she gives herself up to enjoyments
Of a more intellectual kind,
And picks all the people to pieces,
Like a regular woman of mind.

She speaks of her favorite authors
In terms far from pleasant to hear.
"Charles Dickens" she vows "is a darling!"
"And Bulwer," she says, "is a dear;"
"Wilkie Collins" with her "is an angel,"
And I'm an "illiterate hind,"
Upon whom her fine intellect's wasted,
I'm not fit for a woman of mind.

She goes not to church on a Sunday,
Church is all very well in its way,
But she is too highly informed
Not to know all the parson would say;
It does well enough for the servants,
And was for poor people design'd,
But, bless you! it's no good to her,
For she is a woman of mind.

LABOR.

THERE is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were a man ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in him who actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into real harmony. He bends himself with free valor against his task; and doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The glow of labor in him is a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up; and of smoke itself there is made a bright and blessed flame.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose. Labor is life. From the heart of the worker rises the celestial force, breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge. Hast thou valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes? In wrestling with the dim, brute powers of Fact, thou wilt continually learn. For every noble

work, the possibilities are diffused through immensity—undiscoverable, except to Faith.

Man, son of heaven! is there not in thine inmost heart a spirit of active method, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it? Complain not. Look up, wearied brother. See thy fellow-workmen surviving through eternity—the sacred band of immortals!

THOMAS CARLYLE.

STORY OF JOHN MAYNARD.

JOHN MAYNARD was well known in the lake district as a God-fearing, honest, and intelligent pilot. He was pilot on a steamboat from Detroit to Buffalo, one summer afternoon—at that time those steamers seldom carried boats—smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out:

“Simpson, go below and see what the matter is down there.”

Simpson came up with his face pale as ashes, and said, “Captain, the ship is on fire.”

Then “Fire! fire! fire!” on shipboard.

All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed on the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board, and it was found useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot:

“How far are we from Buffalo?”

“Seven miles.”

“How long before we can reach there?”

“Three-quarters of an hour at our present rate of steam.”

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger, here—see the smoke bursting out—go forward, if you would save your lives."

Passengers and crew—men, women, and children—crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose. The captain cried out through his trumpet:

"John Maynard!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Are you at the helm?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"How does she head?"

"Southeast by east, sir."

"Head her southeast and run her on shore," said the captain.

Nearer, nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out:

"John Maynard!"

The response came feebly this time, "Aye, aye, sir!"

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?" he said.

"By God's help, I will."

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand disabled, his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship; every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to its God.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

THE RIDING TO THE TOURNAMENT.

OVER meadows purple-flower'd,
Through the dark lanes oak-embower'd,
Over commons dry and brown,
Through the silent red-roof'd town,
Past the reapers and the sheaves,
Over white roads strewn with leaves,
By the gipsy's ragged tent,
Rode we to the Tournament.

Over clover wet with dew,
Whence the sky-lark, startled, flew,
Through brown fallows, where the hare
Leapt up from its subtle lair,
Past the mill-stream and the reeds
Where the stately heron feeds,
By the warren's sunny wall,
Where the dry leaves shake and fall,
By the hall's ancestral trees,
Bent and writhing in the breeze,
Rode we all with one intent,
Gayly to the Tournament.

Golden sparkles, flashing gem,
Lit the robes of each of them,
Cloak of velvet, robe of silk,
Mantle snowy-white as milk,
Rings upon our bridle-hand,
Jewels on our belt and band,
Bells upon our golden reins,
Tinkling spurs and shining chains—

In such merry mob we went
Riding to the Tournament.

Laughing voices, scraps of song,
Lusty music loud and strong,
Rustling of the banners blowing,
Whispers as of rivers flowing,
Whistle of the hawks we bore
As they rise and as they soar,
Now and then a clash of drums
As the rabble louder hums,
Now and then a burst of horns
Sounding over brooks and bourns,
As in merry guise we went
Riding to the Tournament.

There were abbots fat and sleek,
Nuns in couples, pale and meek,
Jugglers tossing cups and knives,
Yeomen with their buxom wives,
Pages playing with the curls
Of the rosy village girls,
Grizzly knights with faces scarr'd,
Staring through their visors barr'd,
Huntsmen cheering with a shout
At the wild stag breaking out,
Harper, stately as a king,
Touching now and then a string,
As our revel laughing went
To the solemn Tournament.

Charger with the massy chest,
Foam-spots flecking mane and breast,

Pacing stately, pawing ground,
Fretting for the trumpet's sound,
White and sorrel, roan and bay,
Dappled, spotted, black, and gray,
Palfreys snowy as the dawn,
Ponies sallow as the fawn,
All together neighing went
Tramping to the Tournament.

Long hair scatter'd in the wind,
Curls that flew a yard behind,
Flags that struggled like a bird
Chain'd and restive—not a word
But half buried in a laugh
And the lance's gilded staff
Shaking when the bearer shook
At the jester's merry look,
As he grins upon his mule,
Like an urchin leaving school,
Shaking bauble, tossing bells,
At the merry jest he tells—
So in happy mood we went
Laughing to the Tournament.

Riding fast the country over
Through the stubble and the clover,
By the crystal-dropping springs,
Where the road-dust clogs and clings
To the pearl-leaf of the rose,
Where the tawdry nightshade blows,
And the bramble twines its chains
Through the sunny village lanes,
Where the thistle sheds its seed,
And the goldfinch loves to feed,

By the milestone green with moss,
By the broken wayside cross,
In a merry band we went
Shouting to the Tournament.

Pilgrims with their hood and cowl,
Pursy burghers cheek by jowl,
Archers with the peacock's wing
Fitting to the waxen string,
Peddlers with their pack and bags,
Beggars with their colored rags,
Silent monks, whose stony eyes
Rest in trance upon the skies,
All in gay confusion went
To the royal Tournament.

Players with the painted face
And a drunken man's grimace,
Grooms who praise their raw-boned steeds,
Old wives telling maple beads,
Blackbirds from the hedges broke,
Black crows from the beeches croak,
Glossy swallows in dismay
From the mill-stream fled away,
The angry swan, with ruffled breast,
Frown'd upon her osier nest,
The wren hopp'd restless on the brake,
The otter made the sedges shake,
The butterfly before our rout
Flew like a blossom blown about,
The color'd leaves, a globe of life,
Spun round and scatter'd as in strife,
Sweeping down the narrow lane
Like the slant shower of the rain ;

The lark in terror, from the sod,
Flew up and straight appeal'd to God,
As a noisy band we went
Trotting to the Tournament.

But when we saw the holy town,
With its river and its down,
Then the drums began to beat,
And the flutes piped mellow sweet;
Then the deep and full bassoon
Murmur'd like a wood in June,
And the fifes, so sharp and bleak,
All at once began to speak.
Hear the trumpets clear and loud,
Full-tongued, eloquent, and proud,
And the dulcimer that ranges
Through such wild and plaintive changes
Merry sound the jester's shawm,
To our gladness giving form;
And the shepherd's chalumeau,
Rich and soft, and sad and low;
Hark! the bagpipes squeak and groan—
Every herdsman has his own;
So in measured step we went
Pacing to the Tournament.

All at once the chimes break out,
Then we hear the townsmen shout,
And the morris-dancers' bells
Tinkling in the grassy dells;
The bell-thunder from the tower
Adds its sound of doom and power,
As the cannon's loud salute
For a moment makes us mute,

Then again the laugh and joke
On the startled silence broke ;—
Thus in merry mood we went
Laughing to the Tournament.

W. G. THORNBURY.

THE BOAT RACE.

THE 10th of June was a delightful summer day. The water was smooth and the crews were in the best possible condition.

The Algonquins wore plain gray flannel suits and white caps. The young ladies were all in dark-blue dresses, touched up with a red ribbon here and there, and wore light straw hats. The little coxswain of the Atlanta was the last to step on board. As she took her place, she carefully deposited at her feet a white handkerchief wrapped about something—perhaps a sponge, in case the boat should take in water.

At last the Algonquin shot out from the little nook where she lay, long, narrow, and shining, swift as a pickerel when he darts from the reedy shore. It was a beautiful sight to see the eight young fellows in their close-fitting suits, their brown muscular arms bare, bending their backs for the stroke, and recovering, as if they were parts of a single machine.

"The gals can't stan' it ag'in them fellers," said the old blacksmith from the village.

"You wait till the gals git a-goin'," said the carpenter, who had often worked in the gymnasium of the Corinna Institute, and knew something of their muscular accomplishments. "You ought to see 'em climb ropes, and

swing dumb-bells, and pull in them rowin' machines. Ask Jake, there, whether they can't row a mile in double quick time—he knows all about it."

Jake was by profession a fisherman, and a fresh-water fisherman in a country village is inspector-general of all that goes on out-of-doors, being a lazy, wandering sort of a fellow, whose study of the habits, and habitats of fishes gives him a kind of shrewdness of observation. Jake made his usual preliminary signal of hemming, and delivered himself thus: "Wahl, I don' know jest what to say. I've seed 'em both often enough when they was practicin', an' I tell ye they wa'n't no slouch abaout neither on 'em. But them boats is alfred long, 'n' eight on 'em stretched in a straight line eendways makes a considerable piece aut 'f a mile 'n' a haaf. I'd bate on them gals if it wa'n't that them fellers is naterally longer winded, as the gals'll find aut by the time they git raound the stake 'n' over ag'in the big ellum. I'll go ye a quarter on the pahnts agin the petticoats."

The Algonquins rowed up and down a few times before the spectators. They appeared in perfect training, mettlesome as colts, steady as draught horses, deep breathed as oxen, disciplined to work together as symmetrically as a single sculler pulls his pair of oars.

Five minutes passed, and all eyes were strained to the south, looking for the Atalanta. A clump of trees hid the edge of the lake along which the Corinna's boat was stealing toward the starting point. Presently the long shell swept into view, with its blooming rowers. How steadily the Atalanta came on! No rocking, no splashing, no apparent strain; the bow oar turning to look ahead every now and then, and watching her course, which seemed to be straight as an arrow, the beat

of the strokes as true and regular as the pulse of the healthiest rower among them all. If the sight of the other boat and its crew was beautiful, how lovely was the look of this: eight young girls—all in the flush of youth, all in vigorous health; every muscle taught its duty; each rower alert not to be a tenth of a second out of time, or let her oar dally with the water so as to lose an ounce of its propelling virtue; every eye kindling with the hope of victory. Each of the boats was cheered as it came in sight, but the cheers for the *Atalanta* were naturally the loudest, as the gallantry of one sex and the clear, high voices of the other gave it life and vigor.

"Take your places!" shouted the umpire, five minutes before the half-hour. The two boats felt their way slowly and cautiously to their positions. After a little backing and filling they got into line, and sat motionless, the bodies of the rowers bent forward, their arms outstretched, their oars in the water, waiting for the word. "Go!" shouted the umpire. Away sprang the *Atalanta*, and far behind her leaped the *Algonquin*, her oars bending like long Indian bows as their blades flashed through the water.

"A stern chase is a long chase," especially when one craft is a great distance behind the other. It looked as if it would be impossible for the rear boat to overcome the odds against it. Of course, the *Algonquin* kept gaining, but could it possibly gain enough? As the boats got farther and farther away, it became difficult to determine what change there was in the interval between them. But when they came to rounding the stake it was easier to guess at the amount of space which had been gained. Something like half the dis-

tance—four lengths as nearly as could be estimated—had been made up in rowing the first three-quarters of a mile. Could the Algonquins do a little better than this in the second half of the race-course they would be sure of winning.

The boats had turned the stake and were coming in rapidly. Every minute the University boat was getting nearer the other.

“Go it, 'Quins!” shouted the students.

“Pull away, 'Lantas!” screamed the girls, who were crowding down to the edge of the water.

Nearer, nearer—the rear boat is pressing the other more and more closely—a few more strokes and they will be even. It looks desperate for the Atalantas. The bow oar of the Algonquin turns his head. He sees the little coxswain leaning forward at every stroke, as if her trivial weight were of such mighty consequence—but a few ounces might turn the scale of victory. As he turned he got a glimpse of the stroke oar of the Atalanta; what a flash of loveliness it was! Her face was like the reddest of June roses, with the heat and the strain and passion of expected triumph. The upper button of her close-fitting flannel suit had strangled her as her bosom heaved with exertion, and it had given way before the fierce clutch she made at it. The bow oar was a staunch and steady rower, but he was human. The blade of his oar lingered in the water; a little more and he would have caught a crab, and perhaps lost the race by his momentary bewilderment.

The boat, which seemed as if it had all the life and nervousness of a Derby three-year-old, felt the slight check, and all her men bent more vigorously to their oars. The Atalanta saw the move-

ment, and made a spurt to keep their lead and gain upon it if they could. It was no use. The strong arms of the young men were too much for the young maidens; only a few lengths remained to be rowed, and they would certainly pass the *Atalanta* before she could reach the line.

The little coxswain saw that it was all up with the girls' crew if she could not save them by some strategic device. "*Dolus au virtus quis in hoste requirat*," she whispered to herself. As she stooped she lifted the handkerchief at her feet and took from it a flaming bouquet. "Look!" she cried, and flung it just forward of the track of the *Algonquin*.

The captain of the University boat turned his head, and there was the lovely vision which had, a moment before, bewitched him. The owner of all that loveliness must, he thought, have flung the bouquet. It was a challenge; how could he be such a coward as to decline accepting it? He was sure he could win the race now, and he would sweep past the line in triumph with the great bunch of flowers at the stern of his boat, proud as Van Tromp in the British Channel with the broom at his masthead. He turned the boat's head a little by backing water, and came up with the floating flowers, near enough to reach them. He stooped and snatched them up, with the loss perhaps of a second, no more. He felt sure of his victory.

The bow of the *Algonquin* passes the stern of the *Atalanta*! The bow of the *Algonquin* is on a level with the middle of the *Atalanta*—three more lengths and the college crew will pass the girls!

"Hurrah for the 'Quins!" The *Algonquin* ranges up alongside of the *Atalanta*!

"Through with her!" shouts the captain of the Algonquin.

"Now, girls!" shrieks the captain of the Atalanta.

They near the line, every rower straining desperately, almost madly. Crack goes the oar of the Atalanta's captain, and up flash its splintered fragments as the stem of her boat springs past the line, eighteen inches at least ahead of the Algonquin.

"Hooraw for the 'Lantas! Hooraw for the girls! Hooraw for the Institoot!" shout a hundred voices.

And there is loud laughing and cheering all round.

The pretty little captain had not studied her classical dictionary for nothing. "I have paid off an old 'score,'" she said. "Set down my damask roses against the golden apples of Hippomenes!" It was that one second lost in snatching up the bouquet which gave the race to the Atalantas!

UPWARD AND ONWARD.

THIS the part of a coward to brood
 O'er the past that is withered and dead;
 What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
 What though the heart's music be fled?
 Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead,
 When the voice of an angel thrills clear on the soul,
 "Gird about thee thine armor, press on to the goal!"

If the faults or the crimes of thy youth
 Are a burden too heavy to bear,
 What hope can rebloom on the desolate waste
 Of a jealous and craven despair?
 Down, down with the fetters of fear!

In the strength of thy valor and manhood arise,
With the faith that illumines and the will that defies.

"Too late!" through God's infinite word,
From his throne to life's nethermost fires—
"Too late!" is a phantom that flies at the dawn
Of the soul that repents and aspires.
If pure thou hast made thy desires,
There's no height the strong wings of immortals may
gain
Which in striving to reach thou shalt strive for in
vain.

Then up to the contest with fate,
Unbound by the past which is dead!
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the fair heavens o'erhead;
And sublime as the angel who rules in the sun
Beams the promise of peace when the conflict is won!
PAUL H. HAYNE

WALPOLE'S ATTACK ON PITT.

[WAS unwilling to interrupt the course of this debate while it was carried on with calmness and decency, by men who do not suffer the ardor of opposition to cloud their reason or transport them to such expressions as the dignity of this assembly does not admit. I have hitherto deferred answering the gentleman who declaimed against the bill with such fluency of rhetoric and such vehemence of gesture; who charged the advocates for

the expedients now proposed with having no regard to any interests but their own, and with making laws only to consume paper, and threatened them with the defection of their adherents, and the loss of their influence, upon this new discovery of their folly and ignorance. Nor do I now answer him for any other purpose than to remind him how little the clamors of rage and the petulency of invective contribute to the end for which this assembly is called together; how little the discovery of truth is promoted, and the security of the nation established by pompous diction and theatrical emotion. Formidable sounds and furious declamation, confident assertions and lofty periods, may affect the young and inexperienced; and perhaps the gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory by conversing more with those of his own age than with such as have more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments. If the heat of his temper would permit him to attend to those whose age and long acquaintance with business give them an indisputable right to deference and superiority, he would learn, in time, to reason rather than declaim, and to prefer justness of argument, and an accurate knowledge of facts, to sounding epithets and splendid superlatives, which may disturb the imagination for a moment, but leave no lasting impression on the mind. He will learn that to accuse and prove are very different; and that reproaches, unsupported by evidence, affect only the character of him that utters them. Excursions of fancy and flights of oratory are, indeed, pardonable in young men, but in no other; and it would surely contribute more, even to the purpose for which some gentlemen appear to speak (that of depreciating the conduct of the

administration), to prove the inconveniences and injustice of this bill, than barely to assert them, with whatever magnificence of language or appearance of zeal, honesty, or compassion.

LOST.

I.

SOME eight and twenty years ago, I knew
A little boy whose hair of golden hue,
In ringlets clustered round his childish face,
Like fairies dancing at their trysting place.
And oft his dark-blue eyes with gleeful gaze,
In trusting childhood's happy glowing blaze
Looked up in mother's smiling face so fair,
As she in silence breathed the evening prayer.
In beauty, dazzling, innocent, and bright,
His soul was mirrored in those gems of light.
O happy mother! couldst thou explore
Thy idol's future life, a burden more
Than tender love, or patient soul could bear,
Would crush thy heart; o'erwhelm thee in despair.

II.

I oft have looked upon a stately oak,
Whose strength for years resisted nature's stroke,
While silently a poisonous canker worm
Sapped the foundation of the giant form,
And slow but sure the death seal I could see,
Was set upon the mighty forest tree.
And oft I've rambled at the dewy morn,

To look, delighted, on the flower just born,
But ere the set of sun at eventide,
The flower was withered, blighted, and had died.
So mother's tender boy to manhood grown,
Resists life's storms however fiercely blown,
Till slowly steals the canker to his brain,
And binds his conquered will with powerful chain
Forged by that demon, that relentless foe
Of man ; and shrouds that mother's soul in woe
Death's seal is set upon her idol's brow,
She sinks o'whelmed beneath the heavy blow
With broken heart, and heaven's angels come,
And waft her spirit to a brighter home.

III.

O ALCOHOL ! thou withering curse of earth,
To untold sorrows hast thou given birth ;
Lost souls and blighted homes and lives attest
The crimes committed at thy stern behest.
Behold young Arthur—once the joyous child,
Degraded, demonized, by thee beguiled
To ruin's brink, a wreck in human form,
Dragged to that death "where dieth not the worm,"
Where fires unquenchable torment the soul,
Nor gleams one ray of hope while ages roll—
Is dying. Most tormenting agonies
Have seized him. Hear his ravings ere he dies:

IV.

"Look, see that devil-fish with glaring eyes,
And thousand tentacles ; they slowly rise
And reach for me. O heavens ! now I feel
Their slimy coils around me slowly steal

And tighten ; meroy, see that hissing snake
Another, still another ; can't I break
This horrid spell which burns my fevered brain,
Consumes my soul with torturing deadly pain ;
O prince of darkness ! take me, take me home.
There, see those demons, on they come ; they come,
Their eyes like balls of fire, and foot of beast,
And ghoulish appetite on me to feast ;
My breath comes hard, oh ! let me rest ; there, see
That other monster comes, he comes for me.
Oh ! save me, men, I pray you, beg you save ;
Let not these demons drag me to the grave.
What rises yonder, lurid flame of fire ;
Nearer it comes ; that sulphurous fume ; and higher
The smoke ascends. In letters black as night
One word is written, 'Alcohol ;' the blight
Of mother's life. Why speak I now of one—
List ! Now I hear her pleading for her son—
A lovely form approaches near me now ;
A glittering crown bedecks her angel brow ;—
What, vanished ; vanished ; yes, the vision's gone—
Look ; look, behold those serpents coming on ;
Damned hissing reptiles ; save me from their coils.
O Heaven ! they have embraced me in their toils :
Demons and reptiles, devil-fish and flame ;
Yell, demons, yell, and reptiles hiss my name.
Nearer they come ; and now I feel their breath ;
Oh ! welcome monsters, welcome you and death.

V.

"A little sleep ; what means this drowsy spell ?
'Tis growing dark, how strange I feel. Oh ! tell
Me, mother, are you here ? Away, away

Black fiend, do let me rest, and pray and pray;
I pray? too late; too late, again I say too late,
My everlasting doom is sealed. Sad fate.
'Eternal death;' Oh! let me sleep. How weak;
How parched my lips. O mother! can you speak
One word? She's gone. I'm sinking, sinking fast.
A breath or two; the end is come at last;
Another feeble breath. And is this hell?
Go monsters, demons, serpents, go and tell,
Go cry aloud and warn earth's drunken host
Of this 'eternal darkness!' I am lost!"

L. M. CUNARD.

COURTING AND SCIENCE.

"YES," said the young man, as he threw himself at the feet of the pretty school-teacher, "I love you, and would go to the world's end for you!"

"You could not go to the end of the world for me, James. The world, or the earth, as it is called, is round like a ball, slightly flattened at the poles. One of the first lessons in the elementary geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when you were a boy."

"Of course I did; but—"

"And it is no longer a theory. Circumnavigators have established that fact."

"I know; but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you, Ah, Minerva! if you knew the aching void—"

"There is no such thing as a void, James! Nature

abhors a vacuum; but, admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be a void, if there was an ache in it?"

"I meant to say that my life will be lonely without you—that you are my daily thought and my nightly dream. I would go anywhere to be with you. If you were in Australia or at the North Pole, I would fly to you! I—"

"Fly! It will be another century before men can fly. Even when the laws of gravitation are successfully overcome, there will still remain, says a late scientific authority, the difficulty of maintaining a balance—"

"Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth, growing somewhat impatient, "I've got a pretty fair balance in the savings-bank, and I want you to be my wife—there!"

"Well, James, since you put it in that light, I—"

ROVER IN CHURCH.

TWAS a Sunday morning in early May,
A beautiful, sunny, quiet day,
And all the village, old and young,
Had trooped to church when the church bell rung.
The windows were open, and breezes sweet
Fluttered the hymn-books from seat to seat.
Even the birds in the pale-leaved birch
Sang as softly as if in church.

Right in the midst of the minister's prayer
There came a knock at the door. "Who's there,
I wonder?" the gray-haired sexton thought
As his careful ear the tapping caught,

Rap-rap, rap-rap—a louder sound,
The boys on the back seat turned around.
What could it mean? for never before
Had any one knocked at the old church door.

Again the tapping, and now so loud,
The minister paused (though his head was bowed).
Rapety-rap! This will never do;
The girls are peeping, and laughing, too!
So the sexton tripped o'er the cracking floor,
Lifted the latch and opened the door.

In there trotted a big black dog,
Big as a bear! With a solemn jog
Right up the centre aisle he pattered;
People might stare, it little mattered.
Straight he went to a little maid,
Who blushed and hid, as though afraid,
And there sat down, as if to say,
"I'm sorry that I was late to-day;
But better late than never, you know,
Besides, I waited an hour or so,
And couldn't get them to open the door,
Till I wagged my tail and bumped the floor.
Now, little mistress, I'm going to stay
And hear what the minister has to say."

The poor little girl hid her face and cried!
But the big dog nestled close to her side,
And kissed her, dog fashion, tenderly,
Wondering what the matter could be!
The dog being large (and the sexton small),
He sat through the sermon and heard it all,
As solemn and wise as any one there,
With a very dignified, scholarly air!

And instead of scolding, the minister said,
As he laid his hand on the sweet child's head,
After the service, "I never knew
Two better list'ners than Rover and you!"

SENT BACK BY THE ANGELS.

"A LITTLE bit queer"—my Mary!
"Her roof not quite in repair!"
And it's that you think, with a nod and wink,
As you sit in my easy chair!
Drop it, I say, old feller—
Drop it, I tell you, do,
Or language, I doubt, I shall soon let out
I'd rather not use to you.

Shake hands, and I ax your pardon—
'Twas chaffing I knowed you were;
But a hint, or a slur, or a joke on her
Is a thing as I can't bear.
And what if she has her fancies?
Why, so has us all, old chap;
Not many's the roof as is reg'lar proof,
If a bit of a whim's a gap.

She's up to the mines, my Mary;
Lord bless her, she keeps us right!
It's up with her gown and the house scrubbed down
As certain as Friday night.
Is it rheumatiz, cough, lumbager?
Is anything queer inside?
She'll physic you up with a sup in a cup
As tickles the doctor's pride.

Is it mending of socks or trousers,
Or starching your best cravat?
Is it letting alone the joint with the bone,
And choosing the goose that's fat?
She hasn't her likes, my Mary—
And never put out nor riled;
She hasn't a fad, and she never had—
Excepting about the child.

Six years we was wed, and over,
And never a cradle got—
And nowhere I declare, a more dotinger pair
On baby and tiny tot;
So when of a winter morning
At last we was ma and dad,
No royal princess had the welcome, I guess,
As our little stranger had.

And didn't my Mary bless her!
Just picter her, them as can,
A-doing her part with a mother's heart
For Alexandrina Ann!
It was so as we'd named the baby
By way of a start in life,
From parties, I knew, as could help her through—
The Queen and my uncle's wife.

And wasn't the baby fêted!
She lay in her bassinet
With muslin and lace on her tiny face,
As ever grewed smaller yet.
But it wasn't in lace or coral
To bribe her to linger here;
I looks in her eyes, and "She's off," I sighs,
"She's off to her proper sp'ere."

Here treasures was all around her,
But she was too wise and grave
For the pug on the shelf, and, as big as herself,
The doll as her grandma gave.
She wanted the stars for playthings,
Our wonderful six-weeks' guest;
So, with one little sigh, she closed her eye,
And woke on a hangel's breast.

And how did the missis take it?
Most terrible calm and mild;
With a face a'most like a bloodless ghost,
She covered the sleeping child.
There was me like a six-foot babby,
A-blubbering long and loud,
While she sat there in the rocking-chair,
A-sewing the little shroud.

I couldn't abide to see it—
The look in her tearless eye;
I touches her so, and I whispers low,
“My darlingest, can't you cry?”
She gave me a smile for answer,
Then over her work she bowed,
And all through the night her needle bright
Was sewing the little shroud.

In the gray of the winter morning,
The sun like a ball of flame
Sent up like a toy by a whistling boy,
The mite of a coffin came.
He reckoned it only a plaything—
A drum or a horse-and-cart—
The box that had space, O Father of Grace!
To bury a mother's heart!

'Twas only a shaller coffin,
And yet so awful-deep!
I placed it there by the poor wife's chair,
And I thinks, "At last she'll weep."
But she rose with never a murmur,
As calm as a spectre thin,
And—waxy and cold and so light to hold—
She places the baby in.

Then, moving with noiseless footfall,
She reaches from box and shelf
The little one's mug, and the china pug,
And the doll that was as big as herself.
Then—Oh! it was dreadful to watch her—
All white in her crape-black gown,
With her own cold hands, my Mary stands
And fastens the coffin down.

I carried the plaything coffin,
Tucked under my arm just so;
And she stood there at the head of the stair,
And quietly watched us go.
So parson he comes in his nightgown,
And says that as grass is man;
And earth had trust of the pinch of dust
That was Alexandrina Ann.

I was trying to guess the riddle
I never could answer pat—
What the wisdom and love as is planning above
Could mean by a life like that;
And I'd got my foot on the doorstep,
When, scaring my mournful dream,
Shrill, wild, and clear, there tore on my ear
The sound of a maniac scream.

The scream of a raving maniac,
But, Father of death and life!
I listened and knew, the madness through,
The voice of my childless wife.
One moment I clutched and staggered,
Then down on my bended knee,
And up to the sky my wrestling cry
Went up for my girl and me.

I went to her room, and found her;
She sat on the floor, poor soul!
Two burning streaks on her death-pale cheeks,
And eyes that were gleeds of coal.
And now she would shriek and shudder,
And now she would laugh aloud,
And now for awhile, with an awful smile,
She'd sew at a little shroud.

And then, through the day and darkness,
And all through the endless night,
I sat at her side while she shrieked and cried,
And I thought it would ne'er be light.
And still, through the blackness thronging
With shapes that was dread to see,
My shuddering cry to the God on high
Went up for my girl and me.

At last, through the winder, morning
Came glimmering, cold and pale;
And, faint but clear, to my straining ear
Was carried a feeble wail.
I went to the door in wonder,
And there, in the dawning day,
All swaddled and bound in a bundle round,
A sweet little baby lay.

It lay on the frosty door-step,
A peart little two-months' child ;
Dumbfounded and slow, I raised it so,
And it looked in my face and smiled.
And so, as I kissed and loved it,
I grajuly growed aware
As the Father in bliss had sent us this,
The answer to wrestling prayer.

In wonder and joy and worship,
With tears that were soft and blest,
I carried the mite, and, still and light,
I laid it on Mary's breast.
I didn't know how she'd take it,
So goes on an artful tack :
"The little 'un cried for her mother's side,
And the hangels has sent her back !"

And then ; I shall ne'er forget it,
Though spared for a hundred years—
The soft delight on her features white,
The rush of her blissful tears.
The eyes that was hard and vacant
Grew wonderful sweet and mild,
As she cries, " Come rest on your mother's breast,
My own little hangel child !"

And so from that hour my darling
Grew happy and strong and well ;
And the joy that I felt as to God I knelt
Is what I can nowadays tell.
There's parties as sneers and tells you
There's nothing but clouds up there ;
I answers 'em so, " There's a God, I know,
And a Father that heareth prayer."

And what if my Mary fancies
The babe is a child of light—
Our own little dear sent back to us here?
And mayn't she be somewheres right?
Here, Mary, my darling, Mary!
A friend has come into town;
Don't mind for her nose nor changing her clo'es,
But bring us the hangel down.

MR. BROWN HAS HIS HAIR CUT.

MR. BROWN is one of our most enterprising merchants; he is voted among his friends as being of a very independent disposition—in fact, in some matters, this independence of spirit might be said to amount to eccentricity. One of his striking peculiarities used to be that of wearing his hair very long. His wife had frequently remonstrated with him on his unfashionable appearance, and his daughter had ventured to inquire two or three times when he was going to visit the barber, while some of his more intimate acquaintances had even gone so far as to ask, "Brown, why don't you get your hair cut?"

He had borne these questions and comments for some time in dignified silence, but, at last, feeling that patience had ceased to be a virtue, and also being warned by the singing of the birds and the blossoming of the trees and the uncomfortable feeling of his winter overcoat that spring was at hand, he determined one morning on his way down-town to his place of business to drop in and have his hair cut, which he accordingly did. After this he repaired to the ware-house, en-

tered his private office, and sat down to look over his mail. Presently Mr. Thompson, the senior partner, came in with a budget of papers. "Ah! good-morning, Mr. Brown, if you are at leisure I would like you to look over this invoice of goods. Here are two or three items that—" then suddenly glancing up, "why, Mr. Brown, you've been getting your hair cut; really it is a great improvement." "Ah! thank you," replied Mr. Brown, with a satisfied smile. They proceeded with their business, and in a few minutes the junior partner entered. "Here is a letter from Field & Co., inquiring about those goods that were ordered last week. Now, don't you think there has been— Why, Mr. Brown, you've had your hair cut." "Yes," said Mr. Brown, in a rather more dignified tone than that in which he had responded to Mr. Thompson; "I have been getting my hair cut."

Presently the head clerk entered the office. "Mr. Adams is out in the store and would like to see you a few minutes if it is— Oh! why, Mr. Brown, you've had your hair cut!" "Yes," said Mr. Brown in an exceedingly dignified tone, "I have had my hair cut."

He went out into the store to see Mr. Adams. As he passed by the desk he heard the head bookkeeper whisper to another: "Brown has been to the barber's," while an errand boy, who was dangling his legs from the top of a high stool, called in a stage whisper to a boy several feet away: "Hey, Tommy, look at the boss, he has had his hair cut!" By this time Mr. Brown's temper was slightly ruffled. But Mr. Adams is one of those genial men who always has a smile on his countenance, and he advanced to meet Mr. Brown with extended hand. "Good-morning; this is delightful

spring weather, now isn't it? Winter has— Well, I do declare, Brown, you've had your hair cut." Mr. Brown's reply was short but to the point. "Yes—I—have—had—my—hair—cut." Every word was emphatic, and Mr. Adams felt that, although it was spring weather out-doors, the inside temperature had suddenly fallen below freezing point. Without further preliminaries they proceeded at once to business. Just as Mr. Adams was leaving, Mr. Brown's daughter entered. She was evidently in a hurry, and told her errand without delay. "Ma has just had a telegram from Mr. Allen, and he and Mrs. Allen will be out to lunch, and ma wants you to come right home and order the carriage and go to the depot to—O pa! you've really had your hair cut! I'm so glad," she exclaimed delightedly, clasping her hands.

Mr. Brown waited to hear no more, but pushing his hat down as far as possible on his head, he rushed out on the street and boarded the first car that came along. It was quite a little distance to his home, and by the time he reached there his feelings were somewhat soothed. He put his latch-key in the door, but before he had time to turn it the door was opened from within, and his wife threw her arms about his neck. "Oh! I am so glad you've come; I want you to take the carriage and go right down to meet Mr. and Mrs. Allen! I should be so mortified to have them come and not find you there to— Why, my dear, you've had your hair cut, haven't you?" she said in her sweetest tones. Mr. Brown glared at her so wildly she was frightened. "Yes, I've had my hair cut!" he growled out, as he rushed through the house and out to the stable. "Patrick, put the grays to the large carriage as soon as possible."

"Yis, sor; they'll be ready in fifteen minutes," and then as a smile overspread his features, he said in his broadest brogue: "Och, sure, and yive been havin' your hair cut." By this time Mr. Brown's feelings were too deep for utterance. A hen was standing near looking at him out of one eye in a meditative manner; as a slight relief he gave her a kick, which she immediately resented by flying on top of a barrel and giving utterance to one loud, prolonged cut-de-cut-cut-got-your-hair-cut-t-t-t.

THE DEATH OF JEFFERSON.*

"IT IS THE FOURTH?"

I.

'TWAS midsummer; cooling breezes all the languid
forests fanned,
And the angel of the evening drew her curtain o'er the
land.
Like an isle rose Monticello through the cooled and rip-
pling trees,
Like an isle in rippling starlight in the silence of the
seas.
Ceased the mocking-bird his singing; said the slaves
with faltering breath,
" 'Tis the Third, and on the morrow Heaven will send
the Angel Death."

II.

In his room at Monticello, lost in dreams the statesman
slept,
Seeing not the still forms round him, seeing not the eyes
that wept,

* July 4th, 1826.

Hearing not the old clock ticking in life's final silence
 loud,
 Knowing not when night came o'er him like the shadow
 of a cloud.
 In the past his soul is living as in fifty years ago,
 Hastes again to Philadelphia, hears again the Schuyl-
 kill flow—

III.

Meets again the elder Adams—knowing not that far
 away
 He is waiting for Death's morrow, on old Massachusetts
 Bay;
 Meets with Hancock, young and courtly, meets with
 Hopkins, bent and old,
 Meets again calm Roger Sherman, fiery Lee, and Car-
 roll bold,
 Meets the sturdy form of Franklin, meets the half a
 hundred men
 Who have made themselves immortal—breathes the
 ancient morn again.

IV.

Once again the Declaration in his nerveless hands he
 holds,
 And before the waiting statesmen its prophetic hope
 unfolds,
 Reads again the words puissant, "All men are created
 free,"
 Claims again for man his birthright, claims the world's
 equality,
 Hears the coming and the going of an hundred firm-set
 feet,
 Hears the summer breezes blowing 'mid the oak trees
 cool and sweet,

V.

Sees again tall Patrick Henry by the side of Henry
Lee,
Hears him cry, "And will ye sign it?"—it will make
all nations free!
Fear ye not the axe or gibbet; it shall topple every
throne.
Sign it for the world's redemption! All mankind its
truth shall own!
Stars may fall, but truth eternal shall not falter, shall
not fail.
Sign it, and the Declaration shall the voice of ages
hail.

VI.

"Sign, and set yon dumb bell ringing, that the people
all may know
Man has found emancipation; sign, the Almighty wills
it so."
Sees one sign it, then another, till like magic moves the
pen,
Till all have signed it, and it lies there, charter of the
rights of men.
Hears the small bells, hears the great bell, hanging idly
in the sun,
Break the silence, and the people whisper, awe-struck,
"It is done."

VII.

Then the dream began to vanish—burgesses, the war's
red flames,
Charging Tarleton, proud Cornwallis, navies moving on
the James,

Years of peace, and years of glory, all began to melt
away,
And the statesman woke from slumber in the night, and
tranquil lay,
And his lips moved ; friends there gathered with love's
silken footsteps near,
And he whispered, softly whispered in love's low and
tender ear—

VIII.

"It is the Fourth?" "No, not yet," they answered,
"but 'twill soon be early morn ;
We will wake you, if you slumber, when the day begins
to dawn."
Then the statesman left the present, lived again amid
the past,
Saw, perhaps, the peopled future ope its portals grand
and vast,
Till the flashes of the morning lit the far horizon low,
And the sun's rays o'er the forests in the east began to
glow.

IX.

Rose the sun, and from the woodlands fell the midnight
dews like rain,
In magnolias cool and shady sang the mocking-bird
again,
And the statesman woke from slumber, saw the risen
sun, and heard
Rippling breezes 'mid the oak-trees, and the lattice
singing bird,
And, his eye serene uplifted, as rejoicing in the sun,
"It is the Fourth?" his only question—to the world
his final one.

X.

Silence fell on Monticello—for the last dread hour was
near,
And the old clock's measured ticking only broke upon
the ear.
All the summer rooms were silent, where the great of
earth had trod,
All the summer blooms seemed silent as the messengers
of God ;
Silent were the hall and chamber where old councils oft
had met,
Save the far boom of the cannon that recalled the old
day yet.

XI.

Silent still is Monticello—he is breathing slowly now,
In the splendors of the noon-tide, with the death-dew on
his brow ;
Silent save the clock still ticking where his soul had
given birth
To the mighty thoughts of freedom that should free the
fettered earth ;
Silent save the boom of cannon on the sun-filled wave
afar,
Bringing 'mid the peace eternal still the memory of
war.

XII.

Evening in majestic shadows fell upon the fortress'
walls,
Sweetly were the last bells ringing on the James and
on the Charles.

'Mid the choruses of freedom two departed victors lay,
One beside the blue Rivanna, one by Massachusetts
Bay.

He was gone, and 'night her sable curtain drew across
the sky;

Gone his soul into all nations, gone to live and not to
die.

A WILD NIGHT AT SEA.

A DARK and dreary night: people nestling in their
beds or circling late about the fire; Want, colder
than Charity, shivering at the street corners; church-
towers humming with the faint vibration of their own
tongues, but newly resting from the ghostly preachment
—"One!" The earth covered with a sable pall, as for
the burial of Yesterday: the clumps of dark trees—its
giant plumes of funeral feathers—waving sadly to and
fro: all hushed, all noiseless, and in deep repose, save
the swift clouds that skim across the moon; and the
cautious wind, as, creeping after them upon the ground,
it stops to listen, and goes rustling on, and stops again,
and follows, like a savage on the trail.

Whither go the clouds and wind so eagerly? If, like
guilty spirits, they repair to some dread conference with
powers like themselves, in what wild region do the
elements hold council, or where unbend in terrible dis-
sport?

Here! Free from that cramped prison called the earth,
and out upon the waste of waters. Here, roaring, rag-
ing, shrieking, howling, all night long. Hither come
the sounding voices from the caverns on the coast of
that small island, sleeping, a thousand miles away, so

quietly in the midst of angry waves; and hither, to meet them, rush the blasts from unknown desert places of the world. Here, in the fury of their unchecked liberty, they storm and buffet with each other; until the sea, lashed into passions like their own, leaps up in ravings mightier than theirs, and the whole scene is whirling madness.

On, on, on, over the countless miles of angry space, roll the long heaving billows. Mountains and caves are here, and yet are not; for what is now the one, is now the other; then all is but a boiling heap of rushing water. Pursuit, and flight, and mad return of wave on wave, and savage struggling, ending in a spouting up of foam that whitens the black night; incessant change of place, and form, and hue; constancy in nothing but eternal strife; on, on, on they roll, and darker grows the night, and louder howl the winds, and more clamorous and fierce become the million voices in the sea—when the wild cry goes forth upon the storm, “A ship!”

Onward she comes, in gallant combat with the elements, her tall masts trembling, and her timbers starting on the strain; onward she comes, now high upon the curling billows, now low down in the hollows of the sea, as hiding for the moment from its fury; and every storm-voice in the air and water cries more loudly yet, “A ship!”

Still she comes striving on: and at her boldness and the spreading cry, the angry waves rise up above each other's hoary heads to look: and round about the vessel, far as the mariners on her decks can pierce into the gloom, they press upon her, forcing each other down, and starting up, and rushing forward from afar, in

dreadful curiosity. High over her they break, and round her surge and roar; and giving place to others, moaningly depart, and dash themselves to fragments in their baffled anger: still she comes onward bravely. And though the eager multitude crowd thick and fast upon her all the night, and dawn of day discovers the untiring train yet bearing down upon the ship in an eternity of troubled water, onward she comes, with dim lights burning in her hull, and people there asleep: as if no deadly element were peering in at every seam and chink; and no drowned seaman's grave, with but a plank to cover it, were yawning in the unfathomable depths below.

CHARLES DICKENS.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

O REMNANT of that perished host,
Rise up! Recross that ghostly shore!
Advance! Pass in each proud outpost
And conquer! Conquer as before!
Aye, conquer! So that nevermore
May arm or army dare arise
Beneath these star-strewn bannered skies!
Aye, conquer! So that cycles through
All earth would sooner lift high hand
To cleave God's starry blue
Than the banner of this land.

And conquer all with love! With hands
Outstretched as eager brothers reach
When stormy seas and trackless lands

Have long divided them, let each
Man slay his man with love. Aye, teach
The world the art of war; to know
That love beats down the bravest foe,
And that hate shall cease forever
And wars forever cease,
Teach marshaled, piteous Europe
The victory of peace.

To you, brave men, Peace makes appeal,
To you who know the awful woe
Of studied war, who bore the steel
Above that noblest, bravest foe
That ever fell, saw lifted there
Pale boyish faces, touched white hands
That dropped the sword to lift in prayer
And die along the blood-soaked lands.
To you Peace makes appeal for peace;
For only he who bears a scar
Can know the awful agonies
That tracks the trade of war.

Grim heroes of an age, the dream
Of Calvary behooves the brave,
When next your battle banners gleam
In glad reunion, let them wave
Beyond Potomac's storied stream.
Recross and meet again the gray;
Meet there as you meet here to-day.
As June to May, blend blue and gray!
Strike hands, and hold as honored guest
Each brave and battered hero
You last met breast to breast.

True men were they in that dark day
To cause they deemed the truth. God frowned
Displeasure and they passed away,
Crushed in pride and penitent. The ground
Is tilled. The high-born son lays bare
A broken sword with bright plowshare—
He plows a sire's leveled mound !
Yea, they have borne defeat like gods,
And such defeat ! Or wrong or right,
It takes as true a man to bear
Defeat like that as win the fight.

Grand men, you, too, have donned the gray ;
That Silent Stream rolls dark before ;
Your ranks grow thin ; the reveille
Beats ever on that further shore
Dead muffled notes none disobey.
Fill up your wasting ranks with those
You know as not unworthy foes.
Fill up, 'bout face, and so prepare
To cross together ; aye, to vie
In valor in that crossing where
Nor blue nor gray shall signify.
JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE RIDE OF COLLINS GRAVES.

NO song of a soldier riding down
To the raging fight of Winchester town ;
No song of a time that shook the earth
With the nation's throe at a nation's birth ;

But the song of a brave man, free from fear
As Sheridan's self, or Paul Revere;
Who risked what they risked—free from strife
And its promise of glorious pay—his life.

The peaceful valley has waked and stirred,
And the answering echoes of life are heard,
The dew still clings to the trees and grass,
And the earlier toilers smiling pass,
As they glance aside at the white-walled homes,
Or up the valley where merrily comes
The brook that sparkles in diamond rills
As the sun comes over the Hampshire hills.

What was it that passed like an ominous breath?
Like a shiver of fear or a touch of death?
What was it? The valley is peaceful still,
And the leaves are afire on the top of the hill;
It was not a sound nor a thing of sense—
But a pain, like a pang in the short suspense
That wraps the being of those who see
At their feet the gulf of eternity.

The air of the valley has felt the chill;
The workers pause at the door of the mill;
The housewife, keen to the shivering air,
Arrests her foot on the cottage stair,
Instinctive taught by the mother-love,
As she thinks of the little ones above.

Why start the listeners? Why does the course
Of the mill-stream widen? Is it a horse—
“Hark to the sound of his hoofs,” they say—
That gallops so wildly Williamsburg way!

Hark ! What was that, like a human shriek,
From the winding valley ? Will nobody speak ;
Will nobody answer those women who cry
As the awful warnings thunder by ?

Whence come they ? Listen ! And now they hear
The sound of the galloping horse-hoofs near ;
They watch the trend of the vale and see
The rider, who thunders so menacingly,
With waving arms and warning scream
To the home-filled banks of the valley stream
He draws no rein, but he shakes the street
With a shout and the ring of the galloping feet,
And this is the cry that he flings to the wind :
" To the hills for your lives ! The flood is behind ! "

He cries and is gone ; but they know the worst—
The treacherous Williamsburg dam has burst !
The basin that nourished their happy homes
Is changed to a demon—It comes ! it comes !
A monster in aspect, with shaggy front
Of shattered dwellings to take the brunt
Of the dwellings they shatter—white-maned and
hoarse,

The merciless terror fills the course
Of the narrow valley, and rushing raves
With death on the first of the hissing waves,
Till cottage and street and crowded mill
Are crumbled and crushed. But onward still,
In front of the roaring flood is heard
The galloping horse and warning word.
Thank God, that the brave man's life is spared !
From Williamsburg town he nobly dared

To race with the flood and to take the road
In front of the terrible swath it mowed.
For miles it thundered and crashed behind,
But he looked ahead with a steadfast mind ;
“ They must be warned ! ” was all he said,
As away on his terrible ride he sped.

When heroes are called for, bring the crown
To this Yankee rider ; send him down
On the stream of time with Curtius of old ;
His deed, as the Roman’s, was brave and bold,
And the tale can as noble a thrill awake,
For he offered his life for the people’s sake.

JOHN BOYLE O’REILLY.

AUNT MELISSY ON BOYS.

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I HAIN’T nothin’ agin’ boys, as sich. They’re a necessary part o’ creation, I s’pose—like a good many disagreeable things ! But deliver me ! I’d ruther bring up a family of nine gals, any day in the year, with cats and dogs throw’d in, than one boy.

Gittin’ fish-hooks into their jacket pockets, to stick in yer fingers washin’-days ! Gals don’t carry fish-hooks in their jacket pockets. Tearin’ their trousis a-climbin’ fences ! Perfec’y reckless, an’ then, patch ! patch !

Kiverin’ the floor with whiddlin’s soon as ever you’ve got nicely slicked up ! an’ then, down must come the broom an’ dust-pan a’gin ; an’ I remember once, when I kept house for Uncle Amos, I had the Dorkis S’iety to ~~tea~~, an’ I’d been makin’ a nice dish o’ cream-toast, an’

we was waitin' for the minister—blessed soul—he mos' gener'ly dropped in to tea when the S'iety met, an' he never failed when 'twas to our house, he was so fond o' my cream-toast, an' bimeby he come in, an' when everybody was ready I run an' ketched up the things from the kitchen hairth, where I'd left 'em to keep warm, an' put 'em ontew the table, an' we drew up our chairs an' got quiet, an' I never noticed anything was out o' the way till bimeby, jes' 's the minister—blessed soul—was a-askin' the blessin', I kind o' opened one corner of my eye to see how the table looked, for I prided myself on my table, when I declare to goodness, if I didn't think I should go right through the top of the house! For there was the great, splendid, elegant, nice dish o' cream-toast stuccoted all over with pine whiddlin's! right between the blazin' candles Lucindy'd put on jes' as we was a-settin' down.

Ye see, I'd poured the cream over the toast the last thing when I set it by the fire, an' never noticed Hezekier in the corner a-whiddlin' out his canew. Why, that 'air cream-toast was like a foamin' cataract kivered by a fleet of canews, where the whiddlin's was curled up on't, capsized, stickin' up eendways, an' every which way, enough to make a decent housekeeper go inter fits! An' I thought I should!

I shet my eyes, and tried to keep my mind ontew things spiritoal, but I couldn't for my life think of anything but the pesky whiddlin's in the toast, an' how was I ever goin' to snatch it off'n the table an' out o' sight the minute the blessin' was through an' 'fore the minister—blessed soul—or anybody had their eyes open to the material things—for right ontew the end of the Amen, ye know, comp'ny will kind o' look 'round, hope-

ful and comf'table, to see what creatur' comforts is put afore 'em. But I watched my chance.

I knowed perty well the way he mos' gener'ly allers tapers off, an' soon's ever that long-hankered-for Amen came out I jumped like a cat at a mouse, had that 'air toast off'n the table, whisked it into the pantry, picked the whiddlin's out with my thumb-an'-finger, give that Hezekier a good, smart box on the ear, as a foretaste of what was in store for him when the comp'ny was gone, an' had it back ontew the table ag'in, all serene an' beautiful, only I noticed Miss Bumblewick—she's got eyes like a lynx, an' she was drefle jealous of my house-keepin'—she'd seen suthin'! She looked awful queer an' puzzled! An' I was mortified to death when the minister—blessed soul—a-eatin' of his slice, took suthin' tough out of his mouth, and laid it careful under the side of his plate. He was a wonderful perlite man, an' not a soul in the world, 'sides me an' him, ever 'spected he'd been chorrin' ontew a pine whiddlin'.

That's jest a specimint o' that 'air Hezekier. His excuse allers was, he didn't mean ter dew it. Once his pa give him about tew quarts o' seed-corn in a bucket, an' told him to put it to soak—his pa gener'ly soaked his seed-corn for plantin'; he said it come up so much quicker. Hezekier, he took the bucket, but he was tew lazy to git any water, so he jest ketched up the fust thing come handy, which happened to be a jug o' rum, an' poured it all into the corn, an' then went to flyin' his kite.

Wal, that arternoon, his pa was agoin' through the woodshed, an' he kep' snuffin', snuffin', till bimeby says he, "Melissy," says he, "what under the canopy ye been doin' with rum?" says he. Of course I hadn't

seen doin' nothin' with rum, only smellin' on't for the last half-hour. I detest the stuff, but we put our noses togetner an' foilered up the scent, and there was that corn!

"Now, Amos," says I, "I hope to gracious goodness you'll give that boy a good tunin', for he's jest sufferin' for it!" says I.

But Hezekier he screamed:

"No, I aint! I shall be sufferin' if ye give it tew me!" says he. "I seen pa driukin' out o' the jug, an' thought twa'n't nothin' but water!" says he.

An' his pa jest kinder winked to me, an' scolded an' threatened a little, an' then drove off to town, tellin' Hezekier to toe the mark, an' jest look sharp arter things, or he'd give it to him when he got hum.

Wal, Hezekier was perty quiet that arternoon, whick I noticed it, for gener'ly, if he wa'n't makin' a noise to drive ye distracted, ye might be sure he was up to some wus mischief; an' bimeby think says I to myself, "Now, what can that Hezekier be up tew now!" think says I; for I hadn't heered him blow his squawker, nor pound on a tin pan, nor pull the cat's tail, nor touch off his cannuon, nor bounce his ball ag'in' the house, nor screech, nor break a glass, nor nothin', for all of five minutes; an' I was a-wonderin', when perty soon he comes into the house of his own accord, a-lookin' kinder scaret and meechin'; an' says he, "Aunt Melissy," says he, "I'm a-feared there's suthin' the matter with them 'air turkeys," says he.

"The turkeys!" says I. "What in the name o' goodness can be the matter with them?" says I.

"I don'o but I guess ye better come out an' look," says he—so innercent!

I did go out an' look ; an' there behind the woodshed was all them seven turkeys, the hull caboodle of 'em, ol' gobbler an' all keeled over an' stretched out on the ground, a sight to behold !

"Massy, goodness sakes alive !" says I, "what's been an' gone an' killed off all the turkeys ?" says I.

Says he, "I don'o, 'thout it's suthin' they've e't," says he.

"E't !" says I. "What you been givin' on 'em to eat ?"

"Nothin'," says he, "only that corn that was sp'ilt for plantin' ; I tho't 'twas too bad to have it all wasted, so I fed it to the turkeys," says he.

"Fed it to the turkeys !" says I. "An' you've jest killed 'em, every blessed one ! An' what'll yer pa say, now ?" says I.

"I didn't mean ter !" says he.

"I'd didn't mean ter ye, if ye was my boy !" says I. "Now ketch hold and help me pick their feathers off an' dress 'em for market, fust thing—for that's all the poor critters is good for now," says I—"so much for yer plaguy nonsense !"

He sprung tew perty smart, for once, an' Lucindy she helped, an' we jest stripped them 'air turkeys jest as naked as any fowls ever ye see, 'fore singein—all but their heads, an' I was jest a-goin' to cut off the old gobbler's—I'd got it ontew the choppin' block, and raised the axe, when he kinder give a wiggle, an' squawked !

Jest then Lucindy she spoke up : "O Aunt Melissy ! there's one a-kickin' !" says she. I jest dropped that 'air gobbler, an' the axe, an' looked, and there was one or tew more a-kickin' by that time ; for, if you'll believe me, not one o' them turkeys was dead at all, only dead

drunk from the rum in the corn! an' it wasn't many minutes 'fore every one o' them poor, naked, ridic'lous critters was up, staggerin' 'round, lookin' dizzy an' silly enough, massy knows! While that Hezekier! he couldn't think o' nothin' else to dew, but jest to keel over on the grass an' roll an' kick an' screech, like all possessed! For my part, I couldn't see nothin' to laugh at. I pitied the poor naked, tipsy things, an' set to work that very arternoon, a-makin' little jackets for 'em to wear; an' then that boy had to go intew conceptions ag'in, when he seen 'em with their jackets on. An' if you'll believe it, his pa, he laughed tew—so foolish! An' jes' said to Hezekier: "Didn't ye know no better'n to go an' give corn soaked in rum to the turkeys?" says he, an' then kind er winked to me out o' tother side of his face; an' that's every speck of a whippin' that boy got!

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

THE MONKS' MAGNIFICAT.

IN midst of wide green pasture-lands, cut through
By lines of alders bordering deep-banked streams,
Where bulrushes and yellow iris grew,

And rest and peace, and all the flowers of dreams,
The abbey stood—so still, it seemed a part
Of the marsh-country's almost pulseless heart.

Where gray-green willows fringed the stream and pool,

The lazy, meek-faced cattle strayed to graze,
Sheep in the meadow cropped the grasses cool,

And silver fish shone through the watery ways;
And many a load of fruit and load of corn
Into the abbey store-houses was borne.

And all the villages and hamlets near [spent
Knew the monks' wealth, and how their wealth was
In tribulation, sickness, want, or fear.

First to the abbey all the peasants went,
Certain to find a welcome, and to be
Helped in the hour of their extremity.

They in their simple ways and works were glad;
Yet all men must have sorrows of their own.
And so a bitter grief the brothers had,
Nor mourned for others' heaviness alone.
This was the secret of their sorrowing,
That not a monk in all the house could sing!

Was it the damp air from the lovely marsh,
Or strain of scarcely intermitted prayer,
That made their voices, when they sang, as harsh
As any frog's that croaks in evening air—
That made less music in their hymns to lie
Than in the hoarsest wild-fowl's hoarsest cry?

If love could sweeten voice to sing a song,
Theirs had been sweetest song was ever sung;
But their hearts' music reached their lips all wrong,
The soul's intent foiled by the traitorous tongue
That marred the chapel's peace, and seemed to scare
The rapt devotion lingering in the air.

The birds that in the chapel build their nests,
And in the stone-work found their small lives fair,
Flew thence with hurried wings and fluttering breasts
When rang the bell to call the monks to prayer.
"Why will they sing," they twittered, "why at all?
In heaven their silence must be festival."

The brothers prayed with penance and with tears
That God would let them give some little part
Out for the solace of their own sad ears
Of all the music crowded in their heart.
Their nature and the marsh air had their way,
And still they sang more vilely every day.

And all their prayers and fasts availing not
To give them voices sweet, their souls' desire,
The abbot said: "Gifts He did not allot
God at our hands will not again require;
Praise Him we must, and since we cannot praise
As we would choose, we praise Him in our ways."

But one good brother, anxious to remove
This, the reproach now laid on them so long,
Rejected counsel, and for very love
Besought a brother, skilled in art of song,
To come to them—his cloister far to leave—
And sing Magnificat on Christmas Eve.

And when the time for singing it had come,
With pure face raised, and sweetest voice he sang:
Magnificat anima mea Dominum, et exultavit spiritus
meus: in Deo solutari meo.

Each in his stall the monks stood glad and dumb,
As through the chancel's dusk his voice outrang,
Pure, clear, and perfect—as the thrushes sing
Their first impulsive welcome of the spring.

At the first notes the abbot's heart spoke low:
"O God! accept this singing, seeing we,
Had we the power, would ever praise Thee so—
Would ever, Lord, Thou know'st, sing thus for Thee;
Thus in our hearts Thy hymns are ever sung,
As he Thou blest sings them with his tongue."

But as the voice rose higher, and more sweet,
Suscepit Israel puerum suum, recorda tus misericordiæ
sua.

The abbot's heart said: "Thou hast heard us grieve,
And sent an angel from beside Thy feet,
To sing Magnificat on Christmas Eve;
To ease our ache of soul, and let us see
How we some day in heaven shall sing to Thee."

The white moon through the window seemed to gaze
On the pure face and eyes the singer raised;
The storm-wind hushed the clamor of its ways,
God seemed to stoop to hear Himself thus praised;
And breathless all the brothers stood, and still
Reached longing souls out to the music's thrill.

Old years came back, and half-forgotten hours,
Dreams of delight that never was to be,
Mothers' remembered kiss, the funeral flowers
Laid on the grave of life's felicity;
An infinite dear passion of regret
Swept through their hearts, and left their eyelids wet.

That night—the abbot lying on his bed—
A sudden flood of radiance on him fell,
Poured from the crucifix above his head,
And cast a stream of light across his cell—
And in the fullest fervor of the light
An angel stood, glittering and great and white.

And thus he spake—his voice was low and sweet
As the sea's murmur on low-lying shore—
Or whisper of the wind in ripened wheat:
"Brother," he said, "the God we both adore
Hath sent me down to ask, is all not right?—
Why was Magnificat not sung to-night?"

Tranced in the joy the angel's presence brought,
The abbot answered: "All these weary years
We have sung our best—but always have we thought
Our voices were unworthy heavenly ears;
And so to-night we found a clearer tongue,
And by it the Magnificat was sung."

The angel answered: "All these happy years
In heaven has your Magnificat been heard;
This night alone, the angels' listening ears
Of all its music caught no single word.
Say, who is he whose goodness is not strong
Enough to bear the burden of his song?"

The abbot named his name. "Ah! why," he cried,
"Have angels heard not what we found so dear?"
"Only pure hearts," the angel's voice replied,
"Can carry human songs up to God's ear;
To-night in heaven was missed the sweetest praise
That ever rises from earth's mud-stained maze."

"The monk who sang Magnificat is filled
With lust of praise and with hypocrisy;
He sings for earth—in heaven his notes are stilled
By muffling weight of deadening vanity;
His heart is chained to earth, and cannot bear
His singing higher than the listening air!"

"From purest hearts most perfect music springs,
And while you mourned your voices were not sweet,
Marred by the accident of earthly things—
In heaven, God, listening, judged your song complete.
The sweetest of earth's music came from you,
The music of a noble life and true!"

E. NESBIT.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

TWAS at the royal feast, for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son—
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne;
 His valiant peers were placed around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound,
 (So should desert in arms be crowned).
 The lovely Thäïs by his side
 Sate, like a blooming Eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair!

Timotheus, placed on high,
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touched the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the power of mighty Love!)
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
 Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia pressed,
 And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of
 the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound ;
A present deity, they shout around ;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound.

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician
sung ;

Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes !
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face :
Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes,
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain ;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
Rich the treasure ;
Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again ;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the
slain.

The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.

He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sang Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood.
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul,
The various turns of fate below ;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.
The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree :
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the soul to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honor but an empty bubble,
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying.
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thaïs sits beside thee;
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
So love was crowned, but music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked !
Sighed and looked, and sighed again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again ;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark ! hark ! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head ;
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise ;
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !

These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain :
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods !
The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy :

Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown:
 He raised a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down.

DRYDEN.

ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.

THE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting buttments "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is midday. It is almost five hundred feet from where

they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away ; they look around them, and find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone buttments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their name a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name which will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there and left his name a foot above any of his predecessors. It was a glorious thought to write his name side by side with that of the Father of his Country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts a niche into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands ; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure ; and, as he draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in

that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in wide capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough; heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment more, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma. He is too high to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices, both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair: "Wil-

Ham! William! don't look down! Your mother, and Henry and Harriet are all here praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eyes toward the top!" The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint toward heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half-way down in the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall. Fifty more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge above. Two minutes more and all must be over. The blade is worn to the last half-inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang on the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last.

At the last faint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little, nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is as still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet the

devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart, and closes his eyes to commend his soul to God.

'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. With a faint, convulsive effort the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words "God—mother"—whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting—such weeping and leaping for joy—never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

ELIHU B. CRITZ

THE LAND OF THUS-AND-SO.

"**H**OW would Willie like to go
To the land of Thus-and-so!
Everything is proper there—
All the children comb their hair
Smoother than the fur of cats,
Or the nap of high silk hats;
Every face is clean and white
As a lily washed in light;

NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

Never vaguest soil or speck
Found on forehead, throat or neck
Every little crimped ear,
In and out, as pure and clear,
As the cherry blossom's blow
in the land of Thus-and-So.

" Little boys that never fall
Down the stairs, or cry at all—
Doing nothing to repent,
Watchful and obedient ;
Never hungry, nor in haste—
Tidy shoe strings always laced ;
Never button rudely torn
From its fellows all unworn ;
Knickerbockers always new—
Ribbon tie and collar, too ;
Little watches, worn like men,
Only always half-past 10—
Just precisely right, you know,
For the land of Thus-and-So!

" And the little babies there
Give no one the slightest care—
Nurse has not a thing to do
But be happy and say " Boo !"
While mamma just nods, and knows
Nothing but to doze and doze ;
Never litter round the grate ;
Never lunch or dinner late ;
Never any household din,
Peals without or rings within—
Baby coos nor laughing calls.
On the stairs or through the halls—

BEST SELECTIONS

Just great Hushes to and fro
Pace the land of Thus-and-So!

"Oh! the land of Thus-and-So!
Isn't it delightful, though?"
"Yes," lisped Willie, answering me
Somewhat slow and doubtfully—
"Must be awful nice, but I
Rather wait till by and by
'Fore I go there—may be when
I be dead I'll go there then—
But—" the troubled little face
Closer pressed in my embrace—
"Le's don't never ever go
To the land of Thus-and-So!"

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

THE SINGLE HEAD OF WHEAT.

ALL my daily tasks were ended
And the hush of night had come
Bringing rest to weary spirits,
Calling many wanderers home.

He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing golden grains of wheat,
Shall return again rejoicing,
Laden with the harvest sweet.

This I read and deeply pondered
What of seed my hand had sown;
What of harvest I was reaping
To be laid before the throne.

While my thoughts were swiftly glancing
O'er the paths my feet had trod,
Sleep sealed up my weary eyelids
And a vision came from God.

In the world's great field of labor
All the reaper's tasks were done,
Each one hastened to the Master
With the sheaves that he had won.

Some with sheaves so poor and scanty
Sadly told the number o'er,
Others staggered 'neath the burden
Of the golden grain they bore.

Gladly then the golden gateway
Opened wide to let them in,
As they sought the Master's presence
With their burdens rich and thin.

Slowly, sadly, with the reapers
Who had labored long and late,
Came I at the Master's bidding,
And was latest at the gate.

Then apart from all the others,
Weeping bitterly I stood,
I had toiled from early morning
Working for the others' good.

When one friend had fallen fainting
By the piles of golden grain,
With a glass of cooling water
I revived his strength again.

And another, worn and weary,
I had aided for a while,
Till her failing strength returning,
She went forward with a smile.

Thus the others I had aided
While the golden moments fled,
Till the day was spent and evening
O'er the earth her tear-drops shed.

And I to the Master's presence
Came with weary, toilsome feet,
Bearing as my gathered harvest
But a single head of wheat.

So with tearful eyes I watched them,
As with faces glad and bright,
One by one they laid their burdens
Down before the throne of light.

Ah! how sweetly then the blessing
Sounded to my listening ear,
"Nobly done my faithful servants,
Rest now in your mansions here."

Then I thought with keenest sorrow,
Words like these are not for me,
Only those with heavy burdens,
Heavenly rest and blessings see.

Yet, I love the Master truly
And I've labored hard since dawn,
But I have no heavy burden—
Will He bid me to begone?

While I questioned this in sadness,
 Christ, the Master, called for me,
 And I knelt before Him, saying,
 "I have only this for Thee.

"I have labored hard, O Master!
 I have toiled from morn till night,
 But I sought to aid my neighbors
 And to make their labor light.

"So the day has passed unnoticed,
 And to-night with shame I come,
 Bringing as my gathered harvest
 But a single wheat-head home."

Then I laid it down with weeping
 At His blessed pierced feet,
 And He smiled upon my trembling—
 Ah! His smile was passing sweet.

"Child, it is enough," He answered;
 "All I asked for thou hast brought,
 And among the band of reapers
 Truly, bravely thou has wrought.

"This was thine appointed mission,
 Well has thou performed thy task
 Have no fear that I will chide thee,
 This is all that I would ask."

Then I woke, but long the vision
 In my heart I pondered o'er,
 While I tried to see what meaning
 Hidden in its depths it bore.

And at length this lesson slowly
Dawned upon my wandering mind;
Never mind what others gather
Do whate'er thy hand can find.

NURSE WINNIE GOES SHOPPING.

[T was buying an apron I was, ma'am. Just as I goes out of the nursery du'ur the mistress, she says to me, "Winnie, me girl, if you've a mind you may take Airnest and Harry along wid ye to the store, for it's tired of their ni'se I am," says she, and sure, ma'am, it's yourself would be that same if you could hear them screechin' and hootin' when they've been stoppin' in the house for a bit.

Well, I dresses up the two least b'ys, and I goes for me apron.

"Come, Rover," says I, when the childer's dog came lap'ing around us; "you may go, too," says I, minding to have iverybody, even the poor baste plazed and comfortable, and niver considering that Fritz and Carlo, the big dogs, would jine us immegit.

Hows'ever, the six of us went along quite peaceable like, the childer's little carts and things a-trundlin' on behind, and the people passing their remarks on us as we took our enjoyment.

Well, I gets to the main street, and I gets across. How did I, was you axin, ma'am?

Well, there was the horse-cars, and the omnibushes, and the water-carts, bad luck to 'em! a-spatherin' me and the childers, and some work I had for a bit, to be sure; but hows'ever I gets across. We walks along, the

b'ys and me, quite civil and quiet, the dogs runnin' on afore us, till we comes ferninst the big store. Now, sez I to misilf, I'll just slip in here unbeknownst to the craythers, and buy me apron, and I'll slip out again and they'll annoy nobody, and nobody'll annoy them.

So I catches up the b'ys, and in wid 'em, giving the du'ur a push wid me feet, and—och, murtheration! if there wasn't little Rover's neck in the crack of the du'ur, and him howlin' like as I had kilt 'im intirely, and the childers crying, and the big dogs, hearin' the n'ise, turned on me and gave a great lape, Carlo over Rover, and Fritz over the two of them into the store. "Shut the du'ur, ma'am, plaze," says a young man ahint the counter.

"I will, sir," says I, scared like, with all the people looking and laughing, and Fritz at the lin'th of the store from me (think of the size of him, ma'am, will yez?), and him amongst the leddies and the childers, and then standing on Carlo's sore fut to kape out of the big baste's way, and Rover worrying and snapping at a cat under the counter.

Och, deary me! thesinses almost left the sowl of me intirely, ma'am, till the gintleman ahind the counter says, too pleasant, "Step out, my good woman, and the dogs will follow you!" "Thank you kindly, sir!" sez I. "I knows my manners, sir, but—" and I stops to say no more nor that, but catches the childers under me two arms, and out we goes with Fritz and Carlo at the heels of us. But, do you believe me, ma'am, that Rover wouldn't come? Whatever was in the little black baste's head to bide there? "Come out, you Rover!" sez I. But Rover was jubious. He cocked up his one eye.

"Is it foolin' me ye aire?" sez he, as plain as a Chris-

tian could say it. "Rover!" sez I again, quite stern like. I misdoubt me if the crayther wouldn't have stopped there waggin' his stoomp of a tail till now, but the young gintleman comes to the du'ur and urges him out with his fut. With that I steps forward a bit, the people makin' room for us. "Now's your time, Winnie Maloney!" sez I, and I whips back again after me apron. I sits the childers down, and I shuts the du'ur, the dogs castin' looks at me through the big pane. Och! but I was hot. They hands me a fan. "Thank you, sir," sez I. "It's your prints I was wantin' sir—an apron, sir, and hoping you will excuse the dogs, sir!" "No trouble, ma'am, no trouble at all!" and with that he pulls me down the illigantist lot of prints I iver set me two eyes on. Well I buys me apron and the young gintleman he sent the boondle away to be papered and tied, me holdin' on to Harry tight as anything all the time, for he is the mischievouslest b'y is that Harry! Once let loose of him, the wind can't catch him. Then I pays me quarther, and I looks about for Airnest, never misdoubting but he was somewhere under the heels of me. "Where are you, Airnest, me b'y?" sez I. "We be goin' now!" Do you belave, ma'am, it was half an hour before the two young gintlemen clerks and the masther himself, and two more of us found that b'y Airnest. And where did I find him, ma'am! Och! the day, if he wasn't down in the cellar where it was clanin' house they were! The dirty old boxes he had! The cobwebs, the coal durt that was on the face of him, and the clane neckerchief that his mamma, poor soul, sewed wid her own hands; you couldn't tell the flowers and the lace of it from the cook's pot-holder.

"Airnest! Airnest!" sez I, clutchin' him wid me two

hands, "you're fit to drive the sinses clane out of me," sez I. But he looked up at me so plazed and innocent loike, and gives me a pile of this, ma'am (unwinding her arms), of old and dusty pasteboard, to carry home for him. I think I see mesilf doing it.

"Airnest, whatever will your mamma say to this?" says I. "Come you up-stairs and we'll be going home immegit." Och! ma'am, the mistress herself would be distracted to see him!

Well, I gets me b'ys up to the first flu'ur, and I redd Airnest up a bit wid my pocket-handkerchief. But I hadn't got the coal-dust out of his eyes before he saw our three dogs outside, and five more howlin' and lap'-in' and scratchin' and tearin' about, and some dirty little street lads a-hootin' them on. Howiver was I to git through fir the fight? But out I goes, and sets fut on the pavement before I hears a mon on a butcher-cart shoutin' and pintin' behind us with his whip.

"What's the trouble, now?" says I. "Look there!" sez he. "You've left your boondle, ma'am," says the young gintleman, "and here's the go-cart, and the tin horses and—" He stood lookin' and laughin' as though he never knew the ways of childers before!

Did I know what to do? Sure, and I did, ma'am, and no thanks to the likes of him, aither! I tucked the trumpery toys and me boondle into me apron, and I catches the childer up before they could so much as wink, and over the street I goes, the three dogs at the back of me a-l'adin' on the crowd. I passes no remarks on 'em! I goes home immegit, and when I shuts the du'ur I says: "Winnie Maloney, when will you be after tryin' this ag'in soon? Soon? Och! it will be unbekownst to me whin I do," sez I, and so it will.

HANNAH MORE JOHNSON.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE THAT EVER WAS
FOUGHT.

THE bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon, or battle-shot,
With sword, or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is that battle-field!

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song;
No banners to gleam and wave!
But oh! these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on, and on, in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen goes down!

Oh! ye with banners and battle-shot,
And soldier to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Are fought in these silent ways!

Oh! spotless woman in a world of shame,
 With splendid and silent scorn,
 Go back to God as white as you came,
 The kingliest warrior born.

JOAQUIN MILLER

THE RUSTIC BRIDAL;
 OR,
 THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTEL CUILLE.
 [Abridged.]

AT the foot of the mountain height
 Where is perched the Castel Cuille,
 When the apple, the plum, and the almond tree
 In the plain below were growing white,
 This is the song one might perceive
 On a Wednesday morn of St. Joseph's Eve:

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
 So fair a bride shall leave her home;
 Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
 So fair a bride shall pass to-day."
 This old Te Deum, rustic rites attending,
 Seemed from the clouds descending,
 When lo! a merry company
 Of rosy village girls, clean as the eye,
 Each one with her attendant swain,
 Came to the cliff, all singing the same strain;
 Resembling there, so near unto the sky,
 Rejoicing angels, that kind Heaven has sent
 For their delight and our encouragement.
 Together blending,
 And soon descending

The narrow sweep
Of the hillside steep,
They wind aslant
Toward Saint Amant,
Through leafy alleys,
Of verdurous valleys,
With merry sallies,
Singing their chant:

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home,
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day."

It is Baptiste, and his affianced maiden,
With garlands for the bridal laden.
Gayly frolicking,
Wildly rollicking!
Kissing,
Caressing,
With fingers pressing,
Till in the veriest
Madness of mirth, as they dance,
They retreat and advance,
Trying whose laugh shall be loudest and merriest.
Meanwhile Baptiste stands sighing, with silent tongue;
And yet the bride is fair and young!

Now you must know one year ago,
That Margaret, the young and tender,
Was the village pride and splendor;
But, alas! the summer's blight,
That dread disease that none can stay,
The pestilence that walks by night,

Took the young bride's sight away.
Bereft of joy, ere long the lover fled ;
Returned but three days ago,
The golden chain they round him throw,
He is enticed, and onward led
To marry Angela, and yet
Is thinking ever of Margaret.

But here comes crippled Jane, the village seer,
She wears a countenance severe,
And saith, "When Angela weddeth this false bride-
groom,
She diggeth for Margaret a tomb."

Beautiful as some fair angel yet,
Thus lamented Margaret :

"He has arrived ; arrived at last,
Yet Jane has named him not these three days past ;
But some one comes ! Though blind, my heart can see !
And that deceives me not ! 'tis he ! 'tis he !"
With outstretched arms, but sightless eyes,
She rises ; 'tis only Paul, her brother, who thus cries :
"Angela, the bride, has passed.
Tell me, my sister, why were we not asked ?"
"Angela married ! and not send
To tell her secret unto me !
Oh ! speak ! who may the bridegroom be ?"
"My sister, 'tis Baptiste, thy friend !"
A cry the blind girl gave, but nothing said ;
A milky whiteness upon her cheek is spread.
"Hark ! the joyous airs are ringing !
Sister, dost thou hear them singing ?
How merrily they laugh and jest !
Would we were bidden with the rest !

I would don my hose of homespun gray,
And my doublet of linen, striped and gay.
Perhaps they will come; for they do not wed
Till to-morrow at seven, it is said!"

"Paul, be not sad! 'tis a holiday;
To-morrow put on thy doublet gay;
But leave me now for awhile alone."

Away with a hop and a jump went Paul,
And as he whistled along the hall,
Entered Jane, the crippled crone.
"I'm faint! What dreadful heat!
My little friend! what ails thee, sweet?"

"Nothing! I heard them singing home the bride;
And as I listened to the song,
I thought my turn would come ere long:
Thou knowest it is at Whitsuntide."
Jane, shuddering, her hand doth press;
"Thy love I cannot all approve;
We must not trust too much to happiness:
Go, pray to God that thou may'st love him less."

"The more I pray the more I love!
It is no sin, for God is on my side!"

It was enough, and Jane no more replied,
But when departing at the evening's close,
She murmured, "She may be saved, she nothing knows!"
Now rings the bell, nine times reverberating.
And the white daybreak, stealing up the sky,
Sees in two cottages two maidens waiting,
How differently!
The one fantastic, light as air,
'Mid kisses ringing
And joyous singing
Forgets to say her morning prayer!

The other, with cold drops upon her brow,
Joins her two hands and kneels upon the floor,
And whispers, as her brother opes the door,
"O God! forgive me now!"
And then the orphan, young and blind,
Conducted by her brother's hand,
Toward the church, through paths unscanned,
With tranquil air her way doth wind.
"Paul," said Margaret, "where are we? we ascend!"
"Yes, we are at our journey's end!
Come in! The bride will be here soon;
Thou tremblest! O Margaret! art going to swoon?"
But no more restrained, no more afraid,
She walks, as for a feast arrayed,
And in the ancient chapel's sombre night,
They both are lost to sight.
The guests delay not long,
Soon arrives the village throng.
The wedding-ring is blessed; Baptiste receives it,
Ere on the finger of the bride he leaves it!
He must say one word! 'tis said, and suddenly at his
side,
" 'Tis he!" a well-known voice hath cried.
And while the wedding guests all hold their breath,
Lo! Margaret, the blind girl, see!
"Baptiste," she said, "since thou hast wished my
death,
I freely sacrifice myself for thee!"
And calmly in the air a knife suspended.
Doubtless her guardian angel near attended,
For anguish did its work so well,
That ere the fatal stroke descended
Lifeless she fell!

At eve, instead of bridal verse,
The De Profundis filled the air ;
Decked with flowers a simple hearse
To the churchyard forth they bear.
Village girls in robes of snow
Follow, weeping as they go ;
Nowhere was a smile that day,
No, ah ! no ! for each one seemed to say :

"The road should mourn and be veiled in gloom,
So fair a corpse shall leave its home ;
Should mourn and should weep, ah ! well-away !
So fair a corpse shall pass to-day."

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

COLLOQUIAL POWERS OF DR. FRANKLIN.

NEVER have I known such a fireside companion as he was ! Great as he was, both as a statesman and a philosopher, he never shone in a light more winning than when he was seen in a domestic circle. It was once my good fortune to pass two or three weeks with him, at the house of a private gentleman, in the back part of Pennsylvania ; and we were confined to the house during the whole of that time, by the unintermitting constancy and depth of the snows. But confinement could never be felt where Franklin was an inmate. His cheerfulness and his colloquial powers spread around him a perpetual spring. When I speak, however, of his colloquial powers, I do not mean to awaken any notion analogous to that which Boswell has given us, when he so frequently mentions the colloquial

powers of Dr. Johnson. The conversation of the latter continually reminds one of "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." It was, indeed, a perpetual contest for victory, or an arbitrary and despotic exaction of homage to his superior talents. It was strong, acute, prompt, splendid, and vociferous; as loud, stormy, and sublime as those winds which he represents as shaking the Hebrides, and rocking the old castles that frowned upon the dark rolling sea beneath. But one gets tired of storms, however sublime they may be, and longs for the more orderly current of nature. Of Franklin no one ever became tired. There was no ambition of eloquence, no effort to shine, in anything which came from him. There was nothing which made any demand either upon your allegiance or your admiration.

His manner was as unaffected as infancy. It was nature's self. He talked like an old patriarch; and his plainness and simplicity put you, at once, at your ease, and gave you the full and free possession and use of all your faculties.

His thoughts were of a character to shine by their own light, without any adventitious aid. They required only a medium of vision like his pure and simple style, to exhibit, to the highest advantage, their native radiance and beauty. His cheerfulness was unremitting. It seemed to be as much the effect of the systematic and salutary exercise of the mind as of its superior organization. His wit was of the first order. It did not show itself merely in occasional coruscations; but, without any effort or force on his part, it shed a constant stream of the purest light over the whole of his discourse. Whether in the company of commons or nobles, he was always the same plain man; always most perfectly at

his ease, his faculties in full play, and the full orbit of his genius forever clear and unclouded. And then the stores of his mind were inexhaustible. He had commenced life with an attention so vigilant, that nothing had escaped his observation, and a judgment so solid, that every incident was turned to advantage. His youth had not been wasted in idleness, nor overcast by intemperance. He had been all his life a close and deep reader, as well as thinker; and, by the force of his own powers, had wrought up the raw materials, which he had gathered from books, with such exquisite skill and felicity, that he had added a hundred fold to their original value, and justly made them his own.

WIRT.

SEVERAL CATS.

THREE cats went out on a cat-amaran,
To see where the cat-tails grew;
Each cat had a cat-aract over each eye,
And each had a cat-awaul, too.

A cat-amount, suffering with the cat-arrh
Was advised to use cat-nip tea;
But thinking that cat-sup would do quite as well
He soon sank into cat-alepsy.

A cat-bird, perched on a cat-alpa tree,
Played the part of a cat-echist;
He asked all the questions in the cat-egory
And some that were "not on the list."

A cat-bird, tired of his usual drink,
Partook of cat-awba wine,

Till he grew cat's-eyed and couldn't wink,
And was cat-hooked out with a line.

A cat-apillar in cat's-cradle rocked,
Down 'mong the bright pussy-willows,
While a cat-boat sped before the breeze
Far out on the bounding billows.

A cat-alan carried his cat-echism,
When he went to the cat-acombs;
He sighed in vain for a cat-alogue,
Or a cat-agraph of the tombs.

A cat-echumen, on a cat-tle ranch
Was taken with a spasm;
His life was saved by a cat-aclysm
Mixed with a cat-aplasm.

* * * * *

A cat-anery string of cats!
A cat-call warns me to desist;
A cat's-paw upheld threateningly
Suggests a cat-hole (exit)—pechist!
GOLDEN DAYS.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

TO the Army of the Potomac belongs the unique distinction of being its own hero. It fought more battles, and lost more in killed and wounded than all the others; it shed its blood like water, to teach incompetent officers the art of war, and political tacticians the folly of their plans; but it was always the same in-

vincible and undismayed Army of the Potomac. The verdict of history is already made up, as to the value of its services, its sacrifices, and its victories, but, perhaps, not yet upon its commanders. From intermediate discussions, we rise to the contemplation of two grand facts, standing, like monuments, at the beginning and close of its career, that it owed its existence to the masterly organizing abilities of McClellan, and ended the war under the superb generalship of Grant.

The Army of the Potomac was composed of thinking bayonets. Behind each musket was a man who knew for what he was fighting. He understood the plan of campaign, and with unerring and terrible accuracy estimated his commander. The one soldier in whom he never lost confidence was himself. This army operated so near the capital that congressmen and newspapers directed its movements, changed its officers and criticised its failures to conquer upon lines blue-penciled on Washington maps. It suffered for four years, under unparalleled abuse, and was encouraged by little praise, but never murmured. It saw all its corps and division commanders sign a petition to the President to remove its general, and then, despairingly but heroically, marched to certain disaster at his order. It saw its general demand the resignation or court-martial of its corps and division officers, and yet, undemoralized and undismayed, it charged under his successor in a chaos of conflicting demands.

At last, this immortal army, of Cromwellian descent, of Viking ancestry, and the blood of Brian Boru, had at its head a great captain who had never lost a battle, and whom President Lincoln had freed from political meddling and the interference of the civil authorities

Every morning for thirty days came the orders to storm the works in front, and every evening for thirty nights the survivors moved to the command, "by the right flank, forward, march," and at the end of that fateful month, with sixty thousand comrades dead or wounded in the Wilderness, the Army of the Potomac once more, after four years, saw the spires of Richmond. Inflexible of purpose, insensible to suffering, inured to fatigue and reckless of danger, it rained blow on blow upon its heroic but staggering foe, and the world gained a new and better and freer and more enduring republic than it had ever known, in the surrender at Appomattox. When Lincoln and Grant and Sherman, firmly holding behind them the vengeful passions of the civil war, put out their victorious arms to the South, and said, "We are brethren," this generous and patriotic army joined in the glad acclaim and welcome with their fervent "Amen."

CHAUNCEY M. DEFEW.

THE KNIGHT AND THE PAGE.

[A story of long-ago Christmas.]

IN leathern volume, old and quaint,
I read, one Christmas tide,
Stories of lady and knight and saint
Who loved and suffered and died;
But one of a simple and noble child
Was sweeter than all beside:

A little page in castle hall,
Fair-faced, with golden hair,
Who waited his lady's lightest call

And stood at the baron's chair ;
Or sang, with silvery voice and sweet,
And chanted the evening prayer.

And life, in the castle, was bright and gay,
With chase and feast and dance,
One hundred good knights held courtly play,
And tilted with gleaming lance,
When tidings came of invading foes,
And war with haughty France.

Then rode the knights from the castle gate,
In glitter of martial pride,
Ready to meet the warrior's fate
Or stand at the victor's side ;
And within the walls, save page and serf,
There were none to shield or guide.

In the lady's bower was heard no song,
All hearts were chill with dread ;
The weary days, how sad and long !
Laughter and light were fled,
And when they chanted the evening prayer
They were thinking of their dead.

Darker and deeper grew their woe,
As Christmas eve drew near ;
For the baron's fiercest, deadliest foe,
With many a flashing spear,
Rode up and clattered the castle gate
With mocking words of cheer.

" Good thirty men behind me ride,
The bravest in the land ;

I come to break your baron's pride,
And offer a mailèd hand.
Will ye be crushed in its iron grasp
Or tamed to my command?

"Ye are but women few and lorn;
Your 'frighted menials flee;
Ho, lady! vain thy lofty scorn.
Bring down the castle key;
Come down and plead for leave to live,
Upon thy bended knee!"

Then stood she up before them all,
That lady brave and true:
"So ye besiege defenseless wall,
And war with women few?
I will not yield my castle key,
Cowards, whate'er ye do!"

The knight laughed loud in bitter hate,
"Fine words, my lady bold,
To-night, before thy castle gate,
We feast and revel hold.
When the matin bells of Christmas chime
Know that thy doom is told."

That night within the lofty hall,
Fair faces blanched with fear:
"Must we in vain for mercy call!
Is there no succor near?"
What prayers rose up that dreary night,
Broken with sob and tear!

In the cold, gray light of Christmas morn,
They wait the summons grim—

What music on the air is borne,
Thrilling the silence dim ?
It is the voice of the little page
Singing a Christmas hymn !

“ O Christ ! to whom with gifts from far
Came shepherd, sage and king,
Our choicest gifts on this glad morn,
Our hearts we humbly bring !

“ Grant us to follow Thee in love,
Nor from Thy path to stray,
Thy blessed feet have gone before
And glorified the way.

“ We join the angel choirs that sing
This happy morn again.
‘ Glory to God, the Lord most high,
Good-will and peace to men ! ’ ”

There were no faltering tones of fear
In all that joyous song ;
The childish voice rang loud and clear
The vaulted halls along,
And trembling ones who heard the strain
Grew comforted and strong.

• But soon below the castle wall
Pealed out a trumpet blast,
And hoarsely rose Sir Ronald’s call :
“ Thine hour hath come at last !
Now, yield me up thy castle key,
The respite time is past ! ”

The cruel words still filled the air,
 When, with a valiant grace,
 The little page sped down the stair
 The dreaded foe to face.
 The castle key gleamed in his belt,
 As on he went apace.

Great shouts of taunting mockery came
 From the armèd band below.
 "Ha! fallen house and haughty dame!
 End all your glories so?"
 But Ronald shrank before the child,
 As from a sudden blow;

Then sternly spake: "There is no time
 For quip or parley now;
 The matin bells have ceased to chime,
 And Ronald keeps his vow!
 Go tell thy haughty lady there
 Her doomèd head to bow."

"My lord," the voice was low and clear,
 "One word to thee I bring;
 Not from a woman white with fear,
 But from the Heavenly King,
 A message which thou well mayst hear
 Before thou do this thing!

"But if the holy Christmas hour
 Brings no kind thought to thee,
 My little life is in thy power,
 Set but my lady free,
 And I will bless thee e'en for death,
 Nor ask for liberty.

"Do with me as thou wilt, my lord,
Here is the castle key,
Yet give me first thy knightly word
To set my lady free!
Our king hath given me this trust;
Spend all thy wrath on me."

The knight bowed low his haughty head
Upon his mailed hand;
He who before a foe ne'er fled,
Nor failed in fight to stand,
Sat faint and white before them all,
Unanswering and unmanned.

Slowly stretched forth a kindly arm,
The voice grew low and mild;
E'en hate could find no power to harm
The faithful, dauntless child.
"Live on, my boy, to sing again
Thy praises undefiled!"

He stood before the wondering boy,
And raised the massive key:
"I give thee Christmas cheer and joy,
Life for thy friends and thee!
The lady hath her liberty.
Thy hand hath set her free!"

The maidens cowering in the hall
Hear a loud trumpet blare,
And thirty horsemen from the wall
Ride off in order fair.
The little page, with the castle key,
Comes slowly up the stair,

That night, at chime of vesper bell,
Pealed forth an anthem choice;
But far above the organ's swell
Rang out a childish voice:
"My soul shall magnify the Lord,
My heart in Him rejoice!"

MARTHA C. HOWE.

MISS WITCHAZEL AND MR. THISTLEPOD.

I RECENTLY noticed this paragraph in a city paper:

"Miss Ella Witchazel, a charming young school teacher of Villisca, Iowa, finding the close confinement and arduous duties of the school-room injuring her health, tried the out-door cure. Instead of spending her winter's salary and summer vacation in a crowded hotel at the seashore, she went on a farm, cut twenty-five acres of prairie hay, harvested forty acres of wheat, gained twenty pounds in weight, a coat of tan for her hands and face, and a rugged health that cannot be equaled anywhere off a farm. There's the girl you are looking for, young man."

Now, what I want to say: I am well acquainted with this young school-marm. Fact is, it was my farm she spent the summer on. Nice girl, Ella is, as ever run wild in the sun. We was glad, wife an' me, to have her come, an' she did 'bout as she pleased on the farm. I'd often read in the papers 'bout these young women that taught school in the winter an' farmed in the summer, but I never had any experience of 'em before.

Well, sir, she farmed. First day nothin'd do but she must drive the hoss-rake. Well, every man an' woman that comes from town wants to drive the hoss-rake, and they call that gittin' in the hay. My little Janey, eleven years old next May, usually drives the rake for us, but she hasn't been overly peart this summer, an' I kinder kept her out of the sun. So Miss Ella gits herself boosted on the hoss-rake—my boy, Joe, he boosted her—an' then she screamed an' fell off. Then she got on ag'in, hit the hoss a crack an' away she went on the dead jump out o' the field into the road, hoss a-goin', dust a-flyin' an' Miss Ella screechin'. Some of the men headed her off an' stopped the hoss. Then she tried it ag'in. This time she struck right straight through the standin' grass where it was tallest an' thickest and tangledest; hoss a-balkin' and tuggin' away by turns, grass holdin' of or comin' up by the roots, rake-teeth a snappin'. We got her out of that, and lost a whole day on the rake gettin' it mended.

Then she tried drivin' a load into the big barn. Had to send to the house for a ladder, an' then all the men had to go clear out of the field while she climbed up on the load. Drivin' in she got the wagon caught in a hedge-gap as wide as the Missouri River, ran over two stands of bees, upset the load, and buried herself under three hundred pounds of hay. It was the safest place for her under the excitin' circumstances; so we jest left her ther' until the bees got cammed down an' we got some work done. Next load she went in on, and then turned all the men out of the barn while she climbed up into the mow, an' then she wandered around until she stepped in a chute and shot down about twenty-eight feet into the cow barn an' lit right on the back of a

Jersey calf that was worth two hundred and fifty dollars of any man's money an hour before. Miss Ella wa'n't killed, but she was that jammed up that she lay in bed two days, an' but for that providence we'd hev ben workin' at that hay yet. An' anybody that wants a broken back calf can have one at his own figgers.

Well, come wheat harvest, she must drive the self-binder. That was a leetle too risky, but she had her own way. But she couldn't be trusted up above the knives, so somebody had to set up there an' hold her on. My boy Joe, he held her on—I told Joe she was a-makin' a fool of him—an' if she didn't make him drive around every poppy an' every blossom in weed she see in that field to save it! Never mind the wheat, but save the blamed weeds. There was only one stump on that three hundred and twenty acres of prairie land, just one stump, an' if that girl didn't run into it an' break the reaper. Lost all the rest of that day a-mendin' of it.

Next day she was that proud an' confident she could drive alone. Well, we tied her into the seat so'st she couldn't fall off, an' she started. Two rod from the start a big black snake stuck up his head—an' you know how slick them knives amputate a snake? Miss Ella she gives a faint little squeak, an' faints dead away. My boy Joe—he's always hangin' around—he jumped for the horses, took Miss Ella down and carried her to the house. Money, nor healthy tan, nor rugged appetite, nor nothin' couldn't coax Miss Witchazel into that field ag'in, and we got through harvestin' all right. Land, how the men laffed. And yet, we all liked the girl. But the idee of her farmin'—Why, do you know, sir, one day in hayin' she went to town—took one of my

best work horses an' was gone all day, an' came home with 'bout twenty yards of blue and white ribbons and tied 'em on the men's hats and the rake-handles, and wanted us all to wear b'iled shirts with the sleeves looped up with blue ribbon, go marchin' out to the hay-field, me at the head with the most and longest ribbons, a-singin', "We merry haymakers, tra, la, la, la, la!" She saw it done that way once in a concert or theayter an' thought that was the way hayin' was always done. An' she was so vexed that she cried when we wouldn't wear 'em. Law, when I put on that hat ma laid back and laffed till the tears ran down her old cheeks. "Job Thistlepod," she said, "if you'll go out and work in the rig, you'll scare away the grasshoppers." My boy Joe, he did wear his hat out, but he hid it under the hedge when he got out of sight of the house. I told Joe he was the biggest fool I ever see.

Well, Miss Ella got along fairly well after wheat harvest. Gathered some graceful sprays, she called 'em, of poison ivy one day, and couldn't see out of one eye for nigh a week. One day she took a tin pail to go out after berries, and when she went through the cow pasture, the cows thought there was salt in the pail, an' chased her till she was nigh ready to drop. And she went to the barn once an' tried to harness a young Tuckahoe colt that had never had a halter on him, an' how she got out of that stable alive 's more'n I can tell. But what I want to say is, that that's about the way the young women who farm so graceful in the newspapers usually farm on the farm. But we liked her. An' we hated to see her go. An' she will make a splendid wife for some man if she can't run a farm; but I don't know about your young men comin' out to look

after her, for when she said good-bye to me to go back to town, she threwed her arms around my neck an' gim me a kiss that I says to my boy Joe, standin' by the wagon to take her to town—he was always somewhere around—"Joe," I says, "you'd give your share in the farm for that," an' Joe, he didn't seem to care for anything of the kind, an' Miss Ella, she up and give me another squeeze an' a kiss, an' I saw her lookin' over my shoulder at my boy Joe, and haw!—haw!—haw!

R. J. BURDETTE.

WHEN I MEAN TO MARRY.

WHEN do I mean to marry?—Well,
'Tis idle to dispute with fate;
But if you choose to hear me tell,
Pray listen while I fix the date.

When daughters haste, with eager feet,
A mother's daily toil to share,
Can make the puddings which they eat,
And mend the stockings which they wear:

When maidens look upon a man
As in himself what they would marry,
And not as army-soldiers scan
A sutler or a commissary.

When gentle ladies, who have got
The offer of a lover's hand,
Consent to share his earthly lot,
And do not mean his lot of land;

When young mechanics are allowed
To find and wed the farmer's girls
Who don't expect to be endowed
With rubies, diamonds, and pearls;

When wives, in short, shall freely give
Their hearts and hands to aid their spouses,
And live as they were wont to live
Within their sires' one-story houses;

Then, madam—if I'm not too old—
Rejoiced to quit this lonely life,
I'll brush my beaver, cease to scold,
And look about me for a wife!

JOHN G. SAXE.

EASTER MORNING.

NOT another day of the year comes upon the earth with such uniniversal acceptance as this. Although every Sabbath day is now changed to be a day of rejoicing for the resurrection of the Son of God, yet this is the annual and all-inclusive day, and is the Sunday of Sundays, which proclaims the resurrection of Christ from the dead with the sounding joy and sympathy of the whole Christian world. Christ is risen! There is life, therefore, after death! His resurrection is the symbol and pledge of universal resurrection!

It was almost nineteen hundred years ago. The world had not then just begun. It had passed four thousand troubled years. Well might holy men deem the old ended and the new begun; with Simeon, they were prepared to say, "Lord, now lettest thou Thy servant de-

part in peace!" Well might the hopeful expect, from the very hour of Christ's resurrection, new scenes, new power, and new life of men and nations. Yet how blindly did they expect! How utterly unlike expectation have been the results. If we could go back to the time of the resurrection of Christ, and learn what was the expectation of the most intelligent and the most instructed of the early Christian men respecting the future, we should doubtless see that every single element of it, so far as it related to the outward progress of Christ's kingdom in this world, was mistaken.

Where is Jerusalem, that to the early Christian was to be glorified under Christ? Where are the Jews to-day, that were to be God's favored people in a more illustrious reign and kingdom? They are dispersed through all the earth, with indigestible nationality, yet immiscible and ungathered. Jerusalem is a stage for antiquarians and devout pilgrims. The temple is gone, the light of true faith is quenched, and a decaying superstition kindles its lurid fire in the place of it. From the day that the hand of the government was stretched out against Christ, it seems to have been paralyzed, and the fabled Wandering Jew is a symbol of the nation itself, vagabond, restless and wretched—a nation without a land; a people without a government; a parasitic people, growing upon the boughs of other nations, as the mistletoe upon the oak.

. On this morning, of old, the Greek people, broken in political power, were yet the repositories of literature, of philosophy, of art. They were the world's school-masters. The rude Romans first subdued them, and then became their scholars, and sat at the feet of those on whose necks they had put their own feet.

But now the torch that kindled the whole world's

literature has itself gone out. The name and the place of Greece remains, but Greece is but a remembrance; and missionaries from distant lands are carrying scanty coals and embers from modern altars to kindle again the fires long quenched upon those renowned places of antiquity that gave to the world its light.

The Roman at that time stood supreme; but the empire is dead, ages ago. Rome was the centre of power then. It is now the centre of decrepitude. It then commanded the world. Now it subsists by the permission of foreign armies. Its armies were in the East, in Gaul, in Britain. Europe was its realm. Now Rome mutters anathemas with the permission of a usurping French Emperor, and is saved from the indignation of the Italian people by a mercenary army.

So long ago did the Jewish national life cease, and the Grecian and the Roman, that there has been time since for vast intermediate formations. The complex and transitional nations of the middle ages have had time for growth and for decay, and they have passed away, and still another growth, with modern civilization, is developed—and all since the first incoming of this morning of the resurrection, that seemed to promise immediate victory to the world.

And now, a little more than eighteen hundred years after the resurrection, the day illustrious above all others, the day that brought to light and life the longed-for truths of immortality, the day that glows with the light of the natural sun, not only, but through morning portal pours the effulgence of the great spirit world beyond, the light of the land of God—how strangely has it come every year again, shining upon all the earth! It came annually for a hundred years, and not a Christian temple did it see, and only hidden and dis-

persed Christians. It came for two hundred years more, and yet no fanes had been built. The root of Christianity had spread, and some leaves had crept along the ground like a hidden vine, but no tree of life spread its branches, a covert and a shade, for full three hundred years after the first shining of this day.

It came year by year to see Christianity recognized and corrupted almost at the same time; to see the world convulsed with wars and revolutions; to see the earth groan and travail in pain until now.

But now, in these later years, the whole Christian world celebrates this day again. Five hours ago our fatherland began its hymns and chants; but even before that the solemn sounding joy had spread through all the Russian land. Across the sea the light brought joy to many a ship; and glancing on the shore, ten thousand spires flash the glad illumination, and tremble to the rolling organ beneath, that sounds forth the Christian's exultation. It is the Lord's day, and the annual day of resurrection.

Oh! day of God! comest thou to declare the soul's life? As thy light increases, do we read the dim intimations of nature more plainly, and, deciphering them, learn the glorious doctrine of immortality? Shall the dead live again? Shall love light again its quenched fire where storms cannot extinguish it? Shall we find in the future that glorious treasure-house into which has been gathered all that is good and best of earthly life? Is there a kingdom where God is King, and the King is Father? Oh! land without tears! how shall we understand thee—we who cannot look but through tears? Oh! land of truth, and purity, and love! art thou real, and near, for all who will?

THE SCIENTIFIC GENESIS.

THERE once was a period, when, why, or where,
'Tis not in the province of thought to declare;
But we know for a fact and can prove in a trice
What must have been, was—surely that will suffice.

This period a positive point, if you care,
An ovoid, a sphere, triangular, square;
Whatever its figure, or whatever not,
This one thing is true, it began to grow hot.

'Roused thus from eternity's deepest repose,
A beautiful cluster of polypi grows;
Idiosyncracies wondrous, these groups soon display,
And wend through vacuity nebulous way.

Behold! now this yeasty mass grows half concrete,
Ten thousand orbs forming construction complete;
Earth, truly 'tis said, appeared strictly on time,
Rolling forth before Sol, very fair in her prime.

Now quickly evolving first one and another,
Each atom gave hand to a luckier brother;
With horns, quills, or bristles, or glittering scales,
Tentacula, stings or prehensile tails.

The law of descent, in a blind sort of way,
Kept an eye for the main chance, each new coming
day;
And in all directions, for nature essayed
That man should by some new departure be made.

Now this kept evolving till entailed in the rat ;
This came to the scratch in the shape of the cat ;
Some ended in feathers, an eagle or owl,
A gay paroquet, or common barn fowl.

On the highway of possible eminence thus
Whenever it was fitting, without any fuss,
Each finds its own station, bids adieu to its friends,
And with evolution most certainly ends.

At the last, Mr. Monkey, brother anthropoid ape,
Surveying with mute satisfaction his shape,
Broke away from the chattering crowd in his pride,
Seeking pithecius maiden in whom to confide.

As good luck would have it, he found her one eve
She kissed him so sweetly, he said, " by your leave
I'll register now as the long-looked-for Adam,
And, of course, you go down as original madam."

ANON.

AUNT SYLVIA'S FIRST LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

AUNT SYLVIA was an old domestic in the family of Mr. Coleman ; Susie was Mr. Coleman's little daughter. One morning she ran into the kitchen, exclaiming, " O Aunt Sylvia ! guess. I've got something to tell you ! Guess what's the shape of the earth ?"

The old negro lifted her portly figure from its stooping posture and said, somewhat resentfully :

" Now, what's de use ob me a-guessin when I knows ?"

" Well, tell if you know. Why don't you tell ?"

"Now, look a-heah, Miss Sukey, is you axin me kase you wants de knowledge, or 'kase you wants to stump me?"

"Oh!" said Susie, "I only want to see if we think alike about it."

"Toe by sho! all sensible pussens what kin see straight, tinks 'like 'bout it. De yearth, nigh as I kin 'spress it, is jist 'bout de shape o' dis hea hoe-cake, hef it were round and tidy and neber had no ragged aidges; an' de sky? why, de sky's builded all ober us jist like a diwerted tea-cup. De yearth, in the second place, is jist as hef de big soap-kittle was turned top-side down'ards onto a plank; we libs on de plank like."

"And do we live on the inside or the outside of the world?"

"Waal now, I tells you how 'tis, Miss Sukey, now, fer instance, I tooks dis heah yaller bowl an' I turns it down on to dis heah stool—now, we libs on de stool under de yaller bowl; de yaller bowl cobbbers us all ober, jist like yo ma's parasol."

"Why, no, Aunt Sylvia, that isn't the way at all!"

"Which is de way, den?"

"Why, the earth is round, and we live on the outside."

"Hirsh yo nonsense, chile, hirsh yo nonsense," said Aunt Sylvia, shaking her head in ominous warning, "hit haint right to make fun o' sich things as God made."

"I'm not making fun, it's so—I learned it in my geography lesson to-day, and if you'll give me something round I'll explain it. What may I have?"

Here Susie searched around the cabin and lit upon an old gourd.

"May I have this, Aunt Sylvia?" she exclaimed, holding it up.

"Don't you tech dat goad!" said Aunt Sylvia, hastening to the rescue; "I keeps my Sunday-go-to-meetin shoes an stockings an sage an yarbs in dat ar goad; you wait, I git you sompin hef you mus hab it."

Here she lifted a puncheon in the floor and produced, from an excavation where the chickens were accustomed to assemble for a wallow or dust-bath, a large watermelon; handing it to Susie, she exclaimed:

"Dar now! now doan you bust dat, an doan you say nuffin to marster 'bout it, 'kase sho an sartin he'll say I stole it outen his patch—wharas I never does steal nuffin."

"Now," said Susie, "you'll understand it. We'il pretend this watermelon is the earth, and this pin I stick in the top is you, Aunt Sylvia, and this pin I stick in the bottom is a negro in Africa, and we'll pretend this candle is the sun. Now, the earth moves slowly up to the sun, so—and it gets lighter and lighter until it's daylight, then it moves round and round until the earth gets right under the sun—that's noon—dinner-time; then it goes round and round and it keeps getting darker and darker, until it gets here—then it's night. Now, you, Aunt Sylvia, have night and that negro in Africa has daylight. Then the earth moves round again until it gets here, and there's daylight again. But all this time the sun has stood still, and it's been the earth that has been moving. Now, don't you understand?"

"An you 'spects me to 'bleeve dat nonsense?"

"Why, certainly; you must believe it."

"You 'spects me, Miss Sukey, to 'bleeve dat I libs on a slippery, slidery ball what go sailin round and round,

wid my head up'ards an down'ards, fust on dis shoulder, den on dat? Tole you what, Miss Sukey, you can't fool a Coleman nigger, no'n 'deedy, you'd be in a heap better business hef you'd go an tell dat yarn to a McWilliams' nigger, or mo like to dat Afican nigger on de ovver side dat watermillion. I aint no ignunt, oncibilized heathen, dat doan know nuffin."

"But, Aunt Sylvia, can't you understand it? Haven't you got any understanding?"

"Y-a-s'n 'deedy, got a heap ob it, I has! got 'ficient understanding to 'ceive dat hef I was like dat pin, a-haugin on to de side dat watermillion, jis fall off'n it an break ebery single rib in dis heah mawtal body, an when I got 'round to de bottom heah, I'd jis pitch head for'ards to de marcy knows whar, an bust my skull clar open, an when I got up 'round dis side, why, I'd jis fall back'ards and break my neck short off."

"But, Aunt Sylvia, the pin doesn't fall out."

"You's a moughty foolish chile, Miss Sukey, moughty foolish! Dat pin is sharpened down to a pint an stuck into de yearth, but is I sharpened down to a pint an stuck in de yearth? Jis look at me an let me know ef I is! Why, ef dat was de case, I'd be 'feared to go to bed at night—'feard rollin off de baid, and 'sides me what 'ud become ob de milk-pails, de water-buckets, de sof soap, an de ash-hopper? Wake up in de mawin' an fine ever thing spilt an gone way down to no whar."

"But, Aunt Sylvia, our teacher says it's just as if there was a great, stroug man in the centre of the earth that held in his hands the ropes that are hitched to you and me and the milk-pails and water-buckets—"

"Now, stop right dar! talkin nonsense is, fer all de worl, like teiliu lies. Now, ef I tells one lie—not dat

I ebber tells lies, kase I'se a member ob de church, in good standin—but hef I should happen to hav occasion, fer instance, te tell one lie, I'd hav to tell 'nother to 'splain 'way de fust. Now, yo teacher larnt you dat nonsense 'bout de yearth turnin round, den she had to 'splain 'way dat nonsense by de nonsense ob de ropes hitched unto tings. Now, sposin dere was ropes hitched unto 'um, wouldn't de milk get out all de same—you can't tie milk into a pail, honey, you can't do it! an doan I know dere haint no ropes hitched to me—'kase can't I go wherever I want to if Mistiss'll let me?"

"I didn't say there were ropes hitched to you; I said it was only like there were, and you're not my Aunt Sylvia, and I don't love you any more, 'cause you don't believe what I say." And poor little Susie actually began to cry.

Aunt Sylvia immediately relented.

"Dar now, honey," said she soothingly. "Why, honey, you aint mindin my ignunce, I'se dull as dat ole meat-ax out in de smoke-house. S-a-r-t-i-n-l-y de yearth's round, an hits rounder dan de rounes apple what ebber grow'd on a apple-tree, an always was, an always gwine ter be! an I'se an ole fool ef I can't see it. My eye-sight haint been good dese heap o' years, honey, I'se gittin ole, you see, an bimeby you won't have Aunt Sylva to bover you no mo."

It was Susie's turn to be melted. Hastening over to she old negro, she buried her face in her check apron and sobbed: "There, Aunt Sylvia, you're not old and ugly, you're young and pretty, and never will be old and ugly."

"Dar, now! now doan you mind it no mo! An when de simmonses gits ripe, you an me'll go simmon huntin.

De lora a-massey sake alibe! jis look at dat hoe-cake!
burnt to a crisp! dat's what comes o' ignunt ole niggers
talkin 'bout white folks' consarns."

TO BARBARY LAND.

I.

AND five of us those summer days
Rode gayly prancing side by side;
Earl with his merry, boyish ways,
And Lady May, always his bride;
Don, dark and grave, with gypsy eyes,
Queen Mad and I—our majesties
All bound for Barbary land.
The chargers which we rode away—
Gold bit and buckle and silken rein—
Were saw-logs, huge and old and gray,
That lay and whitened in the lane;
We always rode toward Barbary land.
The way was long through the yellow sand,
But glory rested on the hill,
And heaven was just beyond the mill;
The wild birds sang tralu! tralet!
The sky was blue and th' blossoms sweet
All the way to Barbary land.
And when night came on and th' tired wheel
Ran down and stopped the noisy mill,
When the cow-bells jangled slowly by,
And gold and crimson lit the sky,
We left our steeds so fleet and gay,
But in our dreams still rode away
Toward far-off Barbary land.

II.

And years have bloomed and crept along
Over those who rode together there ;
The Earl and May, 'mid bells and song,
White blossoms in her chestnut hair,
One fair and full midsummer day,
Rode side by side away, away,
Toward the real Barbary land.
At last they rode beyond the main—
Their cherished dream thro' years and years—
At last they reached and drew the rein
In far-off, beautiful Algiers.
But she who was our lovely queen—
The peerless little Madalene—
Long since she laid her sceptre down,
And Jesus gave a starrier crown ;
Long since, arrayed in snowy shroud,
Floating about her like a cloud,
She rode—but not to Barbary land
June roses, white and rare and sweet,
Around her head, across her feet,
June roses in her cold, white hand,
She rode across the golden strand ;
She rode away thro' the purple mist,
Beyond the hills of amethyst,
That lie in Beulah land.

III.

And Don and I walked hand in hand
Thro' clover-blossoms white and red :
We ride no more to Barbary land,
But walk thro' Bye-lo land instead ;

Sometimes on summer afternoons,
When the brook falls into old-time tunes
As it tinkles on the sand ;
When white clouds lie like swans at rest,
And the beryls cluster on the vine,
Turn blushing faces toward the west,
Flushed with the summer's spicy wine.
Then the upland stretches green and grand
Till it joins the hills in Beulah land ;
But trooping thro' the open door,
Where the red sun lies along the floor,
Four little dark-eyed gypsies come
To camp all night with us at home,
On their way to Barbary land.
We smile, gazing dreamily down the lane
At the dear old times come back again ;
Oh ! in faithful bosoms heaven lies,
And prayerful eyes see paradise ;
So we gather roses from the wall,
And on the clover the apples fall,
And—this is Bye-lo land.

AGNES E. MITCHELL.

THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

IT was terribly cold ; it snowed and was already almost dark and evening coming on—the last evening of the year. In the cold and gloom a poor little girl, bareheaded and barefooted, was walking through the streets. When she left her own house she certainly

had slippers on, slippers, but of what use were they? They were very big slippers, and her mother had used them till then. So big were they the little maid lost them as she slipped across the road, where two carriages were rattling by terribly fast. One slipper was not to be found again, and a boy had seized the other and run away with it. So now the little girl went with naked feet, which were quite red and blue with the cold. In an old apron she carried a number of matches and a bundle of them in her hand. No one had bought anything of her all day, and no one had given her a farthing.

Shivering with cold and hunger she crept along, a picture of misery, poor little girl! The snowflakes covered her long, fair hair, which fell in pretty curls over her neck, but she did not think of that now. In all the windows lights were shining and there was a glorious smell of roast goose, for it was Christmas Eve. Yes, she thought of that!

In a corner formed by two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, she sat down, cowering. She had drawn up her little feet, but she was still colder, and she did not dare to go home, for she had sold no matches, and did not therefore have a farthing of money. From her father she would certainly receive a beating, and besides, it was cold at home, for they had nothing over them but a roof, through which the wind whistled, though the largest rents had been stopped with straw and rags.

Her hands were almost benumbed with the cold. Ah! a match might do her good if she could only draw one from the bundle and rub it against the wall and warm her hands at it. She drew one out. R-r-atch! How it sputtered and burned! It was a warm, bright

flame, like a candle, when she held her hands over it; it was a wonderful little light! It really seemed to the child as if she sat before a great polished stove with bright brass feet and a brass cover. How the fire burned! How comfortable it was! but the little flame went out, the stove vanished, and she had only the remains of the burnt match in her hand.

A second one was rubbed against the wall. It burned up, and when the light fell upon the wall it became transparent, like a thin veil, and she could see through it into the room. On the table a snow-white cloth was spread; upon it stood a shining dinner service; the roast goose smoked gloriously, stuffed with apples and dried plums. And what was still more splendid to behold, the goose hopped down from the dish and waddled along the floor, with a knife and fork in its breast, to the little girl. Then the match went out and only the thick, damp, cold wall was before her. She lighted another match. Then she was sitting under a beautiful Christmas tree; it was greater and more ornamented than the one she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. Thousands of candles burned upon its green branches and lighted up the pictures in the room. The girl stretched forth her hand toward them; then the match went out. The Christmas lights mounted higher. She saw them now as stars in the sky; one of them fell down, forming a long line of fire.

"Now some one is dying," thought the little girl, for her old grandmother, the only person who had loved her and who was now dead, had told her that when a star fell down a soul mounted up to God.

She rubbed another match against the wall; it became

bright again, and in the brightness the old grandmother stood clear and shining, mild and lovely.

"Grandmother!" cried the child, "oh! take me with you! I know you will go when the match is burned out. You will vanish like the warm fire, the warm food, and the great, glorious Christmas tree!"

And she hastily rubbed the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to hold her grandmother fast. And the matches burned with such a glow that it became brighter than in the middle of the day; grandmother had never been so large or so beautiful. She took the child in her arms and both flew in brightness and joy above the earth, very, very high; and up where was neither cold nor hunger nor care—they were with God.

But in the corner, leaning against the wall, sat the poor girl with red cheeks and smiling mouth, frozen to death. "She wanted to warm herself," the people said. No one imagined what a beautiful thing she had seen and in what glory she had gone in with her grandmother on that Christmas night.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

JIMMY BROWN'S PROMPT OBEDIENCE.

I HAVEN'T been able to write anything for some time. I don't mean that there is anything the matter with my fingers, so that I can't hold a pen, but I haven't had the heart to write for my troubles; besides, I have been locked up for a whole week in the spare bed-room, on bread and water; excepting a little hash or something like that, only when Sue used to smuggle in cakes and pies and such things: and I hadn't any

pen and ink. I was going to write a novel while I was locked up, by pricking my fingers and writing with a pin in the blood, on my shirt, but I couldn't write two letters that way before my finger would stop bleeding, and I couldn't keep pricking it all the time. I don't believe all those stories about those men who wrote dreadful promises in their blood. Of course, you'll say I've been doin' something dreadful wrong, but I don't think I have; besides, I'll leave it to anybody if Aunt Eliza aint enough to provoke a whole regiment of saints. The fact is, I got into trouble this time just through obeying my dear mother promptly, and the consequence is I was locked up for a whole week, on bread and water, besides other things, too painful to mention. Aunt Eliza is one of those folks who thinks she knows everything and nobody else knows nothing, especially us men. She was visiting us and finding fault with everybody and saying, "Why didn't mother make father whitewash ceilings and mend chairs; and what did she have that great lazy boy around the house doing nothing for?" There was a little hole in the roof, where it leaked when it rained, and Aunt Eliza said to father, "Why don't you have energy enough to get out on the roof and see where the leak is?" he said, "Eliza, if you want it done, just do it yourself," and she said, "I will, this very day." After breakfast she said, "Jimmy, I want you to show me where the trap-door is." We always keep it open to let the fresh air in, excepting when it rains, then we lock it. So after breakfast I took her out on the roof and I went downstairs. Pretty soon it commenced to get dark, like it was going to rain, and mother said, "Jimmy, I want you to lock the trap-door." I started to tell her that

Aunt Eliza was out on the roof, but she said, "Why don't you obey me promptly, as soon as I speak to you?" So I obeyed as promptly as I could. I shut the trap-door and I locked it. Pretty soon it commenced to thunder and lightning, and didn't it pour! The streets looked just like a river. After while I got tired of looking at it rain and sat down to read, and pretty soon mother came to me and said, "Jimmy, do you know where Sister Eliza is?" I said, "I guess she is out on the roof, for I left her there about two hours ago when I locked the trap-door." Whew! Nothing was done to me till they got two men to bring Aunt Eliza in an' put her to bed and wrung the rain out of her, and the doctor was sent for, an' after awhile she came to. Pretty soon father came home, and when he heard what happened—but there, let us say no more about it. Aunt Eliza is as well as anybody now an' nobody says a word to me about prompt obedience since the thunder storm.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

(Youth's Companion.)

IN Granada bells were ringing,
In Granada altars burned,
Heralds swept on palfreys gleaming,
Shouting: "Praise the Lord, forever,
Colon, Colon has returned!"
Open stood the church of Palos,
Struck the bells, now loud, now low;
Landward, off the Gaudiana,
Higher rose the star-crowned banner,

Neared the acclaiming port of Palos,
Neared the weeping port of Palos,
Ancient Palos,
Long ago.

Higher rose the sea-wet banner
While the far hills smoked and burned,
And the couriers, trumpets blowing,
Shouted: "Praise to Isabella;
Colon, Colon has returned!"
Shone the smoke-red sun on Palos,
In the seas of clouds aglow;
And the flag of crowns grew clearer,
As the caravel drew nearer
The acclaiming port of Palos,
The rejoicing port of Palos,
Ancient Palos,
Long ago.

Lands the viceroy, throngs acclaiming,
Walks the time-worn streets again.
Hears the gray cathedral's towers,
Answers: "Praise the Lord forever,
Hither, mariners of Spain!"
To the church with open portals,
Glad bells ringing, blow on blow,
Andalusian banners under,
Leads he, 'mid the eyes of wonder,
All his faithful men through Palos,
All his sun-browned crew through Palos.
Ancient Palos,
Long ago.

Hark! what music fills the temple,
Stops his feet beside the door?
"Hush! they sing the hymn of Mary,
Listen, sailors of Hispania,
Praise the Lord forever more!"
Far within the church they heard it,
The Magnificat sung low;
Heard "The humble He upraiseth,"
Heard "His holpen servant praiseth,"
As uprose the hymn of Mary,
Far within the church of Palos,
Ancient Palos,
Long ago.

Groined aisle and mullioned window,
Choir escutcheoned, golden cross
Met his eye as there he listened;
Tonsured monks from old Cordova,
Palmer's gray from Badajos,
Singers sweet from sweet Sevilla,
'Neath the altar lamp aglow,
'Mid the odorous oil ascending,
Like the fiery cloud attending
Israel's march of trump and censer,
O'er the great sea of the desert,
So he listened,
Long ago.

On the cool quays of Genoa,
Once that anthem he had heard.
As the night stars gleamed above him,
And the palaced air around him
Seemed by mystic angels stirred,

Was the earth a star, like Hesper,
 In the halls of space aglow?
 While those prisoned monks were chanting
 What strange prophecies came haunting
 His young soul in old Genoa,
 On the cool quays of Genoa,
 White Genoa,
 Long ago.

Now—how grand the monks were singing
 That same hymn of hope again!
 “Ho! advance, lead on the banner
 Of the crown of Isabella;
 Forward, mariners of Spain!”
 And the viceroy at the altar,
 Kneeling by his captives low,
 Bowed to praise the Lord of Heaven,
 For the world that he had given
 To the sceptre of Fernando,
 To the crowns of Isabella,
 To the Cross of Christ forever!
 So arose the First Thanksgiving,
 For the New World,
 Long ago!
 HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

SHE was my dream's fulfillment and my joy,
 This lovely woman whom you call your wife:
 She was my heart's dear idol and my pride;
 I taught her all those graces which you praise:

I dreamed of coming years, when at my side,
 She would lend lustre to my fading days,
 Should cling to me (as she to you clings now),
 The young fruit hanging to the withered bough.
 But lo! the blossom was so fair a sight,
 You plucked it from me, for your own delight.

Well, you are worthy of her—Oh! thank God!
 And yet I think you do not realize
 How burning were the sands o'er which I trod
 To bear and rear the woman you so prize.
 It was no easy thing to see her go,
 Even into the arms of one she worshiped so.

How strong, how vast, how awful seems the power
 Of this new love which fills a maiden's heart,
 For one who never bore a single hour of pain for her;
 Which tears her life apart
 From all its moorings, and controls her more
 Than all the ties the years have held before;
 Which crowns a stranger with a kingly grace,
 And gives the one who bore her—second place.

She loves me still, and yet, were death to say,
 "Choose now between them"—you would be her
 choice;
 God meant it to be so—it is His way—
 But can you wonder, if while I rejoice
 In her content, this thought hurts like a knife—
 "No longer necessary to her life."

My pleasure in her joy is bitter sweet,
 Your very goodness sometimes hurts my heart,

Because for her life's drama seems complete
Without her mother's oft repeated part.
Be patient with me—she was mine so long
But now is yours. One must indeed be strong
To meet such loss without the least regret,
And so, forgive me if my eyes are wet.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

WHAT IS A MINORITY?

WHAT is a minority? The chosen heroes of this earth have been in a minority. There is not a social, political, or religious privilege that you enjoy to-day that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient sufferings of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle. It is a minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world.

You will find that each generation has always been busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments—to whom? To the Covenanters. Ah! they were in a minority! Read their history if you can without the blood tingling to the tips of your fingers. These were the minority that, through blood and tears and hootings and scourgings—dyeing the waters with their blood, and staining the heather with their gore—fought the glorious battle of religious freedom.

Minority! If a man stand up for the right, though

he eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust ; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while falsehood and wrong parade in silken attire, let him remember that wherever the right and truth are, there are always

“Troops of beautiful, tall, angels”

gathered round him ; and God Himself stands within the dim future and keeps watch over His own ! If a man stands for the right and truth, though every man’s finger be pointed at him, though every woman’s lip be curled at him in scorn, he stands in a majority, for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him than all that be against !

JOHN B. GOUGH.

THE MINUET.

GRANDMA told me all about it,
Told me so I could not doubt it,
How she danced, my grandma, long ago !
How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirts she spread,
How she turned her little toes,
Smiling little human rose !

Grandma’s hair was bright and shining,
Dimpled cheeks, too ! ah ! how funny !
Bless me, now she wears a cap,
My grandma does and takes a nap, every single day ;
Yet she danced the minuet long ago ;
Now she sits there rocking, rocking,

Always knitting grandpa's stockings—
Every girl was taught to knit long ago—
But her figure is so neat,
And her ways so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now,
Bending to her partner's bow long ago.
Grandma says our modern jumping,
Rushing, whirling, dashing, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle people long ago.
No they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place,
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowing, courtesying back again.

Modern ways are quite alarming, grandma says,
But boys were charming—
Girls and boys I mean, of course—long ago,
Sweetly modest, bravely shy!
What if all of us should try just to feel
Like those who met in the stately minuet, long ago

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?
All would wear the calm they wore long ago.
And if in years to come, perchance,
I tell my grandchild of our dance,
I should really like to say,
We did it in some such way, long ago.

"TOOK NODICE."

HE was a big, red-faced Dutchman, and, as he entered our office door, and inquired if "der editor was around," we involuntarily glanced in the direction of the open window, before making an affirmative answer, and asking what was wanted.

"Vell," began our visitor, seating himself on the corner of the table, "I vill tole you about it. In der first blace, I got me a letter von my wife, Katrina, who vas pack in Visconsin, and someding vas happen on my house. Dot vas a poy, und he veighs more as dwelve bounds. Now, ofer I don't make me von cent, I got to see me dot little Dutchman."

"A very natural desire, certainly."

"But now I got me some droubles in my mindt. Ofer I gone off und left me dot glaim vat I got, und some rooster gomes along und dinks I haf tied my lasd, or somedings like dot, und yumps der glaim, vot I vill do about it?"

"You would be obliged to prove that you had not abandoned the claim."

"But dot makes me some expenses, aint it?"

"Yes."

"I dinks der best vay vill be to get a nodice in der baper."

"Very well, please write what you require."

TOOK NODICE—To all who got concerned about it: Der land vot sthands on der pehindt side von dot leedle sod-house of mine was took already by myself. I vas now gone to see Katrina und de paby. Who-
ofer yumps me dot glaim, vill I a head put on him,

so high up like a kide. A vord to der vise vos der perginning of efil.

(Signed)

PETER DIMBLEDECK.

"Offer you got dot in der baper, you vill bay me two dollars und I safe all dot oder expenses. Economy vas der tief of time. Do you dink dot some vay myself?"

We assured our German friend that such was our belief, and he departed, satisfied that the warning contained in the above notice would be sufficient to deter any adventurous pilgrim from "yumping" the afore-said claim.

BONNIE WEE ERIC.

BONNIE wee Eric! I have sat beside the evening fire
And listened to the leaping flames still darting
 keenly higher,
And all the while a lispig voice and eyes of sunny blue
Out-whispered the flame-whisper, and outshone the
 flicker too.

Bonnie wee Eric! To his home thoughts pleasantly
 return,
To long fair evenings in the land of ben and brae and
 burn;
Sweet northern words, so tunefully upon our Saxon flung,
As if a mountain breeze swept by where fairy bells are
 hung.

But sweeter than all fairy bells of quaint sweet min-
 strel tongue
Rang out wee Eric's gentlest tone when o'er his cot I
 hung,

And told him in the sunset glow once more the old dear story
Of Him who walked the earth that we might walk with Him in glory.

"He loves the little children so; does darling Eric love Him?"

I think the angels must have smiled a rainbow-smile above him,

Yet hardly brighter than his own, that lit the answer true,

"Jesus, the kind good Jesus! Me do, oh! yes, me do!"

Bonnie wee Eric! How the thought of heaven is full of joy,

And death has not a shadow for the merry, healthful boy!

To hear about the happy home he gladly turns away
From picture books, or Noah's ark, or any game of play.

"Mamma, some day me die, and then the angels take me home

To Jesus, and me sing to Him—papa and you too come."

So lightly said! "But, Eric, would you really like to die?"

She answered him: "Then, darling, tell mamma the reason why?"

And then the sunny eyes looked up, and seemed at once to be

Filled with a happy, solemn light, like sunrise on the sea;

He said, "Yes, me would like to die, for me know where
me going!"

What saint-like, longing baby lips! and oh! what blessed
knowing.

The lesson of the "little child" is sweetly learnt from
him;

No questioning no anxious faith, all tremulous and dim,
No drowsy love that hardly knows if it be love indeed;
Not "think" or "hope," but—"Oh! me do"—"me
know" his simple creed.

Bonnie wee Eric! Hardly launched on this world's
troubled sea,

We know the little bark is safe whate'er its course may
be;

And short or long, or fair or rough, our hearts are glad
in knowing

It will be onward, heavenward still, for he "knows
where he's going."

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

TWO ideas there are which, above all others, elevate
and dignify a race—the idea of God and of country. How imperishable is the idea of country! How does it live within and ennoble the heart in spite of persecutions and trials, and difficulties and dangers. After two thousand years of wandering, it makes the Jew a sharer in the glory of the prophets, the lawgivers, the warriors and poets who lived in the morning of time.

How does it toughen every fibre of an Englishman's frame, and imbue the spirit of the Frenchman with Napoleonic enthusiasm. How does the German carry with him even the "old house furniture" of the Rhine, surround himself with the sweet and tender associations of "Fatherland," and wheresoever he may be the great names of German history shine like stars in the heaven above him. And the Irishman, though the political existence of his country is merged in a kingdom whose rule he may abhor, yet still do the chords of his heart vibrate responsive to the tones of the harp of Erin, and the lowly shamrock is dearer to his soul than the fame-crowning laurel, the love-breathing myrtle, or storm-daring pine. What is our country? Not alone the land and the sea, the lakes and rivers, and valleys and mountains—not alone the people, their customs and laws—not alone the memories of the past, the hopes of the future; it is something more than all these combined. It is a divine abstraction. You cannot tell what it is, but let its flag rustle above your head—you feel its living presence in your hearts. They tell us that our country must die; that the sun and the stars will look down upon the great Republic no more; that already the black eagles of despotism are gathering in our political sky. That even now, kings and emperors are casting lots for the garments of our national glory. It shall not be. Not yet, not yet shall the nations lay the bleeding corpse of our country in the tomb. If they could, angels could roll the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre. It would burst the cerements of the grave, and come forth a living presence, "redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled." Not yet, not yet shall the Republic die. The heavens are not darkened, the stones

are not rent ! It shall live—it shall live the incarnation of freedom, it shall live the embodiment of the power and majesty of the people. Baptized anew, it shall stand a thousand years to come, the Colossus of the nations—its feet upon the continents, its sceptre over the seas, its forehead among the stars !

NEWTON BOOTH.

CARCASSONNE.*

I'M growing old ; I've sixty years ;
I've labored all my life in vain ;
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain ;
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
My prayer will ne'er fulfillment know ;
I never have seen Carcassonne.
I never have seen Carcassonne !

You see the city from the hill—
It lies beyond the mountains blue,
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue.
And, to return, as many more !
Ah ! had the vintage plenteous grown !
The grape withheld its yellow store—
I shall not look on Carcassonne.
I shall not look on Carcassonne !

*An ancient city of France, situated on both sides of the River Aude

They tell me every day is there
Not more nor less than Sunday gay;
In shining robes and garments fair
The people walk upon their way,
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon.
A bishop and two generals!
I do not know fair Carcassonne.
I do not know fair Carcassonne!

The curé's right; he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak, and blind;
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind;
Yet could I there two days have spent,
While still the autumn sweetly shone
Ah! me! I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne.
When I had looked on Carcassonne!

Thy pardon, father, I beseech
In this my prayer if I offend;
One something sees beyond his reach
From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy Aignan,
Have traveled even to Narbonne,
My grandchild has seen Perpignan,
And I have not seen Carcassonne.
And I have not seen Carcassonne!

So crooned, one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant, double bent with age.
"Rise up, my friend," said I, "with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage."

We left next morning his abode,
But (Heaven forgive him) half-way on
The old man died upon the road ;
He never gazed on Carcassonne.
Each mortal has his Carcassonne !

THE DEAD GRENADIER.

ON the right of the battalion a grenadier of France,
Struck through his iron harness by the lightning
of a lance,
His breast all wet with British blood, his brow with
British breath,
There fell defiant, face to face with England and with
death.
They made a mitre of his heart—they cleft it through
and through—
One half was for his legion, and the other for it too !
The colors of a later day prophetic fingers shed,
For lips were blue and cheeks were white and the fleur-
de-lis was red !
And the bugles blew, and the legion wheeled, and the
grenadier was dead.

And then the old commander rode slowly down the
ranks,
And thought how brief the journey grew, between the
battered flanks ;
And the shadows in the moonlight fell strangely into
line
Where the battle's reddest riot pledged the richest of
the wine,

And the camp fires flung their phantoms—all doing
what they could
To close the flinty columns up as old campaigners
would!
On he rode, the old commander, with the ensign in
advance,
And, as statued bronzes brighten with the smoky torch's
glance,
Flashed a light in all their faces, like the flashing of a
lance;
Then, with brow all bare and solemn, "For the King!"
he grandly said,
"Lower the colors to the living—beat the ruffle for the
dead!"
And thrice the red silk flickered low its flame of royal fire,
And thrice the drums moaned out aloud the mourner's
wild desire.
Ay, lower again, thou crimson cloud—again ye drums
lament—
'Tis Rachel in the wilderness and Ramah in the tent!

"Close up! Right dress!" the captain said, and they
gathered under the moon,
As the shadows glide together when the sun shines down
at noon—
A stranger at each soldier's right—ah! war's wild work
is grim!
And so to the last of the broken line, and Death at the
right of him!
And there, in the silence deep and dead, the sergeant
called the roll,
And the name went wandering down the lines as he
called a passing soul.

Oh! then that a friendly mountain that summons might
have heard,
And flung across the desert dumb the shadow of the
word,
And caught the name that all forlorn along the legion
ran,
And clasped it to its mighty heart and sent it back to
man!

There it stood, the battered legion, while the sergeant
called the roll,
And the name went wandering down the lines as he
called for a passing soul.
Hurrah for the dumb, dead lion! And a voice for the
grenadier
Rolled out of the ranks like a drum-beat, and sturdily
answered "here!"

"He stood," cried the sons of thunder, and their hearts
ran over the brim,
"He stood by the old battalion, and we'll always stand
by him!
Ay, call for the grand crusader, and we'll answer to the
name."
"And what will ye say?" the sergeant said.
"Dead on the field of fame!"

And dare ye call that dying? The dignity sublime
That gains a furlough from the grave, and then reports
to Time?
Doth earth give up the daisies to a little sun and rain,
And keep at their roots the heroes while the weary ages
wane?

Sling up the trumpet, Israfeel! Sweet bugler of our God,
For nothing waits thy summons beneath this broken
sod;
They march abreast with the ages to the thunder on the
right,
For they bade the world "Good-morning!" when the
world had said "Good-night!"

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

THE GARFIELD STATUE.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: In performance of the duty assigned to me on this occasion, I hereby accept, on behalf of the people of the United States, this complete and beautiful statue, amid the interchange of fraternal greetings between the survivors of the army of the Cumberland and their former foes upon the battle-field. And while the Union general and the people's President awaited burial, the common grief of these magnanimous survivors and mourning citizens found expression in the determination to erect this tribute to American greatness; and thus to-day, in its symmetry and beauty, it presents a sign of animosities forgotten, an emblem of a brotherhood redeemed, and a token of a nation restored.

Monuments and statues multiply throughout the land, fittingly illustrative of the love and affection of our grateful people, and commemorating brave and patriotic sacrifices in war, fame in peaceful pursuits, or honor in public station. But from this day forth there shall stand at our seat of government this statue of a dia-

tinguished citizen, who in his life and services combined all these things, and more, which challenge admiration in American character—loving tenderness in every domestic relation, bravery on the field of battle, fame and distinction in our halls of legislation, and the highest honor and dignity in the chief magistracy of the nation.

This stately effigy shall not fail to teach every beholder that the source of American greatness is confined to no condition, nor dependent alone for its growth and development upon favorable surroundings. The genius of our national life beckons to usefulness and honor those in every sphere, and offers the highest preferment to manly ambition and sturdy, honest effort, chastened and consecrated by patriotic hopes and aspirations. As long as this statue stands, let it be proudly remembered that to every American citizen the way is open to fame and station, until he—

“Moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope,
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire.”

Nor can we forget that it also teaches our people a sad and distressing lesson; and the thoughtful citizen who views its fair proportions cannot fail to recall the tragedy of a death which brought grief and mourning to every household in the land. But while American citizenship stands aghast and affrighted that murder and assassination should lurk in the midst of a free people, and strike down the head of their government, a fearless search and the discovery of the origin and hiding-place of these hateful and unnatural things should

be followed by a solemn resolve to purge forever from our political methods, and from the operation of our government, the perversions and misconceptions which gave birth to passionate and bloody thoughts.

If from this hour our admiration for the bravery and nobility of American manhood, and our faith in the possibilities and opportunities of American citizenship, be renewed; if our appreciation of the blessing of a restored Union and love for our government be strengthened; and if our watchfulness against the dangers of a mad chase after partisan spoils be quickened—the dedication of this statue to the people of the United States will not be in vain.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

HOW WE FOUGHT THE FIRE.

I.

TWAS a drowsy night on Tompkins Hill;
The very leaves of the trees lay still;
The world was slumbering ocean deep;
And even the stars seemed half asleep,
And winked and blinked at the roofs below,
As yearning for morn, that they might go.
The streets as stolid and still did lie
As they would have done if streets could die;
The sidewalks stretched as quietly prone
As if a foot they had never known;
And not a cottage within the town
But looked as if it would fain lie down.
Away in the west a stacken cloud,
With white arms drooping and bare head bowed,

Was leaning against—with drowsy eye—
The dark-blue velveting of the sky.
 And that was the plight
 Things were in that night,
Before we were roused the foe to fight—
The foe so greedy and grand and bright—
 That plagued old Deacon Tompkins.

II.

The Deacon lay on his first wife's bed,
His second wife's pillow beneath his head,
His third wife's coverlet o'er him wide,
His fourth wife slumbering by his side.
The parson visioned his Sunday's text,
And what he should hurl at Satan next;
The doctor a drowsy half-vigil kept,
Still studying, as he partly slept,
How men might glutton and tope and fly
In the face of Death, and still not die;
The lawyer dreamed that his clients meant
To club together and then present,
As proof that their faith had not grown dim,
A small bright silver hatchet to him;
The laborer such sound slumber knew,
He hadn't a dream the whole night through;
The ladies dreamed, but I can't say well
What 'tis they dream, for they never tell;
In short, such a general drowsy time
Had ne'er been known in that sleepy clime.
 As on the night
 Of clamor and fright,
We were roused the treacherous foe to fight—
The foe so greedy and grand and bright,

And carrying such an appetite—
That plagued old Deacon Tompkins.

III.

When all at once the old court-house bell
(Which had a voice like a maniac's yell),
Cried out, as if in its dim old sight
The judgment day had come in the night,
"Bang, whang, whang, bang, clang, dang, bang, whang!"
The poor old parcel of metal sang;
Whereat, from mansion, cottage, and shed,
Rose men and women as from the dead,
In different stages of attire,
And shouted, "The town is all afire!"
(Which came as near to being true
As some more leisurely stories do.)
They saw on the Deacon's house a glare,
And everybody hurried there,
And such a lot of visitors he
Had never before the luck to see.
The Deacon received these guests of night
In costume very simple and white,
And after a drowsy, scared "Ahem!"
He asked them what he could do for them.
"Fire! Fire!" they shouted; "your house's afire!"
And then, with energy sudden and dire,
They rushed through the mansion's solitudes,
And helped the Deacon to move his goods.
And that was the sight
We had that night,
When roused by the people who saw the light
Atop of the residence, cozy and white,
Where lived old Deacon Tompkins.

IV.

Ah! me! the way that they rummaged round,
Ah! me! the startling things they found!
No one with a fair idea of pace
Would ever have thought that in one place
Were half the things, with a shout,
These neighborly burglars hustled out.
Came articles that the Deacon's wives
Had all been gathering all their lives;
Came furniture such as one might see
Didn't grow in the trunk of every tree.
A tall clock, centuries old, 'twas said,
Leaped out of a window, heels o'er head;
A veteran chair in which when new,
George Washington sat for a minute or two,
A bedstead strong as if in its lap
Old Time might take his terminal nap;
Dishes, that in meals long ago
The Deacon's fathers had eaten on;
Clothes, made of every cut and hue,
That couldn't remember when they were new;
A mirror, scathless many a day,
Was promptly smashed in the regular way;
Old shoes enough, if properly thrown,
To bring good luck to all creatures known,
And children thirteen, more or less,
In varying plentitude of dress.
 And that was the sight
 We had that night,
When roused the terrible foe to fight,
Which blazed aloft to a moderate height,
And turned the cheeks of the timid white,
 Including Deacon Tompkins.

V.

Lo! where the engines, reeking hot,
Dashed up to the interesting spot :
Came Number Two, "The City's Hope,"
Propelled by a line of men and rope,
And after them, on a spiteful run,
"The Ocean Billows," or Number One,
And soon the two, induced to play
By a hundred hands, were working away,
Until, to the Deacon's flustered sight,
As he danced about in his robe of white,
It seemed as if, by the hand of Fate,
House-cleaning day were some two years late,
And with complete though late success
Had just arrived by the night express.
The "Ocean Billows" were at high tide,
And flung their spray upon every side ;
The "City's Hope" were in perfect trim,
Preventing aught like an interim ;
And a "Hook and Ladder Company" came
With hooks and poles and a long hard name,
And with an iconoclastic frown,
Were about to pull the whole thing down,
When some one raised the assuring shout,
"It's only the chimney a-burnin' out!"
Whereat, with a sense of injured trust,
The crowd went home in complete disgust.
Scarce one of those who, with joyous shout,
Assisted the Deacon in moving out,
Refrained from the homeward-flowing din
To help the Deacon at moving in.
And that was the plight
At which, that night,

They left the Deacon, clad in white,
Who felt he was hardly treated right,
And used some words in the flickering light,
Not orthodox in their purport quite—
Poor put-out Deacon Tompkins!

WILL CARLETON.

THE VANE ON THE SPIRE.

THERE'S an arrow aloft with a feather'd shaft
That never has flown at the bowstring's draft,
And the goldsmith has hidden the blacksmith's craft

For its heart is of iron, its gleam of gold,
It is pointed to pierce and barbed to hold,
And its wonderful story is hardly told.

It is poised on a finger from sun to sun,
And it catches a glimmer of dawn begun,
And is floating in light when the day is done.

And it turns at the touch of a viewless hand,
And it swings in the air like a wizard's wand,
By the tempest whirled and the zephyr fanned.

And the sinewy finger that cannot tire
Is the lifted hush of the old church-spire
That vanishes out as heaven is nigher;

And the arrow upon it the rusted vane,
As true to its master as faith to fane,
That is swinging forever in sun and rain.

Right about to the North! And the trumpets blow,
And the shivering air is dim with snow,
And the earth grows dumb and the brooks run slow;

And the shaggy Arctic, chilled to the bone,
Is craunching the world with a human moan,
And the clank of a chain in the frozen zone.

And the world is dead in its seamless shroud,
And the stars wink slow in the rifted cloud,
And the owl in the oak complains aloud.

But the arrow is true to the iceberg's realm,
As the rudder stanch in the ghastly whirl
With a hero by to handle the helm!

Is it welded with frost as iron with fire?
Up with a blue-jacket! Clamber the spire
And swing it around to the point of desire!

It sways to the East! And the icy rain
Beats the storm's "long roll" on the window pane—
Leaves a diamond point on the crystal vane.

And the cattle stand with the wind astern,
And the routes of the rain on eave and urn—
As the drops are halted and frozen in turn—

Are such pendants of wonder as cave and mine
Never gave to the gaze when the torches shine,
But right out of heaven and half divine!

Ah! it swings due South to the zephyr's thrill!
In the yellow noon it lies as still
As a speckled trout by the drowsy mill,

While the bugle of Gabriel wakes the sod
And the beautiful life in the speechless clod,
Till the crowded June is a smile for God!

Resurrection to-day! For the roses spoke!
Resurrection to-day! For the rugged oak
In a live green billow rolled and broke!

And the spider feels for her silken strings,
And the honey-bee hums, and the world has wings,
And blent with the blue the bluebird sings.

While the cloud is ablaze with the bended bow,
And the waters white with the lilies' snow,
On the motionless arrow, all in a row,

Are four little sparrows that pipe so small
Their carol distills as the dew-drops fall,
And we only see they are singing at all!

Now the arrow is swung with a sweep so bold
Where the day has been flinging his garments gold
Till they stain the sky with a glow untold.

Ah! the cardinal point of the wind is the West!
And the clouds bear down in a fleet abreast,
And the world is still as a child at rest!

There's a binnacle light like an angry star,
And the growl of a gun with its crash and jar,
And the roll of a drum where the angels are.

And it tumbles its freight on the dancing grain,
And it beats into blossom the buds again,
And it brightens a world baptized in rain,

And it gladdens the earth as it drifts along,
And the meadow is green and the corn is strong,
And the brook breaks forth in the same old song!

And I looked for the arrow—it hung there yet,
With the drops of the rain its barb was wet,
And the sun shone out in a crimson set;

And behold, aloft in the ruddy shine
Where the crystal water again was wine,
And it hallowed the dart like a touch divine!

Under the sun and under the moon,
Silver at midnight, golden at noon,
 Could Dian have lost it out of her hair—
 Phœbus's quiver have shaken it there—
 That wonderful arrow sweeping the air?

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

WHAT MEN HAVE NOT FOUGHT FOR.

MY dear boy, men have fought, bled, and died, but not for beer. Arnold Winkelried did not throw himself upon the Austrian spears because he was ordered to close his saloon at nine o'clock. William Tell did not hide his arrow under his vest to kill the tyrant because the edict had gone forth that the free-born Switzer should not drink a keg of beer every Sunday. Freedom did not shriek as Kosciuszko fell over a whisky barrel. Warren did not die that beer might flow as the brooks murmur, seven days a week. Even the battle of Brandywine was not fought that whisky might be

free. No clause in the Declaration of Independence declares that a Sunday concert garden, with five brass horns, and one hundred kegs of beer is the inalienable right of a free people and the corner-stone of good government.

Tea—mild, harmless, innocent tea ; the much-sneered-at temperance beverage, the feeble drink of effeminate men and good old women—tea holds a higher place, it fills a brighter, more glorious page, and is a grander figure in the history of this United States, than beer. Men liked tea, my boy, but they hurled it into the sea in the name of liberty, and they died rather than drink it until they made it free. It seems to be worth fighting for, and the best men in the world fought for it. The history of the United States is incomplete with tea left out. As well might the historian omit Faneuil Hall and Bunker Hill as tea. But there is no story of heroism or patriotism with rum for its hero.

The battles of this world, my son, have been fought for grander things than free whisky. The heroes who fall in the struggles for rum, fall shot in the neck, and their martyrdom is clouded by haunting phantoms. Whisky makes men fight, it is true, but they usually fight other drunken men. The champion of beer does not stand in the temple of fame ; he stands in the police court. Honor never has the delirium tremens, glory does not wear a red nose, and fame blows a horn, but never takes one.

R. J. BURDETTE.

JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.

HAVE you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg?—No? Ah! well;
Brief is the glory the hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns.
He was the fellow who won renown—
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town,
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three,
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heavy fight,
Thundered the battery's double bass—
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left—where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves,
That all day unceasing swept,
Up to the pits the rebels kept—
Round shot plowed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades,
Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air;
The very trees were stripped and bare;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain,

The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.
Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.

How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron—but his best;
And buttoned over his manly breast
Was a bright blue coat with a rolling collar
And large gilt buttons—size of a dollar—
With tails that country-folk call “swaller.”
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen,
For forty years on the village green,
Since old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the “quiltings” long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day,
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;
And striplings, downy of lip and chin—
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in—
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore;
And hailed him from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of slangy repertoire:
“How are you, White Hat?” “Put her through!”
“Your head’s level,” and “Bully for you!”

Called him "Daddy," begged he'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those ;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off—
With his long brown rifle and bell-crowned hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

'Twas but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked ;
And something the wildest could understand,
Spake in the old man's strong right hand ;
And his corded throat and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown ;
Until as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
In the antique vestments and long white hair,
The Past of the Nation in battle there.
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
That day was their oriflamme of war.
Thus raged the battle. You know the rest :
How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,
Broke at the final charge, and ran.
At which John Burns—a practical man—
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.

This is the story of old John Burns ;
This is the moral the reader learns :
In fighting the battle, the question's whether
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather !

F. BRET HARTE.

VICTUALS AND DRINK.

THERE once was a woman, and what do you think
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink;
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
And yet this poor woman could never be quiet.

And were you so foolish as really to think
That all she could want was her victuals and drink?
And that while she was furnished with that sort of diet
The feeling and fancy would starve and be quiet?

Mother Goose knew far better, but thought it sufficient
To give a mere hint that the fare was deficient;
For I do not believe she could ever have meant
To imply there was reason for being content.

Yet the mass of mankind is uncommonly slow,
To acknowledge the fact it behooves them to know,
Or to learn that a woman is not like a mouse,
Needing nothing but cheese and the walls of a house.

But just take a man—shut him up for one day—
Get his hat and his cane, put them snugly away,
Give him stockings to mend and three sumptuous meals,
And then ask him at night—if you dare—how he feels,
Do you think he will quietly stick to his stocking,
While you read the news—and “don’t care about talk-
ing?”

Oh! many a woman goes starving, I ween,
Who lives in a palace and fares like a queen,
Till the famishing heart and the feverish brain
Have spelled out to life’s end the long lesson of pain.

Yet stay ; to my mind an uneasy suggestion
 Comes up that there may be two sides to the question,
 That while here and there proving inflicted privation,
 The verdict must often be " willful starvation "—
 Since there are men and women would force one to
 think
 They choose to live only on victuals and drink.

Oh ! restless and craving and unsatisfied hearts !
 Whence never the vulture of hunger departs !
 How long on the husks of our life will ye feed,
 Ignoring the soul and her famishing need ?

Bethink you, when lulled in your shallow content,
 'Twas to Lazarus only the angels were sent ?
 And 'tis he to whose lips but earth's ashes are given
 For whom the full banquet is gathered in heaven.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

THE STARLESS CROWN.

WEARIED and worn with earthly cares, I yielded
 to repose,
 And soon, before my raptured sight, a glorious vision
 rose.
 I thought, whilst slumbering on my couch, in mid-
 night's solemn gloom,
 I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled my
 room.
 A gentle touch awakened me, a gentle whisper said :
 " Arise, O sleeper ! follow me," and through the air we
 fled.

We left the earth so far away, that like a speck it
seemed,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway
streamed.

Still on we went—my soul was wrapped in silent ecstasy,
I wondered what the end would be, what next should
meet mine eye.

I know not how we journeyed through the pathless
fields of light,

When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was
clothed in white.

We stood before a city's walls most glorious to behold;
We passed through gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets
of purest gold;

The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb Himself its
light.

Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music
filled the air,

The white robed saints, with glittering crowns, from
every clime were there,

And some that I had loved on earth stood with them
round the throne.

"All worthy is the Lamb!" they sang, "the glory His
alone!"

But fairer far than all beside, I saw my Saviour's face,
And, as I gazed, He smiled on me with wondrous love
and grace,

Lowly I bowed before His throne, o'erjoyed that I at
last

Had gained the object of my hopes; that earth at last
was past.

And then in solemn tones He said, "Where is the dia-
dem

That ought to sparkle on thy brow—adorned with many
a gem?

I know thou hast believed on me, and life through me
is thine.

But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown
should shine?

Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every
brow;

For every soul they led to me they wear a jewel now!
And such thy bright reward had been if such had been
thy deed,

If thou hadst sought some wandering feet in path of
peace to lead.

I did not mean that thou shouldst tread the path of
life alone,

But that the clear and shining light which round thy
footsteps shone

Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home
of rest,

And thus, in blessing those around thou hadst thyself
been blest."

The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer
spake,

A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul which long I
feared to break,

And when at last I gazed around, in morning's glim-
mering light,

My spirit fell, o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's solemn
sight.

I rose and wept with chastened joy that yet I dwelt
below;

That yet another hour was mine my faith my works to
show;

That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus dying love,
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home
 above.
And now, while on the earth I stay, my motive this
 shall be,
'To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me,
And graven on my inmost soul this word of truth
 divine,
They that turn many to the Lord bright as the stars
 shall shine.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG.

I CHANCED, one afternoon, to pass
 Where, near a garden gate,
An aged woman in the sun,
 Sat talking to her mate.
The frost of age was on her brow,
 Its glibness on her tongue,
As she compared the "doin's" now
 With days when she was young.
"When I was young, young girls was meek,
 And looked round sort o' shy,
And if they were compelled to speak,
 They did so modestly.
They stayed to hum and learned to cook,
 Made Indian bread and wheaten,
And only went to singin' school,
 And, sometimes to night meetin'.
The children was obedient then,
 They had no saucy airs,
But minded what their mothers said
 And learned to say their prayers ;

But nowadays they know enough
Before they know their letters,
And children that can hardly speak
Will contradict their betters.

* But, then, I tell my daughter,
Folks don't do as they'd ought ter,
They do not do's they'd ought ter do—
Why don't they do's they'd ought ter?

* When I was young, if a man failed
He shut up house and hall,
And never ventured out till dark—
If he ventured out at all.
His wife gave up her fancy gowns,
His sons came home from college,
His girls left school and learned to cook
And bake, and all such knowledge.
But, nowadays when a man fails
They say he makes a penny.
His wife don't have a gown the less,
His daughters just as many.
His sons they smoke their choice cigars,
And drink their costly wine,
His wife she gives her fancy teas,
And he has folks to dine.
He drives about and sees the town,
Men show him all civilities,
And what, in my time, was called debts,
They now call liabilities.
They call a man unfortunate
Who ruins half a city.
In my day 'twas the creditors
To whom we gave the pity.

"But, then, I tell my daughter,
Folks don't do as they'd ought ter.
They do not do's they'd ought ter do—
Why don't they do's they'd ought ter?"

ROME AND CARTHAGE

ROME and Carthage! Behold them drawing near for the struggle that is to shake the world. Carthage, the metropolis of Africa, is the mistress of oceans, of kingdoms, and of nations; a magnificent city, burdened with opulence, radiant with the strange arts and trophies of the East. She is at the acme of her civilization. She can mount no higher. Any change now must be a decline. Rome is comparatively poor. She has seized all within her grasp, but rather from the lust of conquest than to fill her own coffers. She is demi-barbarous, and has her education and her future both to make. All is before her—nothing behind. For a time these two nations exist in view of each other. The one reposes in the noontide of her splendor, the other waxes strong in the shade. But, little by little, air and space are wanting to each for her development. Rome begins to perplex Carthage, and Carthage is an eyesore to Rome. Seated on opposite banks of the Mediterranean, the two cities look each other in the face. The sea no longer keeps them apart. Europe and Africa weigh upon each other. Like two clouds surcharged with electricity, they impend. With their contact must come the thunder shock.

The catastrophe of this stupendous drama is at hand. What actors are met! Two races—that of merchants

and mariners, that of laborers and soldiers, two nations—the one dominant by gold, the other by steel; two republics—the one theocratic, the other aristocratic. Rome and Carthage! Rome with her army, Carthage with her fleet; Carthage, old, rich, and crafty—Rome, young, poor, and robust; the past and the future; the spirit of discovery, and the spirit of conquest; the genius of commerce, the demon of war; the East and the South on one side, the West and the North on the other; in short, two worlds—the civilization of Africa, and the civilization of Europe. They measure each other from head to foot. They gather all their forces. Gradually the war kindles. The world takes fire. These colossal powers are locked in deadly strife. Carthage has crossed the Alps; Rome, the seas. The two nations, personified in two men, Hannibal and Scipio, close with each other, wrestle, and grow infuriate. The duel is desperate. It is a struggle for life. Rome wavers. She utters that cry of anguish—Hannibal at the gates! But she rallies, collects all her strength for one last appalling effort, throws herself upon Carthage and sweeps her from the face of the earth.

VICTOR HUGO.

THE VOW OF WASHINGTON.

[Read in New York, April 30th, 1889, at the Centennial Celebration of the Inauguration of George Washington as the first President of the United States.]

THE sword was sheathed: in April's sun
Lay green the fields by Freedom won;
And severed sections, weary of debates,
Joined hands at last and were United States.

O city sitting by the sea !
How proud the day that dawned on thee,
When the new era, long desired began,
And, in its need, the hour had found the man !

One thought the cannon salvos spoke ;
The resonant bell-tower's vibrant stroke,
The voiceful streets, the plaudit-echoing halls,
And prayer and hymn borne heavenward from St
Paul's !

How felt the land in every part
The strong throb of a nation's heart,
As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,
His pledge to Union, Liberty, and Law !

That pledge the heavens above him heard,
That vow the sleep of centuries stirred ;
In world-wide wonder listening peoples bent
Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed ? Of honor sold
And hopes deceived all history told.
Above the wrecks that strewed the mournful past,
Was the long dream of ages true at last ?

Thank God ! the people's choice was just,
The one man equal to his trust,
Wise beyond lore, and without weakness good,
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude !

His rule of justice, order, peace,
Made possible the world's release ;
Taught prince and serf that power is but a trust,
And rule alone, which serves the ruled, is just ;

That Freedom generous is, but strong
In hate of fraud and selfish wrong,
Pretense that turns her holy truths to lies,
And lawless license masking in her guise.

Land of his love ! with one glad voice
Let thy great sisterhood rejoice ;
A century's suns o'er thee have risen and set,
And, God be praised, we are one nation yet.

And still, we trust, the years to be
Shall prove his hope was destiny,
Leaving our flag with all its added stars
Unrent by faction and unstained by wars!

Lo ! where with patient toil he nursed
And trained the new-set plant at first,
The widening branches of a stately tree
Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

And in its broad and sheltering shade,
Sitting with none to make afraid,
Were we now silent, through each mighty limb,
The winds of heaven would sing the praise of him.

Our first and best !—his ashes lie
Beneath his own Virginian sky.
Forgive, forget, oh ! true and just and brave,
The storm that swept above thy sacred grave !

For, ever in the awful strife
And dark hours of the nation's life,
Through the fierce tumult pierced his warning word,
Their father's voice his erring children heard !

The change for which he prayed and sought
In that sharp agony was wrought;
No partial interest draws its alien line
"Twixt North and South, the cypress and the pine!

One people now, all doubt beyond,
His name shall be our Union-bond;
We lift our hands to heaven, and here and now,
Take on our lips the old Centennial vow.

For rule and trust must needs be ours;
Chooser and chosen both are powers
Equal in service as in rights; the claim
Of duty rests on each and all the same.

Then let the sovereign millions, where
Our banner floats in sun and air,
From the warm palm-lands to Alaska's cold,
Repeat with us the pledge a century old!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

ON THE ICE.

MARY ANN went to the front door last evening to see if the paper had come. She had been delivering a short address to me concerning what she is pleased to term my "cold molasses style" of moving around. As she had opened the door she remarked: "I like to see a body move quickly, promptly, emphatically"—that was all; but I heard some one bumping down the steps in a most prompt and emphatic manner, and I reached the

door just in time to see my better half sliding across the sidewalk in a sitting posture. I suggested, as she limped back to the door, that there might be such a thing as too much celerity : but she did not seem inclined to carry on the conversation, and I started for my office.

Right in front of me on the slippery sidewalk strode two independent knights of St. Crispin. They were talking over their plans for the future, and as I overtook them, I heard one of them say : " I have only my two hands to depend on, but that is fortune enough for any man who is not afraid to work. I intend to paddle my own canoe. I believe I can make my own way through the world "—his feet slipped out from under him, and he came down in the shape of a big V. I told him he could never make his way through the world in that direction, unless he came down harder, and that if he did he would come through among the " heathen Chinee," and, judging from the way he gazed upon me he was grateful for the interest I manifested.

Then I slid along behind a loving couple on their way to hear Madame Anna Bishop. Their hands were frozen together. Their hearts beat as one. Said he : " My own, I shall think nothing of hard work if I can make you happy. It shall be my only aim to surround you with comfort. My sympathy shall lighten every sorrow, and through the path of life I will be your stay and support ; your—" he stopped. His speech was too flowery for this climate, and as I passed by she was trying to lift him up.

Two lawyers coming from the court-house next attracted my attention. " Ah!" said one, " Judge Foster would rule that out. We must concede the first two points. We can afford to do it if evidence sustains us in

the third, but on this position we must make our firm stand, and—" his time was up. I left him moving for a new trial.

I mused. What a lesson the ice teaches us. How easily is humanity controlled by circumstances—and the attraction of gravitation. What a sermon might be based—I got up and took the middle of the street to prevent further accidents.

THE POOR AND THE RICH.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick and stone and gold,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares.
The bank may break, the factory burn,
Some breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands would scarcely earn
A living that would suit his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from enjoyment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it;
A fellow feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

Oh! rich man's son, there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens, soft white hands;
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

Oh! poor man's son, scorn not thy state,
There is worse weariness than thine—
In being merely rich and great;
Work only makes the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign.
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last—
Both, children of the same dear God.

Prove title to your heirship vast,
By record of a well-filled past!
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

OUR FLAG.

RINGED about with the flame and smoke of rebel batteries, one solitary flag went down, torn and scathed, on the blackened and battered walls of Sumter. Then the slumberous fire burst forth and blazed up from the hearts of the people. The painted symbol of the national life, under which our populations of city and country had walked to and fro with tranquil footstep, stirring its peaceful folds with no shouts of chivalrous and romantic deference, had been torn down and trodden under the feet of traitors. Every shred and thread of that mangled symbol was taken into the tender baptism of the nation's heart, and hallowed by the stern vow of the nation's consecration. It was torn down from a single flagstaff, and as the tidings of that outrage swept, ringing and thrilling through the land, ten thousand banners were run up on every hill-top and in every vale, on church towers and armed fortress and peaceful private homes, till the heavens over us looked down upon more stars than they kept in their own nightly vault, and more stripes white with wrath and red with vengeance than ever flamed in the east of breaking day.

And then the cry went forth, Rally round the Flag, boys! and every instrument of martial music took up the strain, and church-bells pealed it forth, and church choirs sang it as Miriam and Deborah sang of

old, and mothers chanted it to their sons, and young wives gave it forth with dewy eyes and quivering lips, and sisters and sweethearts breathed it as a tender adieu to the brave lads than whom nothing was dearer to them but God and country, and the voices gathered into a mighty chorus that swept over the New England hills and across the breadth of midland prairies, and dashed its waves over the summits of the mountains, and down these western slopes, till they met and mingled with the waves of the Pacific—the full unison echoing here through all your streets and homes, Rally round the Flag, boys! Rally once again!

How well they followed the flag through four fateful years; how high they lifted it amid the tempest of battle; how often they baptized it with brave young blood and blessed it dying; how they bore it on to full and final victory, and planted it where we think no hand of man shall ever assail it again, is a story we need not tell to-day.

It has been blackened and torn on many a field and in many a hurtling storm, but never dishonored. It is all the dearer and more sacred for its rents and its wounds. And though so mangled and torn, it is still one whole flag. All the stars are there. Some of them, with mad centrifugal movement, sought to break from their orbit and dismember the glorious constellation. But the centripetal force was mightier yet, and held them fast in that indivisible stellar Union. And coming through such peril of loss, and waving above us to-day so restored and complete, it has for us and mankind lessons of warning and of hope, of fidelity and duty, which are the war's legacy to the nation and to history and which we shall do well to learn and to remember.

A. L. STONE.

LABOR.

LABOR is heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not the great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It is broken down; and it has been broken down for ages. Let it, then, be built again; here, if anywhere, on the shores of a new world—of a new civilization.

But how, it may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do, indeed, toil; but they, too, generally do because they must. Many submit to it as in some sort a degrading necessity, and they desire nothing so much on earth as an escape from it. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away.

Ashamed to toil! Ashamed of thy dingy work-shop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments on which mother Nature has embroidered mist, sun, and rain, fire and steam—her own heraldic honors! Ashamed of those tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity! It is treason to nature; it is impiety to heaven; it is breaking heaven's great ordinance. Toil—toil, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand—is the only true manhood, the only nobility!

ORVILLE DEWEY.

THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI

RABBI BEN LEVI, on the Sabbath, read
A volume of the Law, in which it said,
"No man shall look upon my face and live,"
And as he read, he prayed that God would give
His faithful servant grace with mortal eye
To look upon His face and yet not die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the page
And, lifting up his eyes, grown dim with age,
He saw the Angel of Death before him stand,
Holding a naked sword in his right hand.
Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous man,
Yet, through his veins a chill of terror ran.
With trembling voice he said, "What wilt thou here?"
The angel answered, "Lo! the time draws near
When thou must die; yet, first by God's decree,
Whate'er thou askest shall be granted thee."
Replied the Rabbi, "Let these living eyes
First look upon my place in paradise."

Then said the angel, "Come with me and look."
Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred book,
And rising, and uplifting his gray head,
"Give me thy sword," he to the angel said,
"Lest thou shouldst fall upon me by the way."
The angel smiled and hastened to obey,
Then led him forth to the Celestial Town
And set him on the wall, whence, gazing down,
Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living eyes,
Might look upon his place in paradise.

Then straight into the city of the Lord
The Rabbi leaped with the Death-Angel's sword,
And through the streets there swept a sudden breath
Of something there unknown, which men call death.
Meanwhile the angel stayed without, and cried,
"Come back!" to which the Rabbi's voice replied,
"No! in the name of God, whom I adore,
I swear that hence I will depart no more!"
Then all the angels cried, "O Holy One!
See what the son of Levi here hath done!
The Kingdom of Heaven he takes by violence,
And in Thy name refuses to go hence!"
The Lord replied, "My angels, be not wroth;
Did e'er the son of Levi break his oath?
Let him remain, for he with mortal eye
Shall look upon my face and yet not die."

Beyond the outer wall the Angel of Death
Heard the great voice, and said, with panting breath,
"Give back the sword and let me go my way."
Whereat the Rabbi paused, and answered, "Nay!
Anguish enough already hath it caused
Among the sons of men." And while he paused
He heard the awful mandate of the Lord
Resounding through the air, "Give back the sword!"

The Rabbi bowed his head in silent prayer;
Then said he to the dreadful angel, "Swear
No human eye shall look on it again;
But when thou takest away the souls of men,
Thyself unseen, and with an unseen sword,
Thou wilt perform the bidding of the Lord."
The angel took the sword again and swore,
And walks on earth unseen forevermore.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOR.

"DEAD on the field of honor!" This, too, is the record of thousands of unnamed men, whose influence upon other generations is associated with no personal distinction, but whose sacrifice will lend undying lustre to the nation's archives and richer capacity to the nation's life. And yet these martyrs are remembered by name. Go visit the mourning homes of the land; homes of wealth and plenty, some of them, but richer now by the consecration of sacrifice. Many are homes of toil and obscurity from which the right hand of support has been taken or the youthful prop. Poor and obscure—but these the unknown fallen have names, and riches of solemn, tender memory. And what heralding on palatial wall more glorious than the torn cap and soiled uniforms that hang in those homes where the dead soldier comes no more? What aristocratic legend refers to a prouder fact than that which shall often be recited in the still summer field where he labored, and by the winter fireside where his place is vacant: "He fell in the great war for Union and for Freedom!"

Sleep, sleep, in quiet grassy graves where the symbols that ye loved so well shall cover and spread over you—by day the flowers of red, white, and blue, and by night the constellated stars—while out of those graves there grows the better harvest of the nation and of times to come!

E. H. CHAPIN.

THE SILVER PLATE.

THEY passed it along from pew to pew,
And gathered the coins, now fast now few,
That rattled upon it, and every time
Some eager fingers would drop a dime
On the silver plate with a silver sound,
A boy who sat in the aisle, looked round
With a wistful look. "Oh! if only he
Had a dime to offer how glad he'd be."
He fumbled his pockets, but didn't dare
To hope he should find a penny there;
And much as he searched, when all was done,
He hadn't discovered a single one.

He had listened with wide-set, earnest eyes,
As the minister, in a plaintive wise,
Had spoken of children all abroad
The world who had never heard of God;
Poor pitiful pagans who didn't know,
When they came to die, where their souls would go,
And who shrieked with fear when their mothers made
Them kneel to an idol god—afraid
He might eat them up—so fierce and wild,
And horrid he seemed to the frightened child.
"How different," murmured the boy, while his
Lips trembled; "how different Jesus is."

And the more the minister talked, the more
The boy's heart ached to its inner core;
And the nearer to him the silver plate
Kept coming, the harder seemed his fate,

That he hadn't a penny (had that sufficed)
To give that the heathen might hear of Christ.
But all at once, as the silver sound
Just tinkled beside him, the boy looked round,
And he blushed as his eyes began to swim.

Then bravely turning as if he knew
There was nothing better that he could do,
He spoke in a voice that held a tear,
"Put the plate on the bench beside me here."
And the plate was placed, for they thought he meant
To empty his pockets of every cent,
But he stood straight up, and he softly put—
Right square in the midst of the plate—his foot,
And said, with a sob controlled before,
"I will give myself, I have nothing more."

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

CUMNOR HALL.

THE dews of the summer night did fall ;
The moon, sweet regent of the night,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now naught was heard beneath the skies.
The sounds of busy life were still,
Save an unhappy lady's sighs
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,

To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privy ?

“ No more thou com'st with lover's speed
Thy once beloved bride to see ;
But be she alive or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl, 'tis same to thee.

“ Not so the usage I received,
When happy in my father's hall ;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.

“ I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay,
And like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sang the livelong day.

“ If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized ?

“ And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was you oft would say,
And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit
And left the blossom to decay.

“ Yes, now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily dead ;
But he that once their charms so prized,
Is, sure, the cause those charms are fled.

“ For know when sickening grief doth prey,
And tender love's repaid with scorn,

The sweetest beauty will decay ;
What floweret can endure the storm ?

“ At court, I’m told, is beauty’s throne,
Where every lady’s passing rare,
That Eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

“ Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by ?

“ ’Mong rural beauties I was one,
Among the fields wild flowers are fair ;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

“ But, Leicester, ah ! I much am wrong,
Or ’tis not beauty lures thy vows,
Rather ambition’s gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

“ Then, Leicester, why, again I plead—
The injured surely may repine—
Why didst thou wed a country maid
When some fair princess might be thine ?

“ Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And oh ! then leave me to decay ?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave me mourn the livelong day ?

“ The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go ;

Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

“The simple nymphs! they little know
How far more happy’s their estate;
To smile for joy—than sigh for woe;
To be content—than to be great.

“How far less blest am I than them,
Daily to pine and waste with care,
Like the poor plant that from its stem
Divided feels the chilling air!

“Nor, cruel Earl, can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy
By sullen frowns and pratings rude.

“Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear;
And many a boding seems to say—
‘Countess, prepare, thy end is near.’”

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An aerial voice was heard to call;

And thrice the raven flapped its wings
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green ;
Woe was the hour, for never more
That hapless countess ere was seen.

And in that manor, now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball,
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall,
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveler oft hath sighed,
And pensive wept the countess' fall,
As, wandering onwards, they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

W. J. MICKLE





PART THIRD.





BEST SELECTIONS

FOR READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

NUMBER 18.

ABSOLUTION.

THREE months had passed since she had knelt before

The grate of the confessional, and he,—
The priest, had wondered why she came no more
To tell her sinless sins—the vanity
Whose valid reason graced her simple dress—
The prayers forgotten, or the untold beads—
The little thoughtless words, the slight misdeeds,
Which made the sum of her unrighteousness.
She was the fairest maiden in his fold.

With her sweet mouth and musical pure voice,
Her deep gray eyes, her hair's tempestuous gold,
Her gracious, graceful figure's perfect poise,
Her happy laugh, her wild, unconscious grace,
Her gentle ways to old, or sick, or sad,
The comprehending sympathy she had,
Had made of her the idol of the place.

And when she grew so silent and so sad,
So thin and quiet, pale and hollow-eyed,
And cared no more to laugh and to be glad
With other maidens by the waterside—
All wondered ; kindly grieved the elders were,

And some few girls went whispering about,
"She loves—who is it? Let us find it out!"
But never dared to speak of it to her.

But the priest's duty bade him seek her out
And say, "My child, why dost thou sit apart?
Hast thou some grief? Hast thou some secret doubt?
Come and unfold to me thy inmost heart.
God's absolution can assuage all grief
And all remorse and woe beneath the sun.
Whatever thou hast said or thought or done,
The Holy Church can give thy soul relief."

He stood beside her, young and strong, and swayed
With pity for the sorrow in her eyes—
Which, as she raised them to his own, conveyed
Into his soul a sort of sad surprise—
For in those gray eyes had a new light grown,
The light that only bitter love can bring,
And he had fancied her too pure a thing
For even happy love to dare to own.

Yet all the more he urged her on—"Confess,
And do not doubt some comfort will be lent
By Holy Church thy penitence to bless.
Trust her, my child." With unconvinced consent
She answered, "I will come;" and so at last
Out of the summer evening's crimson glow,
With heart reluctant and with footsteps slow,
Into the cool great empty church she passed.

"By my own fault, my own most grievous fault,
I cannot say, for it is not!" she said,

Kneeling within the gray stone chapel's vault ;
And on the ledge her golden hair was spread
Over the clasping hands that still increased
 Their nervous pressure, poor white hands and thin
 While with hot lips she poured her tale of sin
Into the cold ear of the patient priest.

"Love broke upon me in a dream ; it came
 Without beginning, for to me it seemed
That all my life this thing had been the same,
 And never otherwise than as I dreamed.
I only knew my heart, entire, complete,
 Was given to my other self, my love—
 That I through all the world would gladly move
So I might follow his adored feet.

"I dreamed my soul saw suddenly appear
 Immense abysses, infinite heights unknown ;
Possessed new worlds, new earths, sphere after sphere,
 New sceptres, kingdoms, crowns became my own.
When I had all, all earth, all time, all space,
 And every blessing, human and divine,
 I hated the possessions that were mine,
And only cared for his beloved face."

* * * * *

"Child, have you prayed against it?" "Have I
prayed ?

Have I not clogged my very soul with prayer,
Stopped up my ears with sound of praying, made
My very body faint with kneeling there
Before the sculptured Christ, and all for this,
 That when my lips can pray no more, and sleep
 Shuts my unwilling eyes, my love will leap
To dreamland's bounds, to meet me with his kiss ?

"Strive against this?—What profit is the strife?

If through the day a little strength I gain,
At night he comes, and calls me 'love' and 'wife,'

And straightway I am all his own again.

And if from love's besieging force my fight

Some little victory has hardly won,

What do I gain? As soon as day is done

I yield once more to love's delicious night."

* * * * *

"And who is he to whom thy love is given?"

"What? Holy Church demands to know his name!"

No rest for me on earth, no hope of heaven

Unless I tell it? Ah! for very shame

I cannot—yet why not? I will!—I can!

I have grown mad with brooding on my curse.

Here! Take the name, no better and no worse

My case will be—Father, thou art the man!"

An icy shock shivered through all his frame—

An overwhelming cold astonishment,

But on the instant the revulsion came.

* * * * *

And, with a calm voice, he answered her at last:

"Child, go in peace! Wrestle, and watch, and pray,

And I will spend this night in prayer for thee,

That God will take thy strange, deep grief away.

Thou hast confessed thy sin. Absolve-te."

Silence most absolute a little while,

Then passed the whisper of her trailing gown

Over the knee-worn stones, and soft died down

The dim, deserted, incense-memorial aisle.

She passed away, and yet, when she was gone,

His heart still echoed her remembered sigh:

What sin unpardonable had he done
 That evermore those gray unquiet eyes
 Floated between him and the dying day?
 How had she grown so desperately dear?
 Why did her love-words echo in his ear
 Through all the prayers he forced his lips to say?

* * * * *

The moon had bathed the chancel with her light,
 But now she crept into a cloud. No ray
 Was left to break the funereal black of night
 That closely hung around the form that lay
 So tempest-tossed within, so still without.

"O God! I love her, love her, love her so!
 Oh, for one spark of heaven's fire to show
 Some way to cast this devil's passion out!

* * * * *

"Christ, by Thy passion, by Thy death for men,
 Oh, save me from myself, save her from me!"

* * * * *

But as the ghostly moon began to fade,
 And moonlight glimmered into ghostlier dawn,
 The shadow which the crucifix had made
 With twilight mixed: and with it seemed withdrawn
 The peace that with its shadowy shape began,
 And as the dim east brightened, slowly ceased
 The wild devotion that had filled the priest—
 And with full sunlight he sprang up—a man!

* * * * *

He strode straight down the church and passed along
 The grave-set garden's dewy grass-grown slope;
 The woods about were musical with song,
 The world was bright with youth, and love, and hope;

The flowers were sweet, and sweet his visions were,
The sunlight glittered on the lily's head,
And on the royal roses red,
And never had the earth seemed half so fair.

Soon would he see her—soon would kneel before
Her worshiped feet, and cry : "I am thine own,
As thou art mine, and mine for evermore!"
And she should kiss the lips that had not known
The kiss of love in any vanished year.

And as he dreamed of his secured delight,—
Round the curved road there slowly came in sight
A mourning band, and in their midst a bier.

He hastened to pass on. Why should he heed
A bier—a blot on earth's awakened face?
For to his love-warm heart it seemed indeed
That in sweet summer's bloom death had no place.
Yet still he glanced—a pale concealing fold
Veiled the dead, quiet face—and yet—and yet—
Did he not know that hand, so white and wet?
Did he not know those dripping curls of gold?

"We came to you to know what we should do,
Father: we found her body in the stream,
And how it happened, God knows!" One other knew—
Knew that of him had been her last wild dream—
Knew the full reason of that life-disdain—
Knew how the shame of hopeless love confessed
And unreturned had seemed to stain her breast,
Till only death could make her clean again.

They left her in the church where sunbeams bright
Gilded the wreathed oak and carven stone

With golden floods of consecrating light;
And here at last, together and alone,
The lovers met, and here upon her hair
He set his lips, and dry-eyed kissed her face,
And in the stillness of the holy place
He spoke in tones of bitter blank despair:

"Oh, lips so quiet, eyes that will not see!
Oh, clinging hands that not again will cling!
This last poor sin may well be pardoned thee,
Since for the right's sake thou hast done this thing.
Oh, poor weak heart, forever laid to rest,
That could no longer strive against its fate,
For thee high heaven will unbar its gate,
And thou shalt enter in and shalt be blessed.

"The chances were the same for us;" he said,
"Yet thou hast won, and I have lost the whole;
Thou wouldst not live in sin, and thou art dead—
But I—against thee I have weighed my soul,
And, losing thee, have lost my soul as well."

E. NESBIT.

WOMEN'S DISPOSITIONS.

By permission of the Ladies' Home Journal.

OUR disposition is much of our own making. We admit there is great difference in natural constitutions. Some persons are born cross; some are from infancy light and happy. But while we may all from our childhood have a certain bent given to our disposition, much depends upon ourselves whether we will be happy or miserable.

1107 24

You will see in the world chiefly that for which you look. A farmer going through the country chiefly examines the farms, an architect the buildings, a merchant the condition of the markets, a minister the churches; and so a woman going through the world will see the most of that for which she especially looks. She who is constantly looking for troubles will find them stretching off into gloomy wildernesses, while she who is watching for blessings will find them hither and thither extending in harvests of luxuriance.

Like most garments, like most carpets, everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around, find troubles on the other side; or you can take the greatest trouble, and by turning it round, find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities. The earth in its revolutions manages about right—it never has darkness all over at the same time. Sometimes it has night in America, and sometimes in China, but there is some part of the earth constantly in the bright sunlight. My friends, do as the earth does. When you have trouble, keep turning round, and you will find sunlight somewhere. Amid the thickest gloom through which you are called to pass, carry your own candle. A consummate fret will, in almost every instance, come to nothing. Fretfulness will kill anything that is not in its nature immortal.

There is a large class of women in constant trouble about their health, although the same amount of strength in a cheerful woman would be taken as healthiness. You fear to accost her with, "How are you to-day?" for that would be the signal for a shower of com-

plaints. She is always getting a lump on her side, an enlargement of the heart or a curve in the spine. If some of these disorders did not actually come she would be sick all the same—sick of disappointment. If you should find her memorandum book, you would discover in it recipes for the cure of all styles of diseases, from softening of the brain in a woman, down to the bots in a horse. Her bed-room shelf is an apothecary-infantum, where medicines of all kinds may be found, from large bottles full of head-wash for diseased craniums, down to the smallest vial for the removing of corns from the feet. Thousands of women are being destroyed by this constant suspicion of their health.

Others settle down into a gloomy state from forebodings of trouble to come. They do not know why it is, but they are always expecting that something will happen. They imagine about one presentiment a week. A bird flies into the window, or a salt-cellar upsets on the table, or a cricket chirps on the hearth, and they shiver all over, and expect a messenger speedily to come in hot haste to the front door and rush in with evil tidings.

Oh! do away with all forebodings as to the future. Cheer up, disconsolate ones! Go forth among nature. Look up toward the heavens insufferably bright by day, or at night when the sky is merry with ten thousand stars, joining hands of light, with the earth in the ring, going round and round with gleam, and dance, and song, making old Night feel young again. Go to the forest, where the woodman's axe rings on the trees, and the solitude is broken by the call of the woodsparrow, and the chewink starting up from among the huckleberry-bushes. Go to where the streams leap down off the rocks, and their crystal heels clatter over the white

pebbles. Go to where the wild flowers stand drinking out of the mountain-brook and, scattered on the grass, look as if all the oreads had cast their crowns at the foot of the steep. Hark to the fluting of the winds and the long-metre psalm of the thunder! Look at the Morning coming down the mountains, and Evening drawing aside the curtain from heaven's wall of jasper, amethyst, sardonyx, and chalcedony! Look at all this, and then be happy.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

"IMPH-M."

WHEN I was a laddie lang syne at the schule,
 The maister aye ca'd me a dunce an' a fule;
 For somehoo his words I could ne'er un'erstan',
 Unless when he bawled "Jamie, haud oot yer han'!"
 Then I gloom'd, and said "Imph-m,"
 I glunch'd, and said "Imph-m"—
 I wasna' owre proud, but owre dour to say—A-y-e!

Ae day a queer word, as lang-nebbits' himsel',
 He vow'd he would thrash me if I wadna spell,
 Quo I, "Maister Quill," wi' a kin' o' a swither,
 "I'll spell ye the word if ye'll spell me anither:
 Let's hear ye spell 'Imph-m,'
 That common word 'Imph-m,'
 That auld Scotch word 'Imph-m,' ye ken it means
 A-y-e!"

Had ye seen hoo he glour'd, hoo he scratched his big
 pate,
 An' shouted, "Ye villain, get oot o' my gate!

BYRON

Get aff to yer seat! yer the plague o' the schule!
The de'il o' me kens if yer maist rogue or fule!"

But I only said "Imph-m,"

That pawkie word "Imph-m,"

He couldna spell "Imph-m," that stands for an A-y-e!

An' when a brisk wooer, I courted my Jean—

O'Avon's braw lasses the pride an' the queen—

When neath my gray plaidie, wi' heart beatin' fain,

I speired in a whisper if she'd be my ain,

She blushed, an' said "Imph-m,"

That charming word "Imph-m,"

A thousan' times better an' sweeter than A-y-e!

Just ae thing I wanted my bliss to complete—

Ae kiss frae her rosy mou', couthie an' sweet—

But a shake o' her head was her only reply—

Of course, that said No, but I kent she meant A-y-e,

For her twa een said "Imph-m,"

Her red lips said, "Imph-m,"

Her hale face said "Imph-m," an "Imph-m" means
A-y-e!

An' noo I'm a dad wi' a hoose o' my ain—

A dainty bit wife, an' mair than ae wean;

But the warst o't is this—when a question I speir,

They pit on a look sae auld-farran' an' queer,

But only say "Imph-m,"

That daft-like word "Imph-m,"

That vulgar word "Imph-m"—they winna say—A-y-e!

Ye've heard hoo the de'il as he wauchled through Beith

Wi' a wife in ilk oxter, an ane in his teeth,

When some ane cried oot, "Will ye tak' mine the morn?"

He wagg'd his auld tail while he cockit his horn,

But only said, "Imph-m,"
 That usefu' word "Imph-m"—
 Wi' sic a big mouthfu' he couldna say A-y-e!

 Sae I've gi'en oure the "Imph-m"—it's no a nice
 word;
 When printed on paper it's perfect absurd;
 Sae if ye're owre lazy to open yer jaw,
 Just haud ye yer tongue, an' say naething ava;
 But never sae "Imph-m,"
 That daft-like word "Imph-m"—
 It's ten times mair vulgar than even braid—A-y-e!

GETS DHERE.

By permission,

OLDT Æsop wrote a fable, vonce,
 Aboutt a boastful hare,
 Who say, " Vhen dhere vas racing,
 You can always find me dhere;"
 Und how a tortoise raced mit him
 Und shtopped his leetle game,
 Und say, " Ef I don'd been so shbry
 I gets dhere shust der same!"

 Dot vas der cases eferywhere,
 In bolidics und trade;
 By bersbiration off der brow
 Vas how sooccess vas made.
 A man, somedime, may shdrike id rich,
 Und get renown und fame;
 Budt dot bersbiration feller, too,
 He gets dhere shust der same!

Der girl dot makes goot beeskits,
Und can vash und iron dings,
Maybe don'd been so lofely
As dot girl mit diamondt rings;
Budt vhen a vife vas vanted,
Who vas id dot's to blame,
Eef dot girl midoudt der shewels
Should get dhere shust der same?

Der man dot leafes hees beenis
Undt hangs roundt "bucket shops,"
To make den tollars oudt off von,
Vhen grain und oil shtock drops,
May go away from dhere somedime,
Mooch boorer as he came;
"Der mills of God grind shlowly"—
But dhey gets dhere shust der same!

Dhen nefer mindt dhose mushroom schaps
Dot shbring up in a day,
Dhose repudations dhey vas made
By vork, und not by blay;
Shust poot your shoulder to der vheel
Eef you vould vin a name—
Und eef der White House vants you—
You'll get dhere shust der same!

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

FOR ALL WHO DIE.

The following poem was regarded by Edgar A. Poe as the most beautiful and touching of its kind in the language.

IT hath been said for all who die
There is a tear.
Some paining, bleeding heart to sigh
O'er every bier;
But in that hour of pain and dread
Who will draw near
Around my humble couch and shed
A farewell tear?

Who'll watch the first departing ray
In deep despair,
And soothe the spirit on its way
With holy prayer?
What mourner round my couch will come
In words of woe,
And follow me to my long home,
Solemn and slow?

When lying on my earthly bed
In icy sleep,
Who there by pure affection led
Will come and weep?
By the pale moon implant the rose
Upon my breast,
And bid it cheer my dark repose,
My lonely rest?

Could I but know when I'm sleeping
Low in the ground,

One faithful heart would then be keeping
 Watch all round,
As if some gem lay shrined beneath
 That cold sod's gloom,
'Twould mitigate the pangs of death
 And light the tomb.

Yet in that hour, if I could feel
 From the halls of glee
And beauty's pressure one would steal
 In secrecy,
And come and sit or stand by me
 In night's deep noon ;
Oh! I would ask of memory
 No other boon.

But, ah! a lonelier fate is mine,
 A deeper woe,
From all I've loved in youth's sweet time
 I soon must go.
Draw round me my pale robes of white
 In a dark spot,
To sleep through death's long dreamless night
 Lone and forgot.

THE SQUAREST UN AMONG 'EM.

THE charitable ladies from the hospital stood beside a little newly-made grave in the potter's field, over which the preacher had said the last prayer for the departed child-soul. One kind-faced lady, turning to walk down the narrow path, saw a ragged newsboy standing beside one of the mounds. She had seen dozens of news-

boys of the same type every day—had passed them by unnoticed on her way to the cemetery that afternoon—yet it was strange to find this boy in such a place, and there was something in the face bent toward the poor mound that tempted her to speak.

“Why, what brings you here, my little man?”

The boy looked up in astonishment. Dropping his eyes, as if to hide traces of tears, he answered:

“I—I thought I’d jest come out and see where it was they put Jim.”

“And who was Jim? Tell me about him.”

“Jim? There wern’t nothin’ much about Jim, ‘ceptin’ he was my pal, and he died. They wouldn’t let me see him when he was sick and I thought I’d like to find which one of these was his’n. They hain’t give him so much as a board to mark it.”

“Did you like Jim?”

“Like him? Didn’t I, though? You just bet I did! He was the squarest un among ‘em. Never took a cent he didn’t earn at shines or sellin’, and was allers fair at penny-ante. He made the others play fair, too. Why, I seen him scoop in twelve cents all to onct—fair play, too. Then the littlest fellow in the crowd he cried ‘cause he lost his two cents and couldn’t have no supper, and Jim up and gave him ten cents and buyed a doughnut with the other two cents fer himself, and give me half, ‘cause he allers looked out for me, I bein’ smaller’n him. We liked each other, I can tell ye, Jim and me. He left me his newspaper bag and this here piece o’ caliker, what he wanted me allers to keep. ‘Taint nothin’ worth nothin’, but he thought a sight of it. Ye see ‘twas like this: One day last winter he’d been tryin’ all the mornin’ and hadn’t sold a paper, and he was so cold he was a-runniu’ and hollerin’ ter keep him a

little warm, he happens to think of this in his pocket. He stops short and takes it out and looks at it and puts it back in his pocket and buttons his coat tight on it and runs on. A cop what sees him do it comes runnin' after him, thinkin' he was gettin' off with something he'd been a-thievin'. And he ketches a-holt of Jim in a way as Jim said as hurt him, and he says to show him what he's stole and come along with him. Then Jim stands up as prompt as he can, bein' held so tight, and says he, a-takin' out this bit of caliker :

" 'It's a piece of my mother's dress, sir. It's all I've got as was hers. I keeps it in my pocket, and I looks at it when things goes hard, and it helps me to sell.' "

" And it did help him that time, for the folks as was standin' round, hearin' it, crowded up to buy his papers fast as he could hand 'em out. He sold most a hundred papers that day, and that night him and me went to a restrin' and had such a supper of hot stew and things as ye never eat. I keeps the caliker 'cause he left it fer me with the woman at the hospital.

" I wanted to do something for him, but I'm broke just now and can't. Business ain't so brisk since he ain't in partnership with me no longer. I hain't got nothin' ter leave here with him 'ceptin' this. I took it out of a store where there was a new party jist movin' in. He had a likin' for them advertisin' cards."

The lady glanced down at the little mound of earth, where the boy had placed a pasteboard card from a shop window. The writing was blurred and illegible, except the two words in large letters :

*
" REMOVED TO ——"
*

THE AUCTIONEER'S GIFT.

By permission of the Yankee Blade.

THE auctioneer leaped on a chair, and bold and loud
and clear,
He poured his cataract of words, just like an auctioneer.
An auction sale of furniture, where some hard mort-
gagee
Was bound to get his money back, and pay his lawyer's
fee.

A humorist of wide renown, this doughty auctioneer,
His joking raised the loud guffaw, and brought the an-
swering jeer,
He scattered round his jests, like rain, on the unjust and
the just ;
Sam Sleeman said he "laffed so much he thought that
he would bust."

He knocked down bureaus, beds, and stoves, and clocks
and chandeliers,
And a grand piano, which he swore would "last a
thousand years ;"

He rattled out the crockery, and sold the silverware ;
At last they passed him up to sell a little baby's chair.

"How much? how much? Come, make a bid ; is all
your money spent?"

And then a cheap, facetious wag came up and bid,
"One cent."

Just then a sad-faced woman, who stood in silence there,
Broke down and cried, "My baby's chair! My poor,
dead baby's chair!"

"Here, madam, take your baby's chair," said the softened auctioneer,

"I know its value all too well, my baby died last year;
And if the owner of the chair, our friend, the mort-
gagee,

Objects to this proceeding, let him send the bill to me!"

Gone was the tone of raillery; the humorist auctioneer
Turned shamefaced from his audience, to brush away a
tear;

The laughing crowd was awed and still, no tearless eye
was there

When the weeping woman reached and took her little
baby's chair.

S. W. Foas.

WAS I TO BLAME?

WAS I to blame? I'll tell you how
It came about and you shall say.

My aunt had been quite ill that day.
(I dwelt with her—from home away.)

And sent for pretty Mary Dow

To do the household work; and so,

When evening came and Mary would

Return, she got her cloak and hood,

But aunty, speaking, said: "Don't go;"

And urged her staying over night;

"She must not take so long a tramp"—

She lived beyond the last street lamp—

"Her work and walk would kill her quite,
Besides, the way was dark."

But Mary could not think of that.
"She must go home ; she'd promised to ;
So aunt gave way, but said, anew,
" Well, Johnnie must go 'long with you
And see you safe." I took my hat,
Prouder than any monarch, then !
We passed adown the street and talked
Of current topics, while I walked
Demurely by her side ; but when
We left the village lights behind
I closer pressed, and, somehow, drew
Her little hand my bent arm through ;
I'd been charged with her care, you mind,
Besides, the way was dark !

'Twas then, when just beyond the light
Of the last lamp along the way,
That something whispering, plain as day,
" I'd do it, do it !" seemed to say,
I must have lost my senses quite ;
I was sixteen—a bashful boy—
I slipped my arm around her waist
And from her lips took one sweet taste
And trembled, then, for very joy !
Now, candidly, was there harm done
In this, my theft from Mary Dow ?
If so, pray tell me of it now !
'Twas only just one little one,
Besides, the way was dark !

DUDLEY LOUIS BONDE.

WANTED TO SEE HIS OLD HOME.

WHILE we waited in the depot at Nashville, some one began crying, and an excitement was raised among the passengers. A brief investigation proved that the cause of the disturbance was an old colored man who was giving way to his grief. Three or four people remarked on the strangeness of it, but for some time no one said anything to him. Then a depot policeman came forward and took him by the arm, and shook him roughly and said :

"See here, old man, you must quit that. You have been drinking, and if you make any more disturbance I'll lock you up."

"'Deed, but I hain't," replied the old man, as he removed his tear-stained handkerchief. "Ize losted my ticket an' money, an' dat's what's de matter."

"Bosh! You never had any money to lose! You shut up, or away you go."

"What's the matter here?" queried a man, as he came forward.

The old man recognized the dialect of the Southerner in an instant, and, repressing his emotions with a great effort, he answered :

"Say, Mars Jack, I've been robbed."

"My name is White."

"Well, den, Mars White, somebody has dun robbed me of my ticket an' money."

"Where were you going?"

"Gwine down into Kaintuck, whar I was bo'n an' raised."

"Where's that?"

"Nigh to Bowlin' Green, sah, an' when de wah dun sot me free I cum up dis way. Hain't bin home sence, sah."

"And you had a ticket?"

"Yes sah, an' ober \$20 in cash. Bin savin' up for ten y'ars, sah."

"What do you want to go back for?"

"To see de hills an' de fields, de tobacker an' de co'n, Mars Preston an' de good ole missus. Why, Mars White, I'ze dun bin prayin' fur it fo' twenty y'ars. Sometimes de longin' has cum till I couldn't hardly hold myself."

"De ole woman is buried down dar, Mars White—de ole woman an' free chillen. I kin 'member de spot same as if I seed it yisterday. You go out half-way to de fust tobacker house, an' den you turn to de left an' go down to de branch whar de wimmen used to wash. Dar's fo' trees on de odder bank, an' right under 'em is whar dey is all buried. I kin see it! I kin lead you right to de spot!"

"And what will you do when you get there?" asked the stranger.

"Go up to de big house an' ax Mars Preston to let me lib out all de rest ob my days right dar. I'ze old an' all alone, an' I want to be nigh my dead. Sorter company fur me when my heart aches."

"Where were you robbed?"

"Out doahs, dar, I reckon, in de crowd. See? De pocket is all cut out. I'ze dreamed an' pondered—I'ze had dis journey in my mind for y'ars an' y'ars, an' now I'ze dun bin robbed an' can't go!"

He fell to crying, and the policeman came forward in an officious manner.

"Stand back, sir," commanded the stranger. "If

you lay a hand on that nigger I'll kill you! Now, gentlemen, you have heard the story. I'm going to help the old man back to die on the old plantation where he can be buried alongside of his dead."

"So am I," called twenty men in chorus, and within five minutes money had been raised enough to buy him a ticket and leave \$50 to spare. And when he realized his good luck the old snow-haired black fell upon his knees in that crowd and prayed:

"Lord, I've been a believer in You all my days, an' I now dun axes You to watch ober dese yere white folks dat has believed in me an' helped me to get back to de ole home."

And I do believe that nine-tenths of that crowd had tears in their eyes as the gateman called out the train for Louisville.

NEW YORK SUN.

ABIGAIL FISHER.

Written expressly for this number

SURE enough! That Miss Abigail Fisher
In "Briartown Folks" must be me,
For my looks, I declare, an' my actions
Are all pictered out to a T.
Now, it hain't the most flatterin' likeness
But then, folks 'ud know it for mine,
An' the queerest of all is, it strikes me
I figger as chief heroine,
As ongain, an' as humbly as I be,
An' full o' my crotchetty ways;
Not the kind that they put in the novels,
I read in my foolish young days.

Now that comes o' my summerin' boarders,
I thought 'twas remarkable queer—
How'd she allus would hover around me,
That dainty Miss Alice de Vere.
An' I knowed there was somethin' or other
That kep' her so close to my side—
Jest how curi's I felt an' oneasy,
I couldn't a-told if I'd tried.
With them bright eyes o' hern allus upon me
As if she was searchin' my soul,
Or was tryin', at least, for I reckon
She didn't succeed on the whole.

In describin' my gen'ral appearance
She's be'n pooty faithful, I guess;
From the lines that furrer my forehead,
The fit o' my calico dress,
To my lean, scraggy neck an' long fingers;
The way that I do up my hair,
An' the stoop in my thin, bony shoulders—
She's be'n dretful pertickeler there;
But there's some lanes an' turnin's, I fancy,
Hid deep down in Abigail's heart,
I could tell, full as well, if not better,
Than she with her "consummate art."

Well, she sums me all up in this fashion,
"A nature most stern and severe;
To those grim lips the smile is a stranger,
Those eyes, in their hard depths, the tear
Surely never could glisten. If Cupid
E'er sought her, he must in dismay,
From a presence so cold and forbiddin'
Have fled in swift terror away.

All the woman seems swayed by twin passions,
The one, an o'ermastering greed,
And the other a stubborn devotion
To warm and pitiless creed.

“But as blossoms of tenderest beauty,
In Nature's waste places oft hide,
So, in lives that are rugged and barren,
Some sweet germs of good may abide.”
Then she tells, real affectin', a story;
I s'pose she must had it from Jane,
For that poor creetur's tongue is so nimble,
A dretful sight nimbler'n her brain.
All about a poor tramp—a low drunkard—
Who fell in a fit at my door:
How't I nursed him through terrible sickness,
An' when there warn't need o' no more,

How't I paid all his fun'ral expenses,
An' charged not a cent to the town.
Sech an act, from so stingy a creetur,
She thinks ought to bring her renown—
Of the battle I fit out with Av'rice
When Duty it seemed to be plain,
Of the Puritan will that could conquer,
The turrible passion for Gain—
Well, she's told it in language that's glowin',
An gi'n more credit than due,
So I s'pose it makes up for ha'sh jedgmunt,
Or 'ruther, it would if 'twas true.

But she wasn't to blame for not knowin',
What nary a one in the place,

Could a' dreamed on that drunken Jim Revers
Had ever sot eyes on my face
Till he fell at my door—an' a Christian
Must let the poor wanderer in,
For the Master warn't too good ter pity,
An' save them 'twas leprous with sin.
Well, I kep' at my post at Jim's bedside
An' prayed ag'in hope for his life,
An' nobody ever mistrusted
I'd thought once o' bein' his wife.

If his features was changed and was bloated,
If his eyes they was sunken an' blear,
If he'd lost all the grace of his manhood
Earth never held nothin' so dear
To the heart that he'd broke an' haid trampled
Like the very dust under his feet,
As this wreck of a man that was rescued—
At last from the filth of the street,
An' the sweetest of days I remember
Was them when he lay, like a child
Toward the last—jest as weak an' as helpless—
His sperit all broke up an' mild.

When he spoke of the past an' was sorry,
For all of the wrong he had done;
Oh! I felt as if somehow or other
My life had but only begun.
Well, he died, an' I hope was forgiven—
His eyes rested last—upon me,
An' I do' know, we can't tell, but mebbey
He'll be the first one I shall see
On the shore of the Beautiful River.
The thought it does comfort me so,

An' you do' know how eager an' longin'
I am for the summons to go.

But I try to be patient. I thank God
(An' 'taint in no sperit o' greed)
For the little laid by, that'll keep me
Through sickness an' death an' its need—
Now, I don't hold no hardness, but somehow
It does seem to me folks might find
Better work for their pens than in probin'
The poor, troubled hearts o' their kind,
Jest to lay bare life's sorrowful secrets,
An' make of 'em pitiful show ;
Well, it's curi's that things get so twisted
An' wrong in this world here below.

Human lives to be warped an' so stunted,
Like trees on a cold, barren plain,
That hain't never blossomed nor fruited
For want o' sweet sunshine an' rain,
An' if we hadn't no promise
Of a life that is better than this
I should mourn for the loss of earth's sweetness,
An' long for a bit of its bliss ;
But I can't help a-thinking—He pities,
An' that when transplanted above
These sad lives will grow into beauty,
Up there in the sunshine o' love.

DELIA A. HAYWOOD.

THE CAPTAIN'S WELL.

By permission of Robert Bonner's Sons. From *New York Ledger*, 112
January, 1890, beautifully illustrated by Howard Pyle.

FROM pain and peril, by land and main,
The shipwrecked sailor came back again ;

Back to his home, where wife and child,
Who had mourned him lost, with joy were wild,

Where he sat once more with his kith and kin,
And welcomed his neighbors thronging in.

But when morning came he called for his spade.
"I must pay my debt to the Lord," he said.

"Why dig you here," asked the passer-by ;
"Is there gold or silver the road so nigh ?"

"No, friend," he answered, "Lut under this sod
Is the blessed water, the wine of God."

"Water! the Powwow is at your back,
And right before you the Merrimack,

And look you up, or look you down,
There's a well-sweep at every door in town."

"True," he said, "we have wells of our own ;
But this I dig for the Lord alone."

Said the other : "This soil is dry, you know,
I doubt if a spring can be found below ;

You had better consult, before you dig,
Some water-witch, with a hazel twig."

"No, wet or dry, I will dig it here,
Shallow or deep, if it takes a year.

In the Arab desert, where shade is none,
The waterless land of sand and sun,

Under the pitiless, brazen sky
My burning throat as the sand was dry ;

My crazed brain listened in fever-dreams
For plash of buckets and ripple of streams ;

And, opening my eyes to the blinding glare,
And my lips to the breath of the blistering air,

Tortured alike by the heavens and earth,
I cursed, like Job, the day of my birth.

Then something tender and sad and mild
As a mother's voice to her wandering child,

Rebuked my frenzy, and, bowing my head,
I prayed as I never before had prayed :

Pity me, God, for I die of thirst ;
Take me out of this land accurst ;

And if ever I reach my home again,
Where earth has springs, and the sky has rain,

I will dig a well for the passer-by,
And none shall suffer with thirst as I.

I saw, as I passed my home once more,
The house, the barn, the elms by the door,

The grass-lined road, that riverward wound,
The tall slate stones of the burying-ground,

The belfry and steeple on meeting-house hill,
The brook with its dam, and gray grist-mill,

And I knew in that vision beyond the sea,
The very place where my well must be.

God heard my prayer in that evil day ;
He led my feet in their homeward way,

From false mirage and dried-up well,
And the hot sand-storms of a land of hell,

Till I saw at last, through a coast-hill's gap,
The city held in its stony lap,

The mosques and the domes of scorched Muscat,
And my heart leaped up with joy thereat ;

For there was a ship at anchor lying,
A Christian flag at its mast-head flying,

And sweetest of sounds to my home-sick ear
Was my native tongue in the sailors' cheer.

Now, the Lord be thanked, I am back again,
Where earth has springs, and the skies have rain.

And the well I promised by Oman's Sea,
I am digging for him in Amesbury."

His good wife wept, and his neighbors said :
"The poor old captain is out of his head."

But from morn to noon, and from noon to night,
He toiled at his task with main and might ;

And when at last from the loosened earth,
Under his spade the stream gushed forth,

And fast as he climbed to his deep well's brim,
The water he dug for followed him.

He shouted for joy : " I have kept my word,
And here is the well I promised the Lord !"

The long years came, and the long years went,
And he sat by his roadside-well content ;

He watched the travelers, heat-oppressed,
Pause by the way to drink and rest,

And the sweltering horses dip, as they drank,
Their nostrils deep in the cool, sweet tank ;

And, grateful at heart, his memory went
Back to that waterless Orient,

And the blessed answer of prayer, which came
To the earth of iron and sky of flame.

And when a wayfarer, weary and hot,
Kept to the mid-road, pausing not

For the well's refreshing, he shook his head ;
" He don't know the value of water," he said ;

" Had he prayed for a drop, as I have done,
In the desert circle of sand and sun,

He would drink and rest, and go home to tell
That God's best gift is the wayside well !"

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE PILGRIMS.

THEY were practical statesmen, these Pilgrims. They wasted no time theorizing upon methods, but went straight at the mark. They solved the Indian problem with shot-guns, and it was not General Sherman, but Miles Standish, who originated the axiom that the only good Indians are the dead ones. They were bound by neither customs nor traditions, nor committals to this or that policy. The only question with them was, Does it work? The success of their Indian experiment led them to try similar methods with witches, Quakers, and Baptists. Their failure taught them the difference between mind and matter. A dead savage was another wolf under ground, but one of themselves persecuted or killed for conscience sake sowed the seed of discontent and disbelief. The effort to wall in a creed and wall out liberty was at once abandoned, and to-day New England has more religions and not less religion, but less bigotry, than any other community in the world.

In an age when dynamite was unknown, the Pilgrim invented in the cabin of the Mayflower the most powerful of explosives. The declaration of the equality of all men before the law has rocked thrones and consolidated classes. It separated the colonies from Great Britain and created the United States. It pulverized the chains of the slaves and gave manhood suffrage. It devolved upon the individual the functions of government and made the people the sole source of power. It substituted the cap of liberty for the royal crown in France, and by a bloodless revolution has added to the

constellation of American republics, the star of Brazil. But with the ever-varying conditions incident to free government, the Puritan's talent as a political mathematician will never rust. Problems of the utmost importance press upon him for solution. When, in the effort to regulate the liquor traffic, he has advanced beyond the temper of the times and the sentiment of the people in the attempt to enact or enforce prohibition, and either been disastrously defeated or the flagrant evasions of the statutes have brought the law into contempt, he does not despair, but tries to find the error in his calculation.

If gubernatorial objections block the way of high license he will bombard the executive judgment and conscience by a proposition to tax. The destruction of homes, the ruin of the young, the increase of pauperism and crime, the added burdens upon the taxpayers by the evils of intemperance, appeal with resistless force to his training and traditions. As the power of the saloon increases the difficulties of the task, he becomes more and more certain that some time or other and in some way or other he will do that sum too.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

STANDING at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear;
Spoken through the silence,
By our Father's voice,

Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.
Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the day ;
For His word shall never,
Never pass away.

I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid ;
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed.
Yea, I will uphold thee
With my own right hand ;
Thou art called and chosen,
In my sight to stand.
Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the day ;
For His word shall never,
Never pass away.

For the year before us,
Oh, what rich supplies !
For the poor and needy,
Living streams shall rise ;
For the sad and sinful,
Shall His grace abound ;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.
Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the day ;
For His word can never,
Never pass away.

He will never fail us,
He will not forsake ;

His eternal covenant
He will never break ;
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear ?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.
Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the day ;
For His word shall never,
Never pass away.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

THE GOOD.

“WHAT is the real good ?”
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court ;
Knowledge, said the school ;
Truth, said the wise man ;
Pleasure, said the fool ;
Love, said the maiden ;
Beauty, said the page ;
Freedom, said the dreamer ;
Home, said the sage ;
Fame, said the soldier ;
Equity, the seer ;

Spake my heart full sadly ;
“The answer is not here.”

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard :
“Each heart holds the secret ;
Kindness is the word.”

J. BOYLE O'REILLY.

APPEAL FOR TEMPERANCE.

THE late Henry W. Grady, of Atlanta, Ga., has been justly eulogized as one of the most able, brilliant, clear-headed, noble-minded men of the present century. In his death the South has lost a great and heroic leader. In no cause in which his sympathies were enlisted was Mr. Grady more active and earnest than in that of temperance. The following extract is from one of his speeches delivered during the exciting local campaign in Georgia in 1887:

“My friends, hesitate before you vote liquor back into Atlanta, now that it is shut out. Don't trust it. It is powerful, aggressive, and universal in its attacks. To-night it enters an humble home to strike the roses from a woman's cheek, and to-morrow it challenges this Republic in the halls of Congress. To-day it strikes a crust from the lips of a starving child, and to-morrow levies tribute from the government itself. There is no cottage in this city humble enough to escape it—no palace strong enough to shut it out. It defies the law when it cannot coerce suffrage. It is flexible to cajole, but merciless in victory. It is the mortal enemy of peace and order. The despoiler of men, the terror of women, the cloud that shadows the face of children, the demon that has dug more graves and sent more souls unshrived to judgment than all the pestilences that have wasted life since God sent the plagues to Egypt, and all the wars since Joshua stood beyond Jericho. O my countrymen! loving God and humanity, do not bring this grand old city again under the dominion of that power. It can profit no man by its return. It can

uplift no industry, revive no interest, remedy no wrong. You know that it cannot. It comes to turn, and it shall profit mainly by the ruin of your sons or mine. It comes to mislead human souls and crush human hearts under its rumbling wheels. It comes to bring gray-haired mothers down in shame and sorrow to their graves. It comes to turn the wife's love into despair and her pride into shame. It comes to still the laughter on the lips of little children. It comes to stifle all the music of the home and fill it with silence and desolation. It comes to ruin your body and mind, to wreck your home, and it knows that it must measure its prosperity by the swiftness and certainty with which it wrecks this work."

TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

THE white snow veils the earth's brown face,
Strong frost has bound the veil in place—
Under the wide, clear, dark blue sky
All choked with snow the hollows lie,
Dead-white the fields—once summer sweet—
And woodlands where we used to meet:
We don't meet now, we never part.
Ever together, heart to heart,
We've worked, lost often, seldom won,
Seen pleasures ended, pains begun,
Have done our best, and faced, we two,
Almost the worst that fate could do—
Yet not fate's uttermost of ill,
Since here we are together still!

For me you left, my dearest, best,
Your girlhood's safe warm sheltered nest;

For me gave up all else that could
Have made your woman-life seem good.
You thought a man's whole heart was worth
Just all the other wealth of earth;
I thought my painter's brush would be
A magic wand for you and me.
What dreams we had of fame and gold,
Of art—that never could withhold
From me, who loved her so, full powers
To make my love for her serve ours,
To shape and build a palace fair
Of radiant hours, and place you there!
Art turned away her face from us,
And all the dreaming's ended—thus!
Our garret's cold; the wind is keen,
And cuts these rotten boards between.
There is no lock upon the door,
No carpet on the uneven floor,
No curtain to the window where
Through frost-blanch'd panes the moon's cold stare
Fronts us. She's careless—used to see
This world of ours, and misery!
Why, how you shiver! O my sweet!
How cold your hands are, and your feet!
How hot this face of yours I kiss!
How could our love have led to this?
What devil is there over all
That lets such things as this befall?
It was not want of striving. Love,
Bear witness for me how I strove,
Worked till I grew quite sick and faint,
Worked till I could not see to paint,

Because my eyes were sore and wet,
Yet never sold one picture yet.

* * * * *

There's no more firing, and the cold
Is biting through your shawl's thin fold,
And both the blankets have been sold.
Nestle beside me, in my arm,
And let me try to keep you warm.
We pawned the table and the bed,
To get our last week's fire and bread,
And now the last crust's eaten. Well,
There's nothing left to pawn or sell!
Our rent is due on Monday, too,
How can we pay it—I and you?
What shall we do? What shall we do?

* * * * *

Listen to me! It's Christmas Eve,
When hearts grow warmer, I believe,
And friends forget and friends forgive.
What if we stifled down my pride,
And put your bitter thoughts aside,
And asked your father's help once more?
True, when we asked for it before,
He turned and cursed us both, and swore
That he disowned you. You and I
Had made our bed, and there must lie;
That he would help us not one whit,
Though we should die for want of it.
Now I shall ask his help again.
It's colder now than it was then.

* * * * *

Stand up. You're stiff! That will not last!
The stairs are dark! They'll soon be passed!

You're tired! My sweet, I know you are;
 But try to walk—it isn't far.
 Oh! that the Christ they say was born
 On that dream-distant Christmas morn
 May hear and help us now! Be strong!
 Yes, lean on me. Perhaps ere long,
 All this, gone by, will only seem
 A half-remembered evil dream.
 Come; I will help you walk. We'll try
 Just this last venture, you and I!

* * * * *

We dragged our weary, faltering feet
 Through the bright, noisy, crowded street,
 And reached the square where, stern in stone,
 Her father's town-house sulks alone.
 Sick, stupid, helpless, wretched, poor,
 We waited at her father's door.
 They let us in. Then let us tread
 Through the warm hall with soft furs spread.
 Next, "Name and business." Oh! exact
 Were the man's orders how to act,
 If e'er his master's child should come
 To cross the threshold of her home!
 I told our name. The man "would see
 If any message was" for me.
 We waited there without a word.
 How warm the whole house was! We heard
 Soft music with soft voices blent,
 And smelt sweet flowers with mingled scent,

* * * * *

Then some one gave a note to me
 With insolent smile. I read: "When she
 Is tired of love and poverty,

And chooses to return to what
She left, the duties she forgot,
And never see again this man,
And be here as before—she can."

We came away : that much is clear ;
I don't know how we got back here—
I must have carried her somehow,
And have been strong enough. And now
She lies asleep—and I, awake,
Must do this something for her sake—
The only possible thing to do,
O love! to cut our soul in two,
And take "this man" away from you!
If now I let your father know
My choice is made, and that I go
And you are here—O love! O wife!
I break my heart and save your life.
Doubt what to do? All doubt's about
The deeds that are not worth a doubt!
This deed takes me, and I obey,
And there is nothing left to say.

Good-bye, dear eyes, I cannot see—
Weep only gently, eyes, for me;
Dear lips I've kissed and kissed again,
Lose those encircling lines of pain;
Dear face, so thin and faded now,
Win back youth's grace, and light, and glow,
Oh! hands I hold in mine—oh! heart
That holds mine in it—we must part!

* * * * *

No more we meet until I've won
Enough to dare be happy on;

And if I fail—I have known bliss,
 And bliss has bred an hour like this.
 I am past Fate's harming—all her power
 Could mix naught bitterer than this hour.
 Good-bye—our room—our marriage life!—
 Oh! kiss me through your dreams, my wife!

* * * * *

I have grown rich. I have found out
 The thing men break their hearts about!
 I have dug gold, and gold, and sold
 My diggings, and reaped in more gold—
 Sowed that and reaped again, and played
 For stakes, and always won, and made
 More money than we'll ever spend,
 And have forborne one word to send.
 It has been easier for her so:
 To wait one year, and then to know
 How all is well, and how we two
 Shall part no more our whole lives through.

* * * * *

This London—how I hated it
 A year ago! It now seems fit
 Even to be our meeting-place.
 It holds the glory of her face,
 The wonder of her eyes, the grace
 Of lovely lines and curves—in fine,
 The soul of sweetness that is mine!
 I'll seek her at her father's; say,
 "I claim my wife. I will repay
 A hundred-fold all you have spent
 On keeping me in banishment,
 On keeping her in affluence,
 At her heart's dearest coin's expense!

That is past now, and I have come
 To take my wife and sweetheart home,
 To show her all my golden store,
 My heart, hers to the very core,
 And never leave her any more!"

But just before that hour supreme,
 Close here our old house is, that dream
 And daylight have been showing me
 The year through. I would like to see
 That room I found so hard to leave,
 So hard to keep, last Christmas Eve.

* * * * *

Just one look at the old room's door,
 If I can get no chance of more;
 Yet gold will buy most things—may buy
 The leave to see that room. We'll try!

May I go up? Just once to see
 The room that sheltered her and me?—
 My God! the rapture of to-day
 Has sent me mad!—you did not say
 She died the night I went away!

E. NESBIT.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN VERSE.

FATHER in heaven, hallowed be Thy name,
 Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done the same
 In earth and heaven. Give us daily bread;
 Forgive our sins as others we forgive.
 Into temptation let us not be led,
 Deliver us from evil while we live.
 For kingdom, power, and glory must remain
 Forever and forever Thine: Amen.

A PACKET OF LETTERS.

By permission of St. Nicholas.

I.

FROM MR. RUFUS FOX TO MISS BLANCHY GOOSE.

THE FERNWOODS, Friday.

DEAR MISS GOOSE:

A CCEPT apologies profuse,
For the abrupt and hasty way
In which I left you yesterday.
I quite forgot myself, it's true,
And Mrs. Fox's message, too.
She said, "Be sure if you should see
Miss Goose, to bring her home to tea;"
And when I came home minus you,
She made a terrible to-do!
I don't know how I came to be
So very rude, but then you see,
I was just offering my arm,
When stupid Rover from the farm,
Appeared so suddenly, and so—
Well, two is company, you know,
While three—! Besides, 'twas getting late
So I decided not to wait.
Yet, after all, another day
Will do as well. What do you say?
Can you, to-morrow,—say, at three,
Dine with dear Mrs. Fox and me?
Pray do, and by the hollyhocks
Meet yours, sincerely, RUFUS FOX

II.

FROM MISS BLANCHE GOOSE TO MR. FOX.

THE FARM-YARD, Friday afternoon.

Dear Mr. Fox, it seems so soon,
 You almost take my breath away!
 To-morrow? Three? What shall I say?
 Nothing could charm me more—but, no—
 Alas! I fear I cannot go.
 Don't think that I resent, I pray,
 Your hastiness of yesterday.
 It is not that. But if I went,
 Without my dear mamma's consent,
 And she should somehow chance to hear,
 She would be dreadfully severe;
 And so, oh, dear! it is no use!

Believe me,

Sadly yours,

BLANCHE GOOSE.

P. S.—On second thoughts, dear Fox,
 I'll meet you by the hollyhocks,
 For if mamma but knew how kind
 You are, I'm sure she would not mind.
 To-morrow, then—we'll meet at three;
 Don't fail to be there. Yours, B. G.

III.

FROM MR. RUFUS FOX TO HIS COUSIN REYNARD.

Friday.

Dear Cousin, just a line
 To ask you if you will come and dine
 (Informally, you know) with me
 To-morrow afternoon at three.

Now don't refuse, whate'er you do,
 I have a treat in store for you :
 A charming goose (and geese, you know,
 Do not on all the bushes grow !)
 A dream of tenderness in white,
 A case of "hunger at first sight."
 I know, old boy, you'll not be deaf
 To this inducement.

Yours,

R. F.

P. S.—Miss Goose agrees to be
 Beside the hollyhocks at three !

IV.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF ROVER, THE DOG.

Saturday night.

Well, I must say,
 I quite renewed my youth to-day !
 How lucky that I chanced to go,
 Just when I did, beside that row
 Of hollyhocks beyond the gate !
 Lucky for her, at any rate ;
 For suddenly I heard Miss Goose
 Struggling and crying, " Let me loose !"
 And, from behind the hollyhocks,
 Who should jump out but Mr. Fox !
 (The very same one, by the way,
 I almost caught the other day.)
 Soon as I nabbed him, in his fright,
 He dropped Miss Goose and took to flight.

Then after him like mad I flew,
 But—what could poor old Rover do ?

I am not what I used to be,
 So I let go, and ran to see
 At once how poor Miss Goose had fared,
 And found her much less hurt than scared
 From having come so near the noose :—
 A sadder and a wiser goose.

V.

NOTE FROM MR. RUFUS FOX TO HIS COUSIN REYNARD,

DEAR COUSIN :

This is just to say
 Why dinner was postponed to-day,—
 The goose had failed us, that was all ;
 Excuse, I beg, this hurried scrawl.
 Will write to-morrow to explain—
 Just now my paw is in such pain
 That when I try to write it shocks
 My nerves.

Yours truly, RUFUS FOX.

P. S.—I'd thank you if you sent
 A bottle of that liniment
 You spoke of several days ago—
 The kind for " dog bites," don't you know.

OLIVER HERFORD.

BALLOT REFORM.

Extract from an address delivered at the annual dinner of the Boston Merchants.

WHEN I see about me this gathering of business men and merchants, I find it impossible to rid myself of the impressive thought that here is represented that factor in civilized life which measures the

progress of a people, which constitutes the chief care of every enlightened government, and which gives to a country the privilege of recognized membership in the community of nations.

Our business men cannot, if they would, escape the responsibility which this condition casts upon them—a responsibility most exacting, and invested with the seriousness which always results from a just apprehension of man's relation to his fellow-man, and the obligation due from a citizen to his government.

The merchant of to-day has not less integrity and virtue than his predecessors; but surely we are not called upon by the fear of controversy to close our eyes to the fact that his environment is vastly different. There is among our people less of meaning embodied in the sentiment that the Government upon which we have staked all our hopes and aspirations requires for its successful maintenance a patriotic regard for the aggregate of the happiness and prosperity of all our people, and a willing consent to a fair distribution of the benefits of our free institutions.

Equal rights and impartial justice are stipulations of the compact we have entered into with each other as American citizens, and so nicely adjusted is this plan of our political association that favoritism for the sole advantage of any section of our membership inevitably results in an encroachment upon the benefits justly due to others. But these things sit so lightly upon the conscience of many that a spirit of selfishness is abroad in the land, which has bred the habit of clamorous importunity for Government aid in behalf of special interests—imperfectly disguised under the cloak of solicitude for the public good. * * * *

This train of thought leads us to consider the imminent danger which threatens us from the intimidation and corruption of our voters.

It is too late to temporize with these evils or to speak of them otherwise than in the plainest terms. We are spared the labor of proving their existence, for all admit it. That they are terribly on the increase all must concede. * * * *

Many of us may take to ourselves a share of blame, when we find confronting us these perils which threaten the existence of our free institutions, the preservation of our national honor, and the perpetuity of our country. The condition annexed to the founding of our Government upon the suffrage of our people was that the suffrage should be free and pure. We consented to abide by the honest preponderance of political opinion, but we did not consent that a free vote, expressing the intelligent and thoughtful sentiment of the voter, should be balanced by a vote of intimidation and fear, or by an unclean, corrupt vote disgracefully bought and treacherously sold. * * * *

As we struggle on and confidently invite a direct conflict with these entrenched foes of our political safety, we have not failed to see another hope which has manifested itself to all the honest people of the land. It teaches them that, though they may not immediately destroy at their source the evils which afflict them, they may check their malign influence and guard themselves against their baneful results. It assures them that if political virtue and rectitude cannot at once be thoroughly restored to the republic, the activity of baser elements may be discouraged. It inspires them with vigilant watchfulness and a determination to prevent as

far as possible their treacherous betrayal by those who are false to their obligations of citizenship.

This hope, risen like the Star in the East, has fixed the gaze of our patriotic fellow-countrymen; and everywhere—in our busy marts of trade and on our farms—in our cities and in our villages—in the dwellings of the rich and in the homes of the poor—in our universities and in our workshops—in our banking houses and in the ranks of inexorable toil—they greet with enthusiastic acclaim the advent of ballot reform. * * * *

I remember the inauguration of another reform, and I have seen it grow and extend, until it has become firmly established in our laws and practice. It is to-day our greatest safeguard against the complete and disgraceful degradation of our public service. It had its enemies, and all of them are not yet silenced. Those openly and secretly unfriendly said in the beginning that the scheme was impracticable and unnecessary; that it created an office-holding class; that it established burdensome and delusive tests for entry in the public service, which should be open to all; that it put in the place of real merit and efficiency scholastic requirements; that it limited the discretion of those charged with the selection of public employees, and that it was unconstitutional. But its victory came—wrought by the force of enlightened public sentiment—and upon its trial every objection which had been urged against it was completely discredited.

As it has been with civil service reform so will it be with ballot reform, except that the coming victory will be more speedily achieved and will be more complete.

And as the grand old State of Massachusetts was foremost to adopt and demonstrate the practicability

and usefulness of civil service reform, so has she been first to adopt a thorough scheme of ballot reform and to prove in practice its value and the invalidity of the objections made against it. We thank Massachusetts to-night for all that she has done for these reforms, and we of New York hope that our Empire State will soon be keeping step with her sister States in the enforcement of an effective and honest measure of ballot reform. * * * *

Thus will the American people discharge the sacred trust committed to their keeping; thus will they still proudly present to the world proof of the value of free institutions; thus will they demonstrate the strength and perpetuity of a government by the people; thus will they establish American patriotism throughout the length and breadth of our land; and thus will they preserve for themselves and for posterity their God-given inheritance of freedom and justice and peace and happiness.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

TASTE.

SETTIN' round the stove last night,
Down at Wess' store, was me
And Mart Strimples, Tunk, and White,
And Doc Bills and two or three
Fellers of the Mudsock tribe
No use tryin to describe,
And say, Doc, he says, says he:
"Talkin' 'bout good things to eat,
Ripe mushmillions' hard to beat."

I chawed on. And Mart he 'low'd
Watermillion beat the mush,
"Red," he says, "and juicy—hush!
I'll just leave it to the crowd."
Then a Mudsock chap, says he:
"Punkin's good enough for me—
Punkin pies, I mean," he says.
"Them beat 'millions. What says Wess?"

I chawed on. And Wess says, "Well,
You jest fetch that wife of mine
All your watermillion rine,
And she'll boil it down a spell—
In with sorghum, I suppose—
And what else Lord only knows!
But I'm here to tell all hands,
Them p'serves meet my demands."

I chawed on. And White he says,
"Well, I'll jes' stand in with Wess—
I'm no hog!" and Tunk says, "I
Guess I'll pastur' out on pie
With the Mudsock boys!" says he;
"Now what's yourn?" he says to me,

I chawed on—fer—quite a spell.
Then I speaks up slow and dry,
"Jes' tobacker!" I says I,
And you'd orto heard 'm yell!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

FAME, WEALTH, LIFE, DEATH.

WHAT is fame?

'Tis the sun-gleam on the mountain,
 Spreading brightly ere it flies,
 'Tis the bubble on the fountain,
 Rising lightly ere it dies;
 Or, if here and there a hero
 Be remembered through the years,
 Yet to him the gain is zero;
 Death hath stilled his hopes and fears.
 Yet what dangers men will dare
 If but only in the air
 May be heard some eager mention of their name;
 Though they hear it not themselves, 'tis much the same.

What is wealth?

'Tis a rainbow still receding
 As the panting fool pursues;
 Or a toy that youth, unheeding,
 Seeks the readiest way to lose;
 But the wise man keeps due measure,
 Neither out of breath nor base;
 He but holds in trust his treasure
 For the welfare of the race.
 Yet what crimes some men will dare
 But to gain their slender share
 In some profit, though with loss of name or health,
 In some plunder, spent on vices or by stealth.

What is life?

'Tis the earthly hour of trial
 For a life that's but begun;
 When the prize of self-denial
 May be quickly lost or won;

'Tis the hour when love may burgeon
 To an everlasting flower ;
 Or when lusts their victims urge on
 To defy immortal power.
 Yet how lightly men ignore
 All the future holds in store,
 Spending brief but golden moments all in strife ;
 Or in suicidal madness grasp the knife.

What is death ?
 Past its dark, mysterious portal
 Human eye may never roam ;
 Yet the hope still springs immortal
 That it leads the wanderer home.
 Oh ! the bliss that lies before us
 When the secret shall be known,
 And the vast angelic chorus
 Sounds the hymn before the throne !
 What is fame, or wealth, or life ?
 Past are praises, fortune, strife ;
 All but love, that lives forever, cast beneath,
 When the good and faithful servant takes the wreath.

W. W. SKEAT.

OUR BELOVED DEAD.

THEY say if our beloved dead
 Should seek the old familiar place,
 Some stranger would be there instead,
 And they would find no welcome face.

I cannot tell how it might be
 In other homes—but this I know:
 Could my lost darling come to me,
 That she would never find it so.

Oftimes the flowers have come and gone,
Oftimes the winter winds have blown,
The while her peaceful rest went on,
And I have learned to live alone.

Have slowly learned, from day to day,
In all life's tasks to bear my part ;
But whether grave, or whether gay,
I hide her memory in my heart.

Fond, faithful love has blest my way,
And friends are round me, true and tried ;
They have their place—but hers to-day
Is empty as the day she died.

How would I spring with bated breath,
And joy too deep for word or sign,
To take my darling home from death,
And once again to call her mine.

I dare not dream—the blissful dream,
It fills my heart with wild unrest ;
Where yonder cold white marble gleam
She still must slumber—God knows best.

But this I know, that those who say
Our best beloved would find no place,
Have never hungered every day—
Through years and years—for one sweet face.

TROY TIMES.

THE BLIND MAN'S TESTIMONY.

By permission of Harper's Magazine.

HE stood before the Sanhedrim;
The scowling rabbis gazed at him;
He recked not of their praise or blame;
There was no fear, there was no shame,
For one upon whose dazzled eyes
The whole world poured its vast surprise,
The open heaven was far too near,
His first day's light too sweet and clear,
To let him waste his new-gained ken
On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned, Who art thou?
What hast thou been? What art thou now?
Thou art not he who yesterday
Sat here and begged beside the way;
For he was blind.

—And I am he;
For I was blind but now I see.

He told the story o'er and o'er;
It was his full heart's only lore;
A prophet on the Sabbath day,
Had touched his sightless eyes with clay,
And made him see who had been blind.
Their words passed by him like the wind
Which raves and howls but cannot shock
The hundred-fathomed-rooted rock,
Their threats and fury all went wide;
They could not touch his Hebrew pride;

Their sneers at Jesus and His band
Nameless and homeless in the land,
Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,
All could not change him by one word.

I know not what this man may be,
Sinner or saint, but as for me
One thing I know, that I am he
That once was blind, but now I see.

They were all doctors of renown,
The great men of a famous town,
With deep brows wrinkled, broad and wise,
Beneath their broad phylacteries ;
The wisdom of the East was theirs,
And honor crowned their silver hairs.
The man they jeered and laughed to scorn
Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born ;
But he knew better far than they
What came to him that Sabbath day ;
And what the Christ had done for him
He knew and not the Sanhedrim.

A RELENTING MOB.

Translated from the French of Victor Hugo.

By permission of the Home Journal.

THE mob was fierce and furious. They cried :
“ Kill him ! ” the while they pressed from every side
Around a man, haughty, unmoved, and brave,
Too pitiless himself to pity crave.

"Down with the wretch!" on all sides rose the cry.
The captive found it natural to die,
The game is lost—he's on the weaker side,
Life, too, is lost, and so must Fate decide.

From out his home they dragged him to the street,
With fiercely clenching hands and hurrying feet,
And shouts of "Death to him!" The crimson stain
Of recent carnage on his garb showed plain.

This man was one of those who blindly slay
At a king's bidding. He'd shot men all day,
Killing he knew not whom, scarce knew why,
Now marching forth impassible to die,
Incapable of mercy or of fear,
Letting his powder-blackened hands appear.

A woman clutched his collar with a frown,
"He's a policeman—he has shot us down!"
"That's true," the man said. "Kill him!" "Shoot
him!" "Kill!"
"No, at the Arsenal—" "The Bastile!"—"Where you
will,"

The captive answered. And with fiercest breath,
Loading their guns his captors still cried "Death!"
"We'll shoot him like a wolf!" "A wolf am I?
Then you're the dogs," he calmly made reply.
"Hark, he insults us!" And from every side
Clenched fists were shaken, angry voices cried,
Férocious threats were muttered, deep and low.
With gall upon his lips, gloom on his brow,
And in his eyes a gleam of baffled hate,
He went, pursued by howlings, to his fate.

Treading with wearied and supreme disdain
'Midst forms of dead men he perchance had slain.
Dread is that human storm, an angry crowd :
He braved its wrath with head erect and proud.
He was not taken, but walled in with foes,
He hated them with hate the vanquished knows,
He would have shot them all had he the power.
" Kill him—he's fired upon us for an hour !"
" Down with the murderer—down with the spy !"
And suddenly a small voice made reply,
" No—no, he is my father !" And a ray
Like to a sunbeam seemed to light the day.
A child appeared, a boy with golden hair,
His arms upraised in menace or in prayer.

All shouted, " Shoot the bandit, fell the spy !"
The little fellow clasped him with a cry
Of " Papa, papa, they'll not hurt you now !"
The light baptismal shone upon his brow.

From out the captive's home had come the child.
Meanwhile the shrieks of " Kill him—Death !" rose
wild.

The cannon to the tocsin's voice replied,
Sinister men thronged close on every side,
And in the street ferocious shouts increased
Of " Slay each spy—each minister—each priest—
We'll kill them all !" The little boy replied :
" I tell you this is papa." One girl cried
" A pretty fellow—see his curly head !"
" How old are you, my boy ?" another said.
" Do not kill papa !" only he replies.

A soulful lustre lights his streaming eyes,
Some glances from his gaze are turned away,
And the rude hands less fiercely grasp their prey.
Then one of the most pitiless says, "Go—
Get you back home, boy." "Where—why?" "Don't
you know?"

Go to your mother." Then the father said,
"He has no mother." "What—his mother's dead?
Then you are all he has." "That matters not,"
The captive answers, losing not a jot
Of his composure as he closely pressed
The little hands to warm them in his breast.
And says, "Our neighbor, Catherine you know,
Go to her." "You'll come too?" "Not yet." "No,
no.

Then I'll not leave you." "Why?" "These men, I
fear,

Will hurt you, papa, when I am not here."

The father to the chieftain of the band
Says softly, "Loose your grasp and take my hand,
I'll tell the child to-morrow we shall meet,
Then you can shoot me in the nearest street,
Or farther off, just as you like." "'Tis well!
The words from those rough lips reluctant fell.
And, half unclasped, the hands less fierce appear.
The father says, "You see, we're all friends here,
I'm going with these gentlemen to walk;
Go home. Be good. I have no time to talk."
The little fellow, reassured and gay,
Kisses his father and then runs away.

"Now he is gone, and we are at our ease,
And you can kill me where and how you please,"
The father says, "Where is it I must go?"

Then through the crowd a long thrill seems to flow,
 The lips, so late with cruel wrath afoam,
 Relentingly and roughly cry, "Go home!"

LUCY H. HOOPER.

INDIRECTION.

FAIR are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
 Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
 Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
 And never was poem yet writ but the meaning out-mastered the metre.
 Never a daisy that grows but a mystery guideth the growing;
 Never a river that flows but a majesty sceptres the flowing; * * * *
 Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater;
 Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
 Back of the sound broods the silence; back of the gift stands the giving;
 Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.
 Space is nothing to spirit; the deed is outdone by the doing;
 The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;

And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from
the heights where these shine,
Twin shadows and voices swim, and the essence of life
is divine.

RICHARD REALF.

THE LITTLE MAID'S SERMON.

A LITTLE maid in a pale-blue hood
In front of a large brick building stood.
As she passed along, her quick eye spied
Some words on a little box inscribed.
'Twas a box that hung in the vestibule,
Outside the door of the charity school.

"Remember the poor," were the words she spelled,
Then looked at the dime her small hands held ;
For chocolate creams were fresh that day
In the store just only across the way.
But gleams of victory shone o'er the face
As she raised her eyes to "the money-place."

But her arm was short and the box so high
That a gentleman heard, who was passing by,
"Please, sir, will you lift me just so much?"
(For the tiny fingers could almost touch.)
The stranger stopped, and he quickly stood
By the sweet-faced child in the pale-blue hood.

As he lifted her, she gently said :
"Would you mind it, sir, if you turned your head ?
For you know I do not want to be
Like a proud, stuck-up old Pharisee."
He humored the little maid, but a smile
Played o'er his face as he stood there the while.

"Excuse me, child, but what did you say?"
The gentleman asked in a courteous way,
As he took in his the wee white hand.
"I believe I didn't quite understand."
"Oh, sir, don't you know? Have you never read,"
Said the child amazed, "what the Saviour said?"

"We should not give like those hypocrite men
Who stood in the market-places then,
And gave their alms just for folks to tell,
Because they loved to be praised so well;
But give for Christ's sake from our little store
What only He sees, and nobody more.

"Good-bye, kind sir, this is my way home:
I'm sorry you'll have to walk alone."
The gentleman passed along, and thought
Of large sums given for fame it brought;
And he said: "I never again will be
In the market-places a Pharisee.
She preached me a sermon, 'twas true and good,—
That dear little maid in the pale-blue hood!"
SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

ROBERT BROWNING.

FOR ten years Robert Browning has stood in a position no other great poet has ever occupied. His appreciation has been assumed by his admirers to be in some sense a sign of intellectual superiority. The great poets are one and all easily understood by the people. It may be difficult to secure a hearing for them at start,

they may wait years for the audience which each great genius creates as surely as it creates the work which attracts the audience, but once read no one can doubt the meaning or be slow in reaching it, without pain and with pleasure.

This is not true of Browning. His obscurity is as unmistakable as the clarity of Homer. It would be idle to imagine that this does not set bounds to his fame, his place, and his influence. Style in prose or poetry is nothing but the shortest path to full meaning. If a poet takes the longer path travel will be the less along his line. No genius, no powers, no spiritual penetration, no insight into things past, present and to come will save a man from this law. His work may be great, but his readers will be few.

This has been and it doubtless will be Browning's fate. He will reward those that diligently seek him, but his work will never seek out those who will reward him with the fate and fame which know no bounds but the admiration of all who read. He has written for fifty years. If he had died after twenty years of work he would have left a series of the most brilliant lyrics in the English language, its most entrancing poems of love and a group of its weightiest tragedies. But he had also already begun in "Sordello" to tread the path which—with flashes of his earlier work—for thirty years past has given our literature the most important body of philosophic verse contributed from any one pen. * * * *

He has addressed himself in a difficult style to the most difficult of subjects. Both style and subject have an invincible attraction to the few. Through them he will profoundly influence the many. Were he as great in his grasp of language as in his grasp of thought he

would do this—as the greatest do—directly. The true revealers of the race need no interpreters.

These inevitable limitations may have been the fruit of an age swifter in gathering knowledge than in acquiring wisdom, or they may have come from the great mass of pure learning with which Browning cumbered his mind no less than his style. It is of little note in either case. The fact remains. This great body and volume of verse, comparable in our tongue with Shakespeare's alone in its scope, its variety, its grasp, its marvelous versatility, and its immeasurable moral force, falls just short in form and future use of the heights where the immortals are. We may regret this; we may argue about it in a thousand societies where men and women go in a multitude—to study Browning; but all this will not change the slow, sure work of time in putting out of memory whatever is put out without form.

Even this, and all this, so great is the man, leaves Browning comparable only with the greatest of all time. Whether he touch on the mysteries of love or the spiritual mysteries of man, he stands on heights no other has reached and sounds depths unfathomed before him. When the significant voices of this age carry the message of the closing half of the century to other times, his words will be heard, with one or two more full of comfort, inspiration, and the deeper knowledge of man. * * * *

The years may not multiply the readers but they are certain to increase the influence of Browning, because beyond his contemporaries, he represented the moral and spiritual forces of his generation, and alone among them all he compassed the entire round of life, counting nothing beneath him which touched the lives of men and

women and nothing above him which let light on life's great problem.

PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

ST. MARTIN AND THE BEGGAR.

By permission of Harper's Young People.

IN the freezing cold and the blinding snow
Of a wintry eve in the long ago,
Folding his cloak o'er clanking mail,
A soldier is fighting the angry gale
Inch by inch in the campfire's light,
Star of his longing this wintry night.

All in a moment his path is barred ;
He draws his sword as he stands on guard.
But who is this with a wan, white face,
And piteous hands upheld for grace ?
Tenderly bending, the soldier bold
Raises a beggar faint and cold.

Famished he seems, and almost spent,
The rags that cover him worn and rent.
Crust nor coin can the soldier find ;
Never his wallet with gold is lined ;
But his soul is sad at the sight of pain ;
The sufferer's pleading is not in vain.

His mantle of fur is broad and warm,
Armor of proof against the storm.
He snatches it off without a word ;
One downward pass of the gleaming sword,
And cleft in twain at his feet it lies
And the storm-wind howls 'neath the frowning skies.

“Half for thee”—and with tender art
He gathers the cloak round the beggar’s heart—
“And half for me;” and with jocund song
In the teeth of the tempest he strides along
Daring the worst of the sleet and snow,
That brave young spirit so long ago.

Lo! as he slept at midnight’s prime,
His tent had the glory of summer-time;
Shining out of a wondrous light,
The Lord Christ beamed on his dazzled sight.
“I was a beggar,” the Lord Christ said,
As he stood by the soldier’s lowly bed.
“Half of thy garment thou gavest me;
With the blessing of heaven I dower thee.”
And Martin rose from the hallowed tryst,
Soldier and servant and knight of Christ.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

GOLDEN RAIN.

THREE children crouched in an archway, for shelter
from the rain,
They all were poor and ragged, but one had a look of
pain,
And a pair of crutches rested beside her on the stones,
And in their childish chatter, her voice had the gentlest
tones.

For awhile, with noise and laughter, they romped as
children will,
Then they grew weary waiting, and feeling the damp
air chill,

Sat closely beside each other, watching regretfully,
The dark rain falling, falling, from the gray and cloudy
sky.

“Let’s sing,” said the cripple, gently ; and through the
noisy street,
Their voices echoed, singing that old song, so true and
sweet,
Of “the happy land of heaven, and happy children
there,
Who dwell forever safely in the Father’s loving care.”

When the simple hymn was ended the youngest singer
said,
“Does it rain in heaven, Polly ?” The lame girl shook
her head,
And “I don’t know,” she answered, with a puzzled,
doubtful air,
“Perhaps the flowers want water, yet—I think it’s fine
up there.”
And then with a sudden gladness, brightly she smiled
again—
“Why, if God makes rain in heaven, it must be golden
rain !”

You smile at the childish fancy, and yet, for you and
me,
The words have a holy lesson, of what our faith should
be ;
For evermore the humble, the children in heart, are
blest,
Because they can fully trust Him, who knows and does
the best,

To such, whether God gives gladness, or care, and grief
and pain,
The showers He sends upon them are always "golden
rain."

HOW BEN FARGO'S CLAIM WAS JUMPED.

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"JUST as we go to press," announced the New Boston Clarion, in its first issue, "we learn that Ben Fargo's claim has been jumped again. Ben's return is expected to-morrow, when we predict that he will attend to the eviction in his usual prompt and thorough manner."

No fault could have been found with this item, except perhaps that it might have been a little indefinite to the uninitiated. New Boston fully understood it.

"Who's jumped it this time?" asked Colonel Pride, as Cy Hickson retailed the news to the citizens lounging on the porch of the Eureka General Store.

"Dun know," answered the mail-carrier. "Didn't stop to find out. Smoke was comin' out o' the shack, an' a scanlous-lookin' lynch-pin wagin an' a pair of rickety ole mules was standin' by."

"Waal," predicted Colonel Pride, "about five minutes after Ben gits there, them rickety mules 'll be pullin' that scandalous lookin' wagon away from that claim."

"You bet!" agreed the citizens.

"Pears like Ben Fargo's claim is allus bein' jumped."

"An' unjumped just as often," said the Colonel.

"Had to laugh, th'other day, as I was ridin' past," said Mr. Cy Hickson. "Feller from Mizzury 'd

jumped the claim that time, an' was bakin' a johnny-cake in Ben's skillet. 'Five minutes to git your johnny out o' my skillet,' says Ben. 'The year 1901 will find me right yere,' says Mizzury. Says Ben, 'This is my claim, an' ——' 'Mebby 'twuz 'fore I jumped it' broke in Mizzury, turnin' over the johnny-cake. 'Yes, 'n' 'twill be ag'in soon's you unjump it, which 'll be in 'bout three minutes,' says Ben. 'Crack yer whip,' says Mizzury; 'I'm able fer you, I reckon; 'sides, the law's on my side, an'——' 'Hang the law!' broke in Ben, and sailed in. They tangled, an' in about two minutes Mizzury found he'd made a mistake. Fer awhile I 'lowed Ben 'd drive his head into the ground. Then, after tunkin' him around awhile, Ben sat on him. 'Whose claim's this now?' says Ben. 'Your title to it 'pears to be a mighty strong one,' says Mizzury. A little later Mizzury had his team hitched to his wagon, an' was a-eatin' his johnny-cake as he druv away."

Mr. Ben Fargo, returning to New Boston the following day, became aware that his claim had been jumped.

"Well," he said, half aloud, "I am in a hurry to get to New Boston, but I reckon I can spare time to start this jumper on his way. Not overly well fixed," he commented, as he left the road. "Wagon don't look safe, and the mules seem rickety. But they brought the jumper here, and they've got to—Hello, here!"

The presence of the object that he had almost ridden over surprised him a good deal more than the presence of the jumper. It was merely a little grave, roughly rounded up in the midst of the long prairie-grass. The clods of the ragged little mound showed that it had been there only a short while. A tattered little prairie rose-bush had been planted at the head of the tiny mound.

The tips of its leaves had withered, and the blossoms it had borne at transplanting were yellow and shrivelled; but one bud had opened, and the ragged little flower, striving its best to be bright and pure, lay on one rough black clod of the ragged little grave.

"Baby!" Fargo muttered.

At that moment a woman left the shack and came toward the grave. In her hand she bore a cup of water. Her eyes were swollen. Fargo started as he saw her face. Scarcely glancing at him, she returned his salutation and bent and watered the ragged little rose-bush.

"Your baby?" Fargo asked, awkwardly.

"Yes," the woman answered, choking with her suppressed feeling. "She was all I had——"

She flung herself prone on the grave, embraced the little mound, and sobbed aloud.

Fargo looked uncomfortable. "Now don't cry so! I—*you*—where's your husband? In the shack?"

"No"—lifting her face from the clods. "He's dead. I was on my way home. The baby—well, I dug the little grave myself. I had no coffin, and I buried her in her little night-gown. I cannot go on yet—oh! it seems as if I never could go! Maybe the owner would not object if I lived in the shack a little while, till—till——" Fargo squirmed uneasily in his saddle. "After a little I must start on toward Indiana."

"What part of Indiana?" Fargo blurted.

"Champion County. The little cross-road village just below Fountainville."

"Ever know a blamed fool there named Fargo?"

"Ben Fargo? He wasn't a fool, though. He——"

"Yes, he was, too! Got mad at nothing! Ought to have been shot on the spot."

"No! He—we—"

"Mary, don't you know me?"

"Ben Fargo!"

"Yes; an old fool. Got mad at nothing."

A little later the dispossessed owner of the shack was smoothing up the mound that covered the child of the person who had jumped his claim. And the jumper sat on the grass near by looking less desolate.

When, later, Mr. Ben Fargo was passing the Eureka General Store, he was stopped by Colonel Pride.

"Did the jumper cut up rusty, Ben?"

"Nope!" Fargo answered, shortly, moving away.

"Go without trouble?"

"Nope!" More shortly.

"Reckoned he was able for you?"

"Nope!" Farther away.

"Waal, then, what did—"

"Nothing. There yet." Fargo turned the corner.

Hickson, the mail-carrier, as he was going from New Boston, saw Ben Fargo smoothing the baby's grave and marveled thereat. When he returned from the trip, he retailed the news to the prominent citizens.

"Waal, I'm beat," announced Colonel Pride.

"Me too," agreed several.

The attempt to interview Ben Fargo when next he appeared was not a brilliant success. That personage informed them, first, that whatever occurred at his claim was the business of no one but himself, and second, that he was both able and willing to thrash any man who desired to make it his business.

No one acknowledged to a desire. But, one day, the "Clarion" published the following item of interest:

"Married, this morning, by Rev. Mr. Prouty, at the

claim given to the bride by the groom, Mrs. Mary Stone and Mr. Benjamin Fargo."

And this time, Ben Fargo's claim stayed jumped.

TOM P. MORGAN.

FASHIONABLE.

A FASHIONABLE woman
 In a fashionable pew ;
A fashionable bonnet
 Of a fashionable hue ;
A fashionable mantle
 And a fashionable gown ;
A fashionable Christian
 In a fashionable town ;
A fashionable prayer-book
 And a fashionable choir ;
A fashionable chapel
 With a fashionable spire ;
A fashionable preacher
 With a fashionable speech ;
A fashionable sermon
 With a fashionable reach ;
A fashionable welcome
 At the fashionable door ;
A fashionable penny
 For the fashionable poor ;
A fashionable heaven
 And a fashionable hell ;
A fashionable Bible
 For this fashionable belle ;

A fashionable kneeling
And a fashionable nod;
A fashionable everything
But no fashionable God.

MERCHANT TRAVELER

INFANT'S DREAM.

O H! cradle me on your knee, mamma,
And sing me the holy strain
That soothed me last as you fondly pressed
My glowing cheek to your soft warm breast,
For I saw a sight as you sung me to rest
That I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile, mamma,
And weep as you then did weep,
Then fix on me your glistening eye,
And gaze, and gaze till the tear be dry,
Then rock me gently, and sing, and sigh,
Till you lull me fast to sleep.

For I dreamed a heavenly dream, mamma,
While slumbering on your knee,
And I lived in a land where forms divine
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine,
And the world I'd give, if the world were mine,
Again that land to see.

I fancied we roamed through a wood, mamma,
And rested us under a bough;
Then by us a butterfly fluttered in pride,
And I chased it away through the forest wide,
And the night came on and I lost my guide,
And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew sick with fear, mamma,
And I loudly wept for thee ;
But a white-robed maiden appeared in the air,
And she flung back the curls of her golden hair,
And she kissed me so softly ere I was aware,
Saying, "Come, pretty baby, with me."

My tears and fears she beguiled, mamma,
And she led me far away ;
We entered the door of a dark, dark tomb,
We passed through a long, long vault of gloom,
Then opened our eyes on a land of bloom,
And a sky of endless day.

* * * * *

And soon came a shining throng, mamma,
Of white-winged babies to me ;
Their eyes looked love, and their sweet lips smiled,
And they marveled to meet with an earth-born child,
And they gloried, that I from earth was exiled,
Saying, "Here, love, thou blessed shalt be."

Then I mixed with the heavenly throng, mamma,
With cherub and seraphim fair,
And saw, as I roamed through the regions of peace,
The spirits which come from this world of distress ;
And theirs was the joy no tongue can express,
For they know not sorrow there.

Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma,
Lay dead a short time ago ?
How you gazed on the sad and lovely wreck,
With a full flood of woe you could not check,
And your heart was sore, you wished it would break ;
But you loved, and you aye sobbed on.

But ah! had you been with me, mamma,
 In the realms of unknown care,
 To see what I saw, you'd ne'er have cried,
 Though you buried pretty Jane in the grave, when she
 died;
 For, shining with the blest, and adorned like a bride,
 Sweet sister Jane was there.

* * * * * *

Now sing, for I fain would sleep, mamma,
 And dream as I dreamed before;
 For sound was my slumber, and sweet was my rest,
 While my spirit in the regions of light was a guest,
 And the heart that has throbb'd in the climes of the
 blest
 Can love this world no more.

THE COWBOY'S SERMON.

LOTS of folks that would really like to do right, think that servin' the Lord means shoutin' their- selves hoarse praisin' His name. I tell you how I look at that. I'm workin' for Jim, here. Now, if I'd set round the house here tellin' what a good feller Jim is, and singin' songs to him, and gettin' up in the nights to serenade him when he'd rather sleep, I'd be doin' jest like lots of Christians do; but I wouldn't suit Jim, and I'd get fired mighty quick. But when I buckle on my chaps and rustle among the hills and see that Jim's herd is all right and ain't sufferin' for water and feed and bein' run off the range and branded by cow thieves, then I'm servin' Jim as he wants to be served. And if I was ridin' for the Lord I'd believe it was His wish that I'd

ride out in the ravines of darkness and the hills of sin and keep His herd from bein' branded by the devil and run off to where the feed was short and drinkin' holes in the cricks all dry, and no cedars and pinons for shelter when the blizzards come.

I don't see how I'd be helping the Lord out if I jest laid round the ranch eatin' up the grub I could git, and gittin' down on my knees and praisin' the Lord up and askin' for more. The Bible says somethin' somewhere about how people serve the Lord by feedin' and waterin' and looking after the herd, and I think it would do lots of people good to read it over. When a crittur has had his moral natur' starved ever sence he was born, and been left run loose jest 'cause nobody else didn't look after him and put his brand on him to tell whose herd he belongs to, it shows mighty plain that the herders of the Lord has been huntin' salary harder than they've been huntin' souls.

EMMA GHENT CURTIS.

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

By permission of the Yankee Blade.

THE gret big church wuz crowded full uv broadcloth
 an' of silk,
 An' satins rich as cream thet grows on our ol' brindle's
 milk;
 Shined boots, biled shirts, stiff dickeys, an' stove-pipe
 hats were there,
 An' dudes 'ith trouserloons so tight they couldn't kneel
 down in prayer.

The elder in his poolpit high, said, as he slowly riz :
"Our organist is kep' to hum, laid up 'ith roomatiz,
An' as we hev no substitoot, as brother Moore ain't
here,
Will some 'un in the congregation be so kind 's to
volunteer?"

An' then a red-nosed, blear-eyed tramp, of low-toned,
rowdy style,
Give an interductory hiccup, an' then swaggered up the
aisle.
Then thro' that holy atmosphere there crep' a sense er
sin,
An' thro' thet air of sanctity the odor uv ol' gin.

Then Deacon Purington he yelled, his teeth all set on
edge :
"This man perfanes the house er God! W'y, this is
sacrilege!"
The tramp didn' hear a word he said, but slouched 'ith
stumblin' feet,
An' stalked an' swaggered up the steps, an' gained the
organ seat.

He then went pawin' thro' the keys, an' soon there rose
a strain
Thet seemed to jest bulge out the heart, an' 'lectrify the
brain ;
An' then he slapped down on the thing 'ith hands an'
head an' knees,
He slam-dashed his hull body down kerflop upon the
keys.

The organ roared, the music flood went sweepin' high
an' dry,
It swelled into the rafters, an' bulged out into the sky;
The ol' church shook and staggered, an' seemed to reel
an' sway,
An' the elder shouted "Glory!" an' I yelled out
"Hooray!"

An' then he tried a tender strain thet melted in our
ears,
Thet brought up blessed memories and drenched 'em
down 'ith tears;
An' we dreamed uv ol' time kitchens, 'ith Tabby on the
mat,
Uv home an' luv an' baby days, an' mother, an' all
that!

An' then he struck a streak uv hope—a song from souls
forgiven—
Thet burst from prison bars uv sin, an' stormed the
gates uv heaven;
The morning stars together sung—no soul wuz left
alone—
We felt the universe wuz safe, an' God was on His
throne!

An' then a wail of deep despair an' darkness come
again,
An' long, black crape hung on the doors uv all the homes
uv men;
No luv, no light, no joy, no hope, no songs of glad de-
light,
An' then—the tramp, he swaggered down an' reeled out
into the night!

But we knew he'd tol' his story, tho' he never spoke a
word,
An' it was the saddest story that our ears had ever
heard;
He hed tol' his own life history, an' no eye was dry thet
day,
W'en the elder rose an' simply said: "My brethren, let
us pray."

S. W. Foss.

OUT OF THE WAY.

By permission of Youth's Companion.

JAMIE'S feet are restless and rough,
Jamie's fingers cause disarray,
Jamie can never make noise enough,
Jamie is told to get out of the way.

Out of the way of beautiful things,
Out of the way with his games and toys,
Out of the way with his sticks and strings,
Out on the street, with the other boys!

Easy to slip from home restraint,
Out of the mother-care, into the throng,
Out of the way of fret and complaint,
Out in the fun—borne swiftly along!

Out of the way of truth and right,
Out with the bold, the reckless, the gay,
Out of purity into the night—
Mother, your boy is out of the way!

Out into darkness, crime, and woe!—
Mother, why do you weep to-day?
Weep that Jamie has sunk so low,
You who sent him out of your way!

Pray you, mother, to be forgiven!
And for your boy, too, pray, oh, pray!
For he is out of the way to Heaven—
Yes, he is surely out of the way!
EMMA C. DOWD.

A FAMISHED HEART.

I KNOW that deep within your heart of hearts
You hold me shrined apart from common things,
And that my step, my voice, can bring to you
A gladness that no other presence brings.

And yet, dear love, through all the weary days
You never speak one word of tenderness,
Nor stroke my hair, nor softly clasp my hand
Within your own in loving, mute caress.

You think, perhaps, I should be all content
To know so well the loving place I hold
Within your life, and so you do not dream
How much I long to hear the story told.

You cannot know, when we two sit alone,
And tranquil thoughts within your mind are stirred,
My heart is crying like a tired child
For one fond look, one gentle, loving word.

It may be when your eyes look into mine
You only say, "How dear she is to me!"
Oh, could I read it in your softened glance,
How radiant this plain old world would be!

Perhaps, sometimes, you breathe a secret prayer,
That choicest blessings unto me be given;
But if you said aloud, "God bless thee, dear!"
I should not ask a greater boon from Heaven.

I weary sometimes of the rugged way;
But should you say, "Through thee my life is sweet,"
The dreariest desert that our path could cross
Would suddenly grow green beneath my feet.

'Tis not the boundless waters ocean holds
That give refreshment to the thirsty flowers,
But just the drops that, rising to the skies,
From thence descend in softly falling showers.

What matter that our granaries are filled
With all the richest harvest's golden stores,
If we who own them cannot enter in,
But famished stand before the close-barred doors?

And so 'tis sad that those who should be rich
In that true love which crowns our earthly lot,
Go praying with white lips from day to day
For love's sweet tokens, and receive them not.

NATHAN HALE, THE MARTYR SPY.

After the disastrous defeat of the Americans on Long Island, Washington desired information respecting the British position and movements. Captain Nathan Hale, but twenty-one years old, volunteered to procure the information. He was taken and hanged as a spy the day after his capture, September 22d, 1776. His patriotic devotion, and the brutal treatment he received at the hands of his captors, have suggested the following.

—
'T WAS in the year that gave the nation birth—
A time when men esteemed the common good
As greater weal than private gain. A battle fierce
And obstinate had laid a thousand patriots low,
And filled the people's hearts with gloom.

Pursued like hunted deer,
The crippled army fled ; and, yet, amid
Disaster and defeat, the Nation's chosen chief
Resolved his losses to retrieve. But not
With armies disciplined and trained by years
Of martial service, could he, this Fabian chief,
Now hope to check the hosts of Howe's victorious legions—
These had he not.

In stratagem the shrewder general
Ofttimes o'ercomes his strong antagonist.
To Washington a knowledge of the plans,
Position, strength of England's force
Must compensate for lack of numbers.

He casts about for one who'd take his life
In hand. Lo ! he stands before the chief. In face,
A boy—in form, a man on whom the eye could rest
In search of God's perfected handiwork.

In culture, grace, and speech, reflecting all
A mother's love could lavish on an only son.

The chieftain's keen discerning eye
Appraised the youth at his full worth, and saw
In him those blending qualities that make
The hero and the sage. He fain would save
For nobler deeds a man whose presence marked
A spirit born to lead.

"Young man," he said with kindly air,
"Your country and commander feel grateful that
Such talents are offered in this darkening hour.
Have you in reaching this resolve considered well
Your fitness, courage, strength,—the act, the risk,
You undertake? Have you, in that fine balance, which
Detects an atom on either beam, weighed well
Your chances of escape 'gainst certain fate
Should capture follow in the British camp?"

In tones of fitting modesty that well
Became his years, the patriot answered thus :
"My country's honor, safety, life, it ever was
My highest purpose to defend : that country's foes
Exultant sweep through ruined land and home
And field. A thousand stricken hearts bewail
The loss of those who late our standards bore,
Appeal to us through weeping eyes whose tears
We cannot brush away with words. The ranks
Of those now cold in death are not replaced
By living men. The hour demands a duty rare—
Perhaps a sacrifice. If God and training in
The schools have given me capacities
This duty to perform, the danger of the enterprise

Should not deter me from the act
Whose issue makes our country free. In times
Like these a Nation's life sometimes upon
A single life depends. If mine be deemed
A fitting sacrifice, God grant a quick
Deliverance."

"Enough, go then, at once," the great
Commander said. "May Heaven's guardian angels
give
You safe return. Adieu."

Disguised with care, the hopeful captain crossed
The bay, and moved through British camp
Without discovery by troops or refugees.
The enemy's full strength, in men, in stores,
Munitions, guns,—all military accoutrements
Were noted with exact precision; while
With graphic sketch, each trench and parapet,
Casemated battery, magazine, and every point
Strategic, was drawn with artist's skill.

The task complete, the spy with heart
Elate, now sought an exit through the lines.
Well might he feel a soldier's pride. An hour hence
A waiting steed would bear him to his friends.
His plans he'd lay before his honored chief;
His single hand might turn the tide of war,
His country yet be free.

"Halt!" a British musket leveled at
His head dimmed all the visions of his soul.
A dash—an aimless shot; the spy bore down
Upon the picket with a blow that else

Had freed him from his clutch, but for a score
Of troopers stationed near. In vain the struggle fierce
And desperate—in vain demands to be released.
A tory relative, for safety quartered in
The British camp, would prove his truckling loyalty
With kinsman's blood. A word—a look—
A motion of the head, and he who'd dared
So much in freedom's name was free no more.

O, Judas, self-condemned! thou art
But the type of many a trait'rous friend,
Who ere and since thy time, betrayed to death
A noble heart. Henceforth be doubly doomed—
A base example to earth's weaker souls.

Before Lord Howe the captive youth
Was led. "Base dog!" the haughty general said,
"Ignoble son of loyal sires! you've played the spy
Quite well I ween. The cunning skill wherewith
You wrought these plans and charts might well adorn
An honest man; but in a rebel's hands they're vile
And mischievous. If aught may palliate
A traitor's act, attempted in his sovereign's camp,
I bid you speak ere I pronounce your sentence."

With tone and mien that hushed
The buzzing noise of idle lackeys in the hall,
The patriot thus replied: "You know my name—
My rank;—my treach'rous kinsman made
My purpose plain. I've nothing further of myself
To tell beyond the charge of traitor to deny.
The brand of spy I do accept without reproach;
But never since I've known the base ingratitude

Of king to loyal subjects of his realm
 Has British rule been aught to me than barbarous
 Despotism which God and man abhor, and none
 But dastards fear to overthrow.
 For tyrant loyalty your lordship represents
 I never breathed a loyal breath; and he
 Who calls me traitor seeks a pretext for a crime
 His trembling soul might well condemn."

"I'll hear no more such prating cant,"
 Said Howe, "your crime's enough to hang a dozen men,
 Before to-morrow's sun goes down you'll swing
 'Twixt earth and heaven, that your countrymen
 May know a British camp is dangerous ground
 For prowling spies. Away!"

* * * * *

Securely bound upon a cart, amid
 A speechless crowd, he stands beneath a strong
 Projecting limb, to which a rope with noose attached,
 Portends a tragic scene. He casts his eyes
 Upon the surging multitude. Clearly now
 His tones ring out as victors shout in triumph:

"Men, I do not die in vain,
 My humble death upon this tree will light anew
 The Torch of Liberty. A hundred hands to one
 Before will strike for country, home, and God,
 And fill our ranks with men of faith in His
 Eternal plan to make this people free.
 A million prayers go up this day to free
 The land from blighting curse of tyrant's rule.
 Oppression's wrongs have reached Jehovah's throne:
 The God of vengeance smites the foe! This land,—
 This glorious land,—is free—is free!"

"My friends, farewell! In dying thus
I feel but one regret; it is the one poor life
I have to give in Freedom's cause."

I. H. BROWN.

TOBE'S MONUMENT.

IT was "after taps," a sultry, Southern-summer night. On the extreme edge of the encampment, on the side nearest the enemy, a sentinel paused in his walk, and peered cautiously out into the darkness. "Pshaw!" he said; "it's nothing but a dog." He was resuming his walk, when the supposed quadruped rose suddenly, and walked along on two feet in a manner so unmistakably human, that the sentinel lowered his musket once more, and shouted, "Halt! Advance, and give the counter-sign!" A faint, childish voice said, "Ain't got none, massa."

"Well, there, now!" said the sentinel, "if it ain't just a little darky, and I guess I've frightened him half to death. Come here, Snowball."

The child crept up, and said, tremblingly: "'Deed, massa, I ain't got nuffin ter gib yer."

"Well, who asked you to give me anything?"

"Yer done ax me fer gib yer suffin jes' now; and I ain't got nuffin 'cep' my close what I got on."

"Well, you needn't fret; I don't want 'em. Corporal of the guard! Post two."

The corporal hastened to "post two," and found the sentinel with his hand on the shoulder of a little black boy, who, between fear, fatigue, and hunger, was unable to give any account of himself. "I'll take him to

Captain Leigh," the corporal said ; " he's officer of the day. Maybe he'll be able to get something out of him."

The captain stood in front of his tent, looking out into the night, when the corporal and his charge approached.

" Captain," said he, " here's a boy just come into the lines."

" Very well ; you can leave him here."

At the first sound of the captain's voice the boy drew nearer to him, as knowing instinctively that he had found a friend.

" You can go into that tent and sleep till morning," said the captain.

" What is your name?" was Captain Leigh's first question the next morning.

" Name Tobe."

" Is that all ?"

" Dat's all, Mass Cap'n."

" How old are you ?"

" Dunno, Massa Cap'n. Nobody nebber done tole me dat ar."

" Where have you come from ?"

" Come fum de back o' Richmon', Mass Cap'n."

" What did you come here for ?"

" All de res' ob 'mi runned away ; an' ole mass he wor so mad, I wor jes' feared o' my life. 'Sides, I t'ought I mought fin' my mammy ef I got 'mong der Unions."

" Where is your mother ?"

" Dunno, Mass Cap'n. Ole mass done sol' her down in Georgy las' corn-shuckin', an' I ain't nebber heerd ob her sence. But I t'ought mebby she mought ha' runned 'way too, an' I'd fin' her wid der Unions."

" Well, now, what are you going to do ?"

" Dunno, Mass Cap'n. I'd like ter stay 'long wid you."

"What can you do?"

"Kin wait on yer, Mass Cap'n; kin shine up boots, an'"—brightening up as his eyes, wandering round caught sight of the horses—"kin clean de hosses right smart." * * * * *

"If I keep you with me you must be a good boy, and do as I tell you."

"'Deed I will, Mass Cap'n. I'se do ebery work yer say, sho's yer born."

So when the troops left Harrison's Landing, Tobe went too, in charge of the captain's horse and baggage; and, when the steamer was fairly under way, he brightened into a new creature as every revolution of the wheel placed a greater distance between himself and "ole massa." * * * * *

It proved that Tobe had told the truth about his skill in taking care of horses. Captain Leigh's horse had never looked so well as now, and the captain was delighted. Tobe turned out, moreover, to be a very good boy. But the army is not a very good place for boys. So one day Captain Leigh said,—

"Tobe, how would you like to go North?"

"Whar's it at, Mass Cap'n?"

"I mean my home at the North."

"When is yer gwine, Mass Cap'n?"

"I am not going at all now."

"Does yer mean ter sen' me away from yer, Mass Cap'n?"

Captain Leigh was touched, and answered him very gently,—

"Yes, I want to send you away from me now, because it will be better for you. But, when the war is over, I shall go home, and then you can stay with me always if you are a good boy."

"I allus does jes' de t'ings yer tell me, Maas Cap'n."

"I know you do. And, just because you do what I tell you so well I want to send you to my home, to run errands for my wife, and do what work she will give you in the house. And I have three little children—two little girls and a baby boy. I want you to go with them when they go out to play and take care of them. My home is in a very pleasant place in the country. Don't you think you would like to go there?"

"Ef yer goes too, Maas Cap'n."

"But, my boy, I can't possibly go now."

"I'se do jes de t'ing yer say, Maas Cap'n. Ef yer tells me to go, I'se go. An' I'se jest do ebery word the missus say, an' I look af'r de chillens de bes' I knows, ontel yer comes dar. On'y please come right soon, Maas Cap'n."

And, as the captain left the tent, Tobe laid his head upon his arm and cried as if his heart would break.

Captain Leigh found a brother officer who was expecting to go home on a furlough, and who readily agreed to take charge of the boy in whom his friend was so deeply interested.

But that night came news that made everybody give up the idea of a "furlough," or "going home." The Richmond government, being determined to "make the North feel the war as she had not felt it," had organized the "grand raid."

An order came for Captain Leigh's regiment to march at daylight.

"Tobe," said the captain, "you can go in one of the baggage-wagons. Strap up my blanket and poncho, and take them along; and these boots, take particular care of them, for it's not often I can get a pair of cavalry boots to fit as they do."

"Yer needn't be feared, Mass Cap'n; I'se take care of 'em de bes' I knows."

The main body of the raiders were reported on the line of the South Mountains, making for Gettysburg. Scouting expeditions were sent out from the Northern army in all directions, and a body of troops, including Captain Leigh's regiment, was ordered to proceed by the shortest route to Gettysburg and head the rebels off. One of the baggage-wagons broke down. The driver of another wagon stopped to help his comrade. The troops passed on, and the two wagons were left alone on the mountain. In one of them was Tobe with the captain's boots, over which he kept constant watch. The men worked busily at the wagon and Tobe sat watching them. Suddenly a tramping of horses' feet was heard, and a party of cavalry came round a turn in the road.

"That's good," said one of the men; "there's some of the boys. If they'll wait a few minutes we can go along with 'em."

"'Tain't none of our boys," said the other, after a keen glance; "them's rebs."

At the word, Tobe slid down in the bottom of the wagon under some blankets, and lay silent and motionless with the boots clasped in his arms.

As the soldiers advanced the officer said, apparently in reply to a question, "No, let the men go: we can't do anything with prisoners here. But we'll look through the wagon, and, if the Yanks have anything we want, 'all's fair in war.'"

They reined their horses by the wagon, and, after a few short, sharp questions, proceeded to break open trunks and bags, and appropriate their contents.

The soldiers were about finishing their examination,

when one of them said, "What's that under the seat of that wagon?"

"Oh! nothing but a torn blanket," said another. "Tain't worth taking. We have got all we want."

"There may be something under it, though."

He pushed aside the blanket with his sabre, and there lay Tobe, endeavoring but unsuccessfully to hide the boots under him.

"Ah!" said the officer, "this is worth while. Here's just what I wanted. Come, boy, hand over those boots, quick."

"'Deed, massa," said Tobe, "I can't gib 'em ter yer. Dey 'longs ter Mass Cap'n, an' he tole me take keer ob 'em mos' partic'lar."

"Can't help that. I've got to have them, so pass them along."

"Please, massa," began Tobe; but the rebel cut him short.

"Will you give me those boots? If you don't do it, and in double-quick time, too, I'll put a ball through your black skin. I won't ask you again. Now, will you give them up?" and he pulled out his pistol.

"'Deed, massa, I can't, case Massa Cap'n"—

There was a sharp click, a flash, a long, sobbing moan, and Tobe lay motionless, the boots still clasped in his arms, and great drops of blood slowly gathering upon them.

"Enemy in sight," shouted a picket, riding up.

The officer hastily gave an order, and the rebels dashed off at a furious speed a few moments before a party of Union cavalry, with Captain Leigh at their head, appeared, riding from the opposite direction.

A few words sufficed for explanation. Captain Leigh

laid his hand on Tobe's shoulder, and spoke his name. At the sound of the voice he loved so well, his eyes opened, and he said faintly, "Mass Cap'n, I done de bes' I knowed. I keep de boots."

"O Tobe!" groaned the captain, "I wish you had given them up. I would have lost everything rather than have had this."

"Mass Cap'n."

"Yes, Tobe, what is it?"

"De little chillens, Mass Cap'n; I meaned ter wait on 'em right smart. Tell 'em"— His voice grew fainter, and his eyes closed.

"Yes, my boy: what shall I tell them?"

"Tell 'em I didn't lose de boots; I kep 'em de bes'— I knowed."

There was a faint sigh, a flutter of the eyelids, and the little life that had been so truly "de bes' he knowed" (ah! if we could all say that!) was ended.

Very reverently Captain Leigh lifted the boots, all wet and stained with blood. "I will never wear those boots again," he said; "but I will never part with them. They shall be Tobe's monument."

In the hall of Captain Leigh's house is a deep niche, and in it, on a marble slab covered with a glass case, stands a pair of cavalry boots with dark stains upon them, and on the edge of the slab, in golden letters, is the inscription:

"In memory of Tobe,
Faithful unto death."

ELIZABETH KILHAM.

THE WHISTLING REGIMENT.

From "Lines and Rhymes," by permission of John W. Lovell Company.

WHEN the North and South had parted, and the
boom of the signal gun
Had wakened the Northern heroes, for the great deeds
to be done,
When the nation's cry for soldiers had echoed o'er hill
and dale,
When hot youth flushed with courage, while the moth-
er's cheeks turned pale,
In the woods of old New England, as the day sank down
the west,
A loved one stood beside me, her brown head on my
breast.
From the earliest hours of childhood our paths had
been as one,
Her heart was in my keeping, though I knew not,
when 'twas won;
We had learned to love each other, in a half un-
spoken way,
But it ripened to full completeness when the parting
came that day,
Not a tear in the eyes of azure, but a deep and fer-
vent prayer,
That seemed to say: "God bless you, and guard you,
everywhere."
At the call for volunteers, her face was like drifted
snow;
She read in my eyes a question and her loyal heart
said, "Go,"

As the roll of the drums drew nearer, through the
leaves of the rustling trees,
The strains of Annie Laurie were borne to us on the
breeze.
Then I drew her pale face nearer and said: "Brave
heart and true,
Your tender love and prayers shall bring me back
to you."
And I called her my Annie Laurie and whispered to
to her that I
For her sweet sake was willing—to lay me down and
die.
And I said: "Through the days of danger, that little
song shall be
Like a pass-word from this hillside, to bring your
love to me."
Oh! many a time, at nightfall, in the very shades of
death,
When the picket lines were pacing their rounds with
bated breath.
The lips of strong men trembled and brave breasts
heaved a sigh,
When some one whistled softly: "I'd lay me down
and die."
The tender little ballad our watch-word soon became,
And in place of Annie Laurie each had a loved one's
name.
In the very front of battle, where the bullets thickest fly,
The boys from old New England oftentimes went rush-
ing by,
And the rebel lines before us gave way where'er we
went,
For the gray coats fled in terror from the "whistling
regiment."

Amidst the roar of the cannon, and the shriek of the
shells on high,
You could hear the brave boys whistling : "I'd lay
me down and die."
But, alas! Though truth is mighty and right will, at
last, prevail,
There are times when the best and bravest, by the
wrong outnumbered, fail ;
And thus, one day, in a skirmish, but a half-hour's
fight at most,
A score of the whistling soldiers were caught by the
rebel host.
With hands tied fast behind us, we were dragged to
a prison pen,
Where 'hollow-eyed and starving, lay a thousand loyal
men.
No roof but the vault of heaven, no bed save the
beaten sod,
Shut in from the world around us, by a wall where the
sentries trod,
For a time our Annie Laurie brought cheer to that prison
pen ;
A hope to the hearts of the living ; a smile to the dying men.
But the spark of Hope burned dimly, when each day's
setting sun
Dropped the pall of night o'er a comrade, whose sands of
life were run.
One night, in a dismal corner, where the shadows darkest
fell,
We huddled close together, to hear a soldier tell
The tales of dear New England and of loved ones wait-
ing there,
When, Hark ! a soft, low whistle pierced through the
heavy air,

And the strain was Annie Laurie. Each caught the
other's eye,
And with trembling lips we answered : " I'd lay me down
and die."
From the earth, near the wall behind us, a hand came
struggling through,
With a crumpled bit of paper for the captive boys in
blue.
And the name ! My God ! 'Twas Annie, my Annie, true
and brave,
From the hills of old New England she had followed me
to save.
" Not a word or a sign, but follow where'er you may be led.
Bring four of your comrades with you," was all that the
writing said.
Only eight were left of the twenty and lots were quickly
thrown,
Then our trembling fingers widened the space where the
hand had shown.
With a stealthy glance at the sentries, the prisoners gath-
ered round,
And the five whom fate had chosen stole silent under-
ground,
On, on, through the damp earth creeping, we followed our
dusky guide,
Till under a bank o'erhanging, we came to the riverside :
" Straight over," a low voice whispered, " where you see
yon beacon light."
And ere we could say, " God bless you," he vanished into
the night.
Through the fog and damp of the river, when the moon
was hid from sight,
With a fond, old, faithful negro, brave Annie had crossed
each night ;

And the long, dark, narrow passage had grown till we
heard close by

The notes of the dear old pass-word : " I'd lay me down
and die."

With oar-locks muffled and silent, we pushed out into the
stream,

When a shot rang out on the stillness. We could see by
the musket gleam,

A single sentry firing, but the balls passed harmless by,
For the stars had hid their faces and clouds swept o'er the
sky.

O God! How that beacon burning, brought joy to my
heart, that night,

For I knew whose hand had kindled that fire to guide our
flight.

The new-born hope of freedom filled every arm with
strength,

And we pulled at the oars like giants till the shore was
reached at length.

We sprang from the skiff, half fainting, once more in the
land of the free,

And the lips of my love were waiting to welcome and
comfort me.

In my wasted arms I held her, while the weary boys close
by

Breathed low, " For Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and
die."

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of
day,
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side ?

There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart :

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE DEATH-BRIDGE OF THE TAY.

From " Farm Festivals." Copyright, 1881, by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

THE night and the storm fell together upon the old
town of Dundee,
And, trembling, the mighty firth-river held out its cold
hand toward the sea.
Like the dull-booming bolts of a cannon, the wind swept
the streets and the shores ;
It wrenched at the roofs and the chimneys, it crashed
'gainst the windows and doors ;
Like a mob that is drunken and frenzied, it surged
through the streets up and down,
And screamed the sharp, shrill cry of " Murder !" o'er
river and hill-top and town.
It leaned its great breast 'gainst the belfries, it perched
upon minaret and dome—
Then sprang on the shivering firth-river, and tortured
its waves into foam.
'Twas a night when the landsman seeks shelter, and
cares not to venture abroad ;
When the sailor clings close to the rigging, and prays for
the mercy of God.

Look ! the moon has come out, clad in splendor, the turbulent scene to behold ;
She smiles at the night's devastation, she dresses the storm-king in gold.
She kindles the air with her cold flame, as if to her hand it were given
To light the frail earth to its ruin, with the tenderest radiance of heaven.
Away to the north, ragged mountains climb high through the shuddering air ;
They bend their dark brows o'er the valley, to read what new ruin is there.
Along the shore-line creeps the city, in crouching and sinuous shape,
With firesides so soon to be darkened, and doors to be shaded with crape !
To the south, like a spider-thread waving, there curves, for a two-mile away,
This world's latest man-devised wonder,—the far-famous bridge of the Tay.
It stretches and gleams into distance ; it creeps the broad stream o'er and o'er,
Till it rests its strong, delicate fingers in the palm of the opposite shore.
But look ! through the mists of the southward, there flash to the eye clear and plain,
Like a meteor that's bound to destruction, the lights of a swift-coming train !
* * * * *
Mid the lights that so gayly are gleaming yon city of Dundee within,
Is one that is waiting a wanderer, who long o'er the ocean has been.

His age-burdened parents are watching from the window
that looks on the firth,
For the train that will come with their darling, their
truest-loved treasure on earth.
“He’ll be comin’ the nicht,” says the father, “for sure
the hand-writin’s his ain ;
The letter says, ‘Ha’ the lamp lichted. I’ll come on the
seven o’clock train.
For years in the mines I’ve been toiling, in this wonder-
fu’ West, o’er the sea ;
My work has brought back kingly wages ; there’s plenty
for you an’ for me.
Your last days shall e’en be your best days ; the high-
stepping youngster you knew,
Who cost so much care in his raising, now’ll care for
himself and for you.
Gang not to the station to meet me ; ye never need run
for me more ;
But when ye shall hear the gate clickit, ye maun rise
up and open the door.
We will hae the first glow of our greeting when nae one
o’ strangers be nigh,
We will smile out the joy o’ our meeting on the spot
where we wept our good-bye.
Ye maun put me a plate on the table, an’ set in the auld
place a chair ;
An’ if but the good Lord be willing, doubt never a bit
I’ll be there.
So sit ye an’ wait for my coming (ye will na’ watch for
me in vain),
An’ see me glide o’er the river, along o’ the roar o’ the
train.

Ye may sit at the southermost window, for I will come
hame from that way ;
I will fly where I swam, when a youngster, across the
broad Firth o' the Tay.' "

So they sit at the southernmost window, the parents, with
hand clasped in hand,
And gaze o'er the tempest-vexed waters, across to the
storm-shaken land.
They see the bold acrobat-monster creep out on the
treacherous line ;
Its cinder-breath glitters like star-dust, its lamp-eyes they
glimmer and shine.
It braces itself 'gainst the tempest—it fights for each
inch with the foe—
With torrents of air all around it—with torrents of
water below.
But look! look! the monster is stumbling, while trembles
the fragile bridge-wall—
They struggle like athletes entwining—then both like a
thunder-bolt fall!
Down, down through the dark the train plunges, with
speed unaccustomed and dire;
It glows with its last dying beauty—it gleams like a hail-
storm of fire!
No wonder the mother faints death-like, and clings like
a clod to the floor!
No wonder the man writhes in frenzy, and dashes his
way through the door!
He fights his way out through the tempest; he is beaten
and baffled and tossed;
He cries, "The train's gang off the Tay brig! lend help
here to look for the lost!"

Oh, little to him do they listen, the crowds to the river
that flee ;
'The news, like the shock of an earthquake, has thrilled
through the town of Dundee.
Like travelers belated, they're rushing to where the bare
station-walls frown ;
Suspense twists the blade of their anguish, like maniacs
they run up and down.
Out, out, creep two brave, sturdy fellows, o'er danger-
strewn buttress and piers ;
They can climb 'gainst that blast, for they carry the
blood of old Scotch mountaineers.
But they leave it along as they clamber ; they mark all
their hand-path with red ;
Till they come where the torrent leaps bridgeless,—a
grave dancing over its dead.
A moment they gaze down in horror ; then creep from
the death-laden tide,
With the news, "There's nae help for our loved ones,
save God's mercy for them who have died !"

How sweetly the sunlight can sparkle o'er graves where
our best hopes have lain !
How brightly its gold beams can glisten on faces that
whiten with pain !
Oh, never more gay were the wavelets, and careless in
innocent glee,
And never more sweet did the sunrise shine over the
town of Dundee.
But though the town welcomed the morning, and the
firth threw its gold lances back,
On the hearts of the grief-stricken people, death's cloud
rested heavy and black.

And the couple who waited last evening their man-
statured son to accost,
Now laid their heads down on the table, and mourned
for the boy that was lost.

"'Twas sae sad," moaned the crushed aged mother, each
word dripping o'er with a tear,

"Sae far he should come for to find us, and then he
should perish sae near!

O Robin, my bairn! ye did wander far from us for mony
a day,

And when ye ha' come back sae near us, why could na'
ye come a' the way?"

"I hae come a' the way," said a strong voice, and a
bearded and sun-beaten face

Smiled on them the first joyous pressure of one long
and filial embrace;

"I cam' on last nicht far as Newport, but Maggie, my
bride that's to be,

She ran through the storm to the station, to get the
first greeting o' me,

I leaped from the carriage to kiss her; she held me sae
fast and sae ticht,

The train it ran off and did leave me; I could nae get
over the nicht.

I tried for to walk the brig over, my head it was a' in a
whirl;

I could na'—ye know the sad reason—I had to go back
to my girl!

I hope ye'll tak' kindly to Maggie; she's promised to
soon be my wife;

She's a darling wee bit of a lassie, and her fondness it
saved me my life."

The night and the storm fell together upon the sad town
of Dundee,
The half-smothered song of the tempest swept out like a
sob to the sea ;
The voice of the treacherous storm-king, as mourning
for them he had slain ;
O cruel and blood-thirsty tempest ! your false tears are
shed all in vain !
Beneath the dread roof of this ruin your sad victims
nestle and creep ;
They hear not the voices that call them ; if they come,
they will come in their sleep.
No word can they tell of their terror, no step of the
dark route retrace,
Unless their sad story be written upon the white page
of the face.
Perchance that may speak of their anguish when first
came the crash of despair ;
The long-drawn suspense of the instant they plunged
through the shuddering air ;
The life-panoramas that flitted swift past them, with
duties undone ;
The brave fight for life in a battle that strong death
already had won ;
The half stifled shouting of anguish the aid of high
Heaven to implore ;
The last patient pang of submission, when effort was
ended and o'er.
But, tempest, a bright star in heaven a message of com-
fort sends back,
And draws our dim glances to skyward, away from thy
laurels of black ;

Thank God that whatever the darkness that covers His
creature's dim sight,
He always vouchsafes some deliverance, throws some
one a sweet ray of light ;
Thank God that the strength of His goodness from dark
depths ascended on high,
And carried the souls of the suffering away to the realms
of the sky ;
Thank God that His well-tempered mercy came down
with the clouds from above,
And saved one from out the destruction, and him by
the angel of love.

WILL CARLETON.

SHE WASHED FOR HIM.

MY late washerwoman was a humorist. She had a fine idea of the anatomy of a joke.

I don't think I ever laughed so painfully in my life as I did when I endeavored to sort out the first week's washing which she brought home to me. There were thirteen stockings of different hues in the bundle, and I had never seen any of them before. They ranged in size all the way from a little one belonging to my landlady's infant phenomenon, up to the stocking which she herself used to hang on the chimney-piece of her home in Chicago every Christmas, as a delicate hint to her husband that she would like a piano for a present.

Right across the hall from me, in bachelor quarters similar to mine, lived a young man of diminutive stature, whose name was Sydney Dale. I was constantly getting his clothes and he was getting mine. This was bad enough for him, but it was worse for me, because

while he could wear my clothes by taking three or four reefs in them, I couldn't get into his at all.

Our washerwoman used to work this exchange so frequently that, after awhile, when either of us had to dress in a hurry, we usually found it most convenient to do so in the other's room.

One evening Sydney had an engagement to play the heavy villain in an amateur theatrical performance. As I subsequently learned, he got to his room in a great hurry, with about twenty minutes' time to get into a dress-suit and escape to the scene of his histrionic triumphs. By this time his stock of underwear had been very nearly exhausted by the depredations of our washerwoman, and he discovered, to his horror, that he had only one dress-shirt in stock, and that was mine. It called for a number sixteen collar, and the sleeves were about a foot too long. It happened that I was away, and the door of my room was locked, so that he couldn't extend his search for raiment beyond the boundaries of his own apartment. He had to make the best of it, and pin up my sleeves to the required length as securely as might be.

I attended the performance, and was well repaid for my trouble. Just before the curtain went up an usher brought me a note from Sydney asking me to come to the dressing-room. I did so.

"Old man," said he, in an excited tone of voice, "have you on any of my clothes?"

"Only a few," I replied, "and I don't think they're what you want."

"Don't tell me that shirt isn't mine," he cried, "it's the last chance I've got."

"Sorry for you, old fellow," said I, "but it belongs to

a gentleman named Smitzberger, who lives in our block somewhere, I understand."

"How big a man is Smitzberger?" he faltered.

"Taller than I am," I replied, "and nearly four times as big round. He has got to get his collars made to order. It's nonsense, my boy; you'll have to go on as you are."

He groaned; but just at that minute the curtain went up, and Sydney had to take his place in the wings. I returned to my seat in the audience.

Sydney got along very well in the early part of the play, and I think nobody noticed that anything was the matter except once, when he sat down and half his face went out of sight behind his collar. This created some amusement, and led the audience to hope that something funny might happen later on. It did.

As I remember, it was in the fourth act. The villain is always especially offensive and pitiless about this time, when his downfall is drawing so near. The heroine was kneeling at his feet begging him to be merciful, and not to disclose the fatal secret that would blast her father's good name and send a large detachment of innocent victims to various terms in State's prison.

Sydney put on his most heartless frown and threw out his right arm with a gesture expressive of boundless ferocity. Unfortunately, he threw it out a little too violently. A pin gave way somewhere, and apparently about a yard of my shirt sleeve flew out from under the cover and then fell limp around his hand. Just then the hero rushed in to the rescue. He was a somewhat spasmodic young man, and he seized Sydney by the back of the neck so realistically that he pulled the numbersixteen collar entirely over Sydney's head, and the unfortunate

young man disappeared completely in the folds of my too ample garment.

The audience applauded wildly. They had probably never seen a stage villain so completely and satisfactorily wiped out. He had withdrawn into his shell. The entire company was called before the curtain before the assembled multitude would stop laughing.

But poor Sydney never recovered from the humiliation of that episode. He disappeared and I did not know what had become of him. Several days later I received a note from a coroner. His name was McGinty, and he had only recently been naturalized. He asked me to call at the morgue and see if a body lying there was mine. I was suspected of being the remains because my name had been found on the shirt of the deceased. He added a request that I would hand the note to one of my relatives in case I had really committed suicide, as he suspected, in order that I might be identified at the earliest possible moment.

Public documents of this nature are frequently confusing, especially when they have to do with legal formalities. However, I went to the morgue and inspected the shirt with my name on it. I also saw a stocking marked T. M. Jones, and another, much smaller, stamped A. D. T. The collar of the deceased was marked R. D. ; and the cuffs respectively P. D. Q. and John Brown. Three handkerchiefs in the pockets of the remains bore nine different initials, and the coroner didn't seem to know just how many inquests he ought to hold. He was really perplexed.

But I was not. I recognized the handiwork of my washerwoman, and when I gazed upon the face of the dead I was not surprised to find that it was Sydney Dale's.

HOWARD FIELDING.

THE DEFENCE OF THE BRIDE.

From "The Sword of Damocles." Permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

HE was coming from the altar when the tocsin rang
alarm,

With his fair young wife beside him, lovely in her bridal
charm ;

But he was not one to palter with a duty, or to slight
The trumpet-call of honor for his vantage or delight.

Turning from the bride beside him to his stern and
martial train,

From their midst he summoned to him the brothers of
Germain ;

At the word they stepped before him, nine strong
warriors brave and true,

From the youngest to the eldest, Enguerrand to mighty
Hugh.

"Sons of Germain, to your keeping do I yield my bride,
to-day.

Guard her well as you do love me ; guard her well and
holily.

Dearer than mine own soul to me, you will hold her as
your life,

'Gainst the guile of seeming friendship and the force of
open strife."

"We will guard her," cried they firmly ; and with just
another glance

On the yearning and despairing in his young wife's
countenance,

Gallant Beaufort strode before them down the aisie and
through the door,
And a shadow came and lingered where the sunlight
stood before.

Eight long months the young wife waited, watching from
her bridal room
For the coming of her husband up the valley forest's
gloom.
Eight long months the sons of Germain paced the ram-
parts and the wall
With their hands upon their halberds ready for the
battle-call.

Then there came a sound of trumpets pealing up the
vale below,
And a dozen floating banners lit the forest with their
glow,
And the bride arose like morning when it feels the sun-
light nigh,
And her smile was like a rainbow flashing from a misty
sky.

But the eldest son of Germain lifting voice from off the
wall,
Cried aloud, "It is a stranger's and not Sir Beaufort's
call;
Have you ne'er a slighted lover or a kinsman with a
heart
Base enough to seek his vengeance at the sharp end of
the dart?"

"There is Sassard of the Mountains," answered she
without enguile,
"While I wedded at the chancel, he stood mocking in
the aisle;

And my maidens say he swore there that for all my
plighted vow,
They would see me in his castle yet upon Morency's
brow."

"It is Sassard and no other then," her noble guardian
cried ;

"There is craft in yonder summons," and he rung his
sword beside.

"To the walls, ye sons of Germain! and as each would
hold his life

From the bitter shame of falsehood, let us hold our
master's wife."

"Can you hold her, can you shield her from the breezes
that await?"

Cried the stinging voice of Sassard from his stand beside
the gate.

"If you have the power to shield her from the sunlight
and the wind,

You may shield her from stern Sassard when his falchion
is untwined."

"We can hold her, we can shield her," leaped like fire
from off the wall,

And young Enguerrand the valiant, sprang out before
them all.

"And if breezes bring dishonor, we will guard her from
their breath,

Though we yield her to the keeping of the sacred arms
of Death."

And with force that never faltered, did they guard her
all that day,

Though the strength of triple armies seemed to battle in
the fray,

The old castle's rugged ramparts holding firm against
the foe,
As a goodly dyke resisteth the whelming billow's flow.
But next morning as the sunlight rose in splendor over
all,
Hugh, the mighty, sank heart-wounded in his station on
the wall,
At the noon the valiant Raoul of the merry eye and
heart,
Gave his beauty and his jestings to the foeman's jealous
dart.

Gallant Maurice next sank faltering with a death
wound 'neath his hair,
But still fighting on till Sassard pressed across him up
the stair.
Generous Clement followed after, crying as his spirit
passed,
"Sons of Germain, to the rescue, and be loyal to the
last!"

Gentle Jaspar, lordly Clarence, Sessamine the doughty
brand,
Even Henri who had yielded ne'er before to mortal
hand;
One by one they fall and perish, while the vaunting foe-
men pour
Though the breach and up the courtway to the very
turret's door.

Enguerrand and Stephen only now were left of all that
nine,
To protect the single stairway from the traitor's fell de-
sign;

But with might as 'twere of thirty, did they wield the
axe and brand,
Striving in their desperation the fierce onslaught to
withstand.

But what man of power so godlike he can stay the
billow's wrack,
Or with single-handed weapon hold an hundred foemen
back !

As the sun turned sadly westward, with a wild despair-
ing cry,
Stephen bowed his noble forehead and sank down on
earth to die.

"Ah! ha!" then cried cruel Sassard with his foot upon
the stair,

"Have I come to thee, my boaster?" and he whirled his
sword in air.

"Thou who pratest of thy power to protect her to the
death,

What think'st thou now of Sassard and the wind's as-
piring breath?"

"What I think let this same show you," answered fiery
Enguerrand,

And he poised his lofty battle-axe with sure and steady
hand ;

"Now as Heaven loveth justice, may this deathly
weapon fall

On the murderer of my brothers and th' undoer of us
all."

With one mighty whirl he sent it ; flashing from his
hand it came,

Like the lightning from the heavens in a whirl of awful
flame,

And betwixt the brows of Sassard and his two false eye-
balls passed,
And the murderer sank before it, like a tree before the
blast.

"Now ye minions of a traitor if you look for vengeance,
come!"
And his voice was like a trumpet when it clangs a victor
home.
But a cry from far below him rose like thunder upward,
"Nay!
Let them turn and meet the husband if they hunger for
the fray."

O the yell that sprang to heaven as that voice swept
up the stair,
And the slaughter dire that followed in another moment
there!
From the least unto the greatest, from the henchman to
the lord,
Not a man on all that stairway lived to sheath again his
sword.

At the top that flame-bound forehead, at the base that
blade of fire—
'Twas the meeting of two tempests in their potency and
ire.
Ere the moon could falter inward with its pity and its
woe
Beaufort saw the path before him unencumbered of the
foe.
Saw his pathway unencumbered and strode up and o'er
the floor,
Even to the very threshold of his lovely lady's door.

And already in his fancy did he see the golden beam
Of her locks upon his shoulder and her sweet eyes'
happy gleam :

When behold a form upstarting from the shadows at his
side,
That with naked sword uplifted barred the passage to
his bride ;
It was Enguerrand the dauntless, but with staring eyes,
and hair
Blowing wild about a forehead pale as snow in moonlit
glare.

" Ah ! my master, we have held her, we have guarded
her !" he said.

" Not a shadow of dishonor has so much as touched her
head."

Twenty wretches lie below there with the brothers of
Germain,
Twenty foemen of her honor that I, Enguerrand, have
slain.

" But one other foe remaineth, one remaineth yet," he
cried,

" Which it fits this hand to punish ere you cross unto
your bride.

It is I, Enguerrand !" shrieked he ; " and as I have
slain the rest,

So I smite this foeman also !" — and his sword plunged
through his breast.

O the horror of that moment ! " Art thou mad, my
Enguerrand ?"

Cried his master, striving wildly to withdraw the fatal
brand.

But the stern youth smiling sadly, started back from his
embrace,
While a flash like summer lightning, flickered direful
on his face.

"Yes, a traitor worse than Sassard," and he pointed
down the stair,
"For my heart has dared to love her whom my hand
defended there."
While the others fought for honor, I by passion was
made strong,
Set your heel upon my bosom for my soul has done you
wrong.

"But," and here he swayed and faltered till his knee
sank on the floor,
Yet in falling turned his forehead ever toward that
silent door;
"But your warrior hand, my master, may take mine
without a stain,
For my hand has e'er been loyal, and your enemy is
slain."

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

DANIEL PERITON'S RIDE.

An incident of the terrible Johnstown Flood. · Permission of "The
Independent." ·

ALL day long the river flowed,
Down by the winding mountain road,
Leaping and roaring in angry mood,
At stubborn rocks in its way that stood ;

Sullen the gleam of its rippled crest,
Dark was the foam on its yellow breast ;
The dripping banks on either side
But half imprisoned the turgid tide.
By farm and village it quickly sped—
The weeping skies bent low overhead—
Foaming and rushing and tumbling down
Into the streets of pent Johnstown—
Down through the valley of Conemaugh,
Down from the dam of shale and straw,
To the granite bridge, where its waters pour,
Through the arches wide, with a dismal roar.

All day long the pitiful tide
Babbled of death on the mountain side ;
And all day long, with jest and sigh,
They who were doomed that day to die,
Turned deafened ears to the warning roar
They had heard so oft and despised before.
Yet women trembled—the mother's eyes
Turned oft to the lowering, woful skies—
And shuddered to think what might befall
Should the flood burst over the earthen wall.
So all day long they went up and down,
Heedless of peril in doomed Johnstown.

And all day long in the chilly gloom
Of a thrifty merchant's counting-room,
O'er the ledger bent with anxious care
Old Periton's only son and heir.
A commonplace, plodding, industrious youth,
Counting debit and credit the highest truth,
And profit and loss a more honored game
Than searching for laurels or fighting for fame

He saw the dark tide as it swept by the door,
But heeded it not till his task was o'er ;
Then saddled his horse—a black-pointed bay—
High-stepping, high-blooded—grandson of Dismay—
Raw-boned and deep-chested—his eyes full of fire—
The temper of Satan—Magog was his sire—
Arched fetlocks, strong quarters, low knees,
And lean, bony head—his dam gave him these—
The foal of a racer transformed to a cob
For the son of the merchant when out of a job.
“ Now I'll see,” said Dan Periton, mounting the bay,
“ What danger there is of the dam giving way !”

A marvelous sight young Periton saw
When he rode up the valley of Conemaugh.
Seventy feet the water fell
With a roar like the angry ocean's swell !
Seventy feet from the crumbling crest
To the rock on which the foundations rest !
Seventy feet fell the ceaseless flow
Into the boiling gulf below !
Dan Periton's cheek grew pale with fear,
As the echoes fell on his startled ear,
And he thought of the weight of the pent-up tide,
That hung on the rifted mountain-side,
Held by that heap of stone and straw
O'er the swarming valley of Conemaugh !
The raw-boned bay, with quivering ears,
Displayed a brute's instinctive fears,
Snorted and pawed with flashing eye,
Seized on the curb, and turned to fly !

Dan Periton tightened his grip on the rein,
Sat close to the saddle, glanced backward again,

Touched the bay with the spur, then gave him his head,
And down the steep valley they clattering sped.
Then the horse showed his breeding—the close gripping
knees

Felt the strong shoulders working with unflagging ease
As mile after mile, 'neath the high-blooded bay,
The steep mountain turnpike flew backward away,
While with outstretched neck he went galloping down
With the message of warning to periled Johnstown,
Past farmhouse and village, while shrilly outrang,
O'er the river's deep roar and the hoof's iron clang,
His gallant young rider's premonitant shout,
"Fly! Fly to the hill! The waters are out!"

Past Mineral Point there came such a roar
As never had shaken those mountains before!
Dan urged the good horse then with word and caress;
'Twould be his last race, what mattered distress?
A mile farther on and behind him he spied
The wreck-laden crest of the death-dealing tide!
Then he plied whip and spur and redoubled the shout,
"To the hills! To the hills! The waters are out!"
Thus horseman and flood-tide came racing it down
The cinder-paved streets of doomed Johnstown!

Daniel Periton knew that his doom was nigh,
Yet never once faltered his clarion cry;
The blood ran off from his good steed's side;
Over him hung the white crest of the tide;
His hair felt the touch of the eygre's breath;
The spray on his cheek was the cold kiss of death;
Beneath him the horse 'gan to tremble and droop—
He saw the pale rider who sat on the croup!

But clear over all rang his last warning shout,
"To the hills! To the hills! For the waters are out!"
Then the tide reared its head and leaped vengefully
down
On the horse and his rider in fated Johnstown!

That horse was a hero, so poets still say,
That brought the good news of the treaty to Aix;
And the steed is immortal, which carried Revere,
Through the echoing night with his message of fear;
And the one that bore Sheridan into the fray,
From Winchester town "twenty miles away;"
But none of these merits a nobler lay
Than young Daniel Periton's raw-boned bay
That raced down the valley of Conemaugh,
With the tide that rushed through the dam of straw,
Roaring and rushing and tearing down
On the fated thousands in doomed Johnstown!
In the very track of the eygre's swoop,
With Dan in the saddle and Death on the croup,
The foam of his nostrils flew back on the wind,
And mixed with the foam of the billow behind.

A terrible vision the morrow saw
In the desolate valley of Conemaugh!
The river had shrunk to its narrow bed,
But its way was choked with the heaped-up dead,
'Gainst the granite bridge with its arches four
Lay the wreck of a city that delves no more;
And under it all, so the searchers say,
Stood the sprawling limbs of the gallant bay,
Stiff-cased in the drift of the Conemaugh.
A goodlier statue man never saw—

Dan's foot in the stirrup, his hand on the rein !
So shall they live in white marble again ;
And ages shall tell, as they gaze on the group,
Of the race that he ran while Death sat on the croup

ALBION W. TOURGÉE.

O'GRADY'S GOAT.

O'GRADY lived in Shanty row.
The neighbors often said
They wished that Tim would move away
Or that his goat was dead.
He kept the neighborhood in fear,
And the children always vexed ;
They couldn't tell jist whin or where
The goat would pop up nexht.

Ould Missis Casey stood wan day
The dirty clothes to rub
Upon the washboard, when she dived
Headforemosht o'er the tub ;
She lit upon her back an' yelled.
As she was lying flat :
Go git your goon an' kill the bashte."
O'Grady's goat doon that.

Pat Doolan's woife hung out the wash
Upon the line to dry.
She wint to take it in at night,
But stopped to have a cry.
The sleeves av two red flannel shirts,
That once were worn by Pat,
Were chewed off almost to the neck.
O'Grady's goat doon that.

They had a party at McCune's,
 An' they wor having foon,
 Whin suddinly there was a crash
 An' ivrybody roon.
 The iseter soup fell on the floor
 An' nearly drowned the cat ;
 The stove was knocked to smithereens.
 O'Grady's goat doon that.

Moike Dyle was coortin' Biddy Shea,
 Both standin' at the gate,
 An' they wor jist about to kiss
 Aich oother sly and shwate.
 They coom together loike two rams,
 An' mashed their noses flat.
 They niver shpake whin they goes by.
 O'Grady's goat doon that.

O'Hoolerhan brought home a keg
 Av dannymite wan day
 To blow a cistern in his yard
 An' hid the stuff away.
 But suddinly an airthquake coom,
 O'Hoolerhan, house an' hat,
 An' ivrything in sight wint up.
 O'Grady's goat doon that.

An' there was Dooley's Savhin's Bank,
 That held the byes' sphare cash.
 One day the news came doon the sthreet:
 The bank had ghone to smash.
 An' iverybody 'round was dum
 Wid anger and wid fear,
 Fer on the dhoor they red the whords,
 " O'Grady's goat sthrucc here."

The folks in Grady's naborhood
All live in fear and fright;
They think it's certain death to go
Around there after night.
An' in their shlope they see a ghost
Upon the air afloat,
An' wake thimselves by shoutin' out:
"Luck out for Grady's goat."

WILL S. HAYS.

LITTLE LEAF'S SACRIFICE.

LITTLE LEAF had never seen the world before. She had lain quietly in her little brown cradle all winter, rocked carefully by the mother-tree, but now that the spring had come she no longer felt content to lie sleeping under the warm coverlet, but longed to peep about her, to stretch her cramped limbs and grow.

She had been a long time getting out of the cradle, for she was but a wee, slender thing, and often, when she had crept to the very edge of her small prison and raised her little head to make the final jump over the side, a great rough wind, who had just come down from the North Pole, would rush out from behind a bough where he had been hiding, and shout "Boo!" right in her face. This would frighten Little Leaf so that she would shrink back into the furthest corner of her cradle, pull the brown coverlet over her face, and would not dare to stir again for many days.

But one morning the sun shone so bright and the air was so balmy that she resolved to be afraid no longer, and for the first time raised her head clear above the brown cradle, and looked the world square in the face.

What a world it was! Such a sea of shimmering green lay all about her! While above her, at her left, at her right, on every side as far as the eye could reach, thousands upon thousands of pink-lipped apple-blossoms smiled up at the sunshine. A great wave of fragrance broke over her dazed head, and a chorus of bird voices greeted her astonished ears. Just beneath her, on a broad limb of the tree, a golden-breasted robin began to build her nest. Little Leaf had never seen a nest before and she watched the construction of this one with great interest. By and by she began to make friends with the robin, and the two were soon very well acquainted.

After a while the nest was finished, and Little Leaf thought there was never anything so beautiful in the world. Mrs. Robin was fairly beside herself with joy and kept up a twitter of admiration the whole day. But the culminating point of their happiness was reached when, lying warm and cozy in the little nest, was a beautiful blue egg! How proud and happy then were both Mr. and Mrs. Robin.

Could it be that one day a little fleet-winged bird would fly from the blue shell and soar away, away above the apple-blossoms high up in the blue sky!

Little Leaf could not understand it. She had been told that some day, a long, long way off, she herself must leave the safe limb to which she clung and, dying, drop down to the earth. Why should one of them leave its home to fly up toward the light, and the other, so close by, drop to the ground dying. Little Leaf was thinking it over while Mr. and Mrs. Robin were away on an errand, when suddenly she heard voices beneath her. Looking down she beheld two small boys sitting on the ground under the tree and looking upward among its branches.

"I'll bet you a fish-hook there's an egg in that nest," said one of them.

"Oh! pshaw!" said the other; "I know there aint."

"Well, you just climb up and see. It's a robin's nest, and I am trying to see how long a string of robin's eggs I can get."

"It's wrong to rob birds' nests," said the other; "sister says 'tis."

"Oh! he dassent climb a tree 'cause his sister tells him not to!" said the first boy, mockingly.

"I haint afraid; I dast, too," said the other, removing his coat and preparing to climb the tree.

Little Leaf grew frightened; oh! if Mrs. Robin would only come! Was it possible these cruel boys would take away the beautiful egg and the little bird-life? Was there no way to save the treasure?

Little Leaf looked out into the beautiful world that she loved so well. What a world it was! What a great gift was life!

The boy was half-way up the tree.

Little Leaf glanced down at her bright glassy dress, so new and dainty. How it glistened when the sun shone upon it! What joy it was to dance in the soft breezes and smell the sweet fragrance and feel the thrill of life throughout her being.

"O life! how beautiful you are," murmured Little Leaf.

The boy had almost reached the nest.

Little Leaf shut her eyes and bowed her small body with all its weight on the slender stem. It snapped; down dropped Little Leaf into the nest right over the little egg. A quiver ran through her frame. She shrank closer to the egg.

"Good-bye, dear world," she said, faintly—and Little Leaf's life was ended.

The boy's face was on a level with the nest now. He peered over into it anxiously, but saw only an apparently empty nest, with a dead leaf lying in it. He scrambled quickly down.

"You've lost your fish-hook, Bill," he said; "I knew all the time there wasn't nothing in the nest."

"Wasn't there?" said Bill.

"Not a thing but a dead leaf."

"Well, I hain't got no fish-hook now, but I'll give you one some time. Come, let's go home."

Mr. and Mrs. Robin were both greatly surprised and pained to find on returning to their home that Little Leaf was dead. They gave her a gentle burial, and dropped many tears in her grave, but they never knew that the brave little life had been offered up, a willing sacrifice, for love of them.

HATTIE A. PENNEY.

JOHN OF MT. SINAI.

A MONG the Sinai monks the Brother John,
A shrunk and dwarfish man, was numbered; one
Who winced beneath the burden of the cross;
And while he claimed to count his gain but loss
For Christ, he counted grudgingly the gain
He lost, and gave it up for Christ with pain.
And when to labors till the evening damp
Were added vigils by the midnight lamp,
Abundant hardships after meagre fare,
Of sleep o'er little, and o'er much of prayer,

The monk's vocation seemed no easy yoke
And burden light, of which the Master spoke.
He bore it with impatience. Poor, unwise,
He dwelt upon the pain of sacrifice
And lost its blessing. In his troubled breast
His wrung soul cried a bitter cry for rest.

"Behold," said he, "the lilies, how they grow!
They toil not, spin not, yet I surely know
They give God glory which He pleased receives,
And them His easy service never grieves.
The angels, too, in their celestial spheres,
No flagellations have, nor fasts, nor tears,
To make their service bitter. Only men
Serve God with utter wretchedness." And then
He vowed to break the chains the brothers wore,
And run their toilsome treadmill round no more;
To give himself away to God, and free
His soul from care. As angels live, so he
Would live thereafter—by God's grace sustained—
The world become his paradise regained.

He turned from Sinai and the monks away,
Threw off as needless his rough cloak of gray
(For angel life could ask no mortal gear),
And sought, far off, the Presence ever near.
Into the desert waste, the solitude
Which girt the mountain round, where scanty food
Or drink, or cooling shade existed, went
The eager man to rest with God, intent
To be as the white angels are, his prayer;
To walk with them—their easy service share.

So seven days went by. The brotherhood,
Surprised, amazed at John's exalted mood,
Spoke little of the wanderer ; and when
They mentioned him, those simple monkish men
Devoutly crossed themselves on breast and brow,
And said, " Our brother's with the angels now !
He rose up with a simple, daring faith
And cast himself on God, not waiting death."

But those few days sore trial brought to John,
Shelterless, friendless, in the desert lone.
From the forgetful heaven no manna fell.
No spring leaped out of rock. No visible
Appearance proved that God took kindly note
Of His pressed servant. From fat lands remote
No raven came his daily bread to bring.
In their strong arms no angels ministering
Bore up the wanderer lest his weary feet
Against the sharp, injurious stones should beat.
The sun smote him by day. By night the wind
Shriveled and pierced him with its blasts unkind.
The desert scared him with its aspect rude ;
Not that way lay the path to angelhood
And beatific joys. The monk a man
Remained—a mortal pinched, forlorn, and wan.
He could not cast himself on God. In vain
With tears he strove desired release to gain
From the sore burden that his life had been,
From toil and care and cross as well as sin.

And as the seventh day went darkly down,
And all his brother monks were housed, poor John
Came stumbling in the night, seeking the door
He left with highest hope one week before.

He knocked. The abbot heard within and cried,
"Who knocks?" "'Tis I—'tis John," a voice replied.
"Nay," said the abbot, "John no more with men
Hath part or lot. He comes not here again
From his high company. With shining throngs
Of angels now he walks—to them belongs."

The door was shut. Nor earth nor man had place,
Angels nor God, for one who had not grace
To serve the Lord with patience. Down John fell
Along the threshold weeping. The strong swell
Of his sore spirit shook him. Long he cried
For the forgiveness of the crucified,
The suffering Christ, who, patient, bore the cross
That men for Him might count all gain but loss.
And then the angels came to John; while he
Essayed no more as angels are to be,
Norsought them, lo, they came to him; and peace,
New-found, poured through his soul its blessedness.

And in the morning, when the door stood wide,
John took his place close at the abbot's side,
And said, "Forgive me that I went astray.
Forget my foolish weakness. As I lay
Last night without, the pitying Master came;
He spoke me tenderly, called me by name,
And said to me, 'Serve me content as man.
For man, not angel, was the gospel plan,
Give me a patient, human love. Obey
My rule; for my sake bear the cross; then may
The angels see and wonder at, above,
The beauty of a soul renewed by love.'"

And thenceforth John, until the day he died,
Served in his place with patience ; mortified
The flesh, and as a true repentant man,
Gave Christ the service that no angel can.

A. L. FRISBIE.

NOSES.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION.

Written specially for this number.

EVERYBODY'S got a nose, but they aint all alike, 'cept a fish wat aint got no nose 'cause they don't smell till they git old—then they do smell orful. Birds and ducks and ostriches and chickens and turkeys has got noses, but they don't show them cause they is most all on the insides out of the way and they has to catch bugs and things so quick that they don't get time to smell 'em till they is inside their mouths. Girls and elephants and anteaters has got noses but they is all different. My girl has got the nicest nose what I ever seen and she nose it. A elephant's got a orful funny nose too what he uses for a water pot to sprinkle fellers with when they fool him and wot makes him look like he's got a tail on both ends. A anteater has got a funny nose too, but I don't believe a anteater would eat my ant 'cause she is so cross and old. Sometimes a nose is a awful bother specially when you are a-eatin' limburger cheese. When you gits old your nose and your chin gits very intermate, and when the nose gits tired it jist goes and rests on the chin, wich is very kind 'cause the chin don't git tired, specially female chins but jist chins and chins till time is old and gray. It's the fun-

niest thing that some men's noses is as red as fire; ma says that is because they look upon the wine when it is red—they is also called nosebags. Noses is used to blow with and snore with, which is very useful in churches and sleepin' cars. A dog's nose is cold but he makes it warm for burglars and cats and things. Trees and flowers blows in the spring and summer, but the nose blows all the year round.

HENRY FIRTH WOOD.

WAKIN' THE YOUNG UNS.

[The old man from the foot of the stairs—5 A. M.]

BEE-ULL! Bee-ull! O Bee-ull! my gracious,
Air you still sleepin'?

Th' hour hand's creepin'

Near ter five.

(Wal, blamed ef this 'ere aint vexatious!)

Don't ye hyar them cattle callin'?

And the old red steer a-bawlin'?

Come, look alive!

Git up! Git up!

Mar'ann! Mar'ann! (Jist hyar her snorin'!)

Mar'ann! it's behoovin'

Thet you be a-movin'!

Brisk I say!

Hyar the kitchen stove a-roarin'?

The kittle's a spillin'

Ter git hisself bilin'.

It's comin' day.

Git up! Git up!

Jule! O Jule! Now what is ailin'?

You want ter rest?

Wal, I'll be blest!

S'pose them cows

'll give down milk 'ithout you pailin'?

You mus' be goin' crazy,

Er, more like gettin' lazy.

Come, now, rouse.

Git up! Git up!

Jake, you lazy varmint! Jake! Hey, Jake!

Whut you layin' theer fur?

You know the stock's ter keer fur?

So, hop out!

(That boy is wusser'n a rock to wake!)

Don't stop to shiver,

But jist unkiver,

An' pop out!

Git up! Git up!

Young uns! Bee-ull! Jake! Mar'ann! Jule!

(Wal, consarn my skin!

They've gone ter sleep again,

Fur all my tellin'!)

See hyar, I haint no time ter fool!

It's the las' warnin'

I'll give this mornin'.

I'm done yellin'!

Git up! Git up!

SOLUS.

Wal, whut's the odds—an hour, more or less?

B'lieve it makes 'em stronger

Ter sleep er little longer

Thar in bed.

The time is comin' fas' enough, I guess,
 When I'll wish an' wish 'ith weepin',
 They was back up yender sleepin',
 Overhead,
 Ter git up.

MANCHESTER UNION.

CHRISTMAS WEEK.

Written specially for this number.

A RUSH, a roar, a gleam, a glow ;
 A great procession and a show ;
 A blare, a shout, a rush, a rout ;
 A threading in, a thridding out ;
 A snatch of song, a merry word,
 To tell a common joy has stirred
 The common heart ;
 That's Christmas week on Chestnut Street.
 Rustle of silk and faint perfume,
 And brim severe and nodding plume,
 And some come late and some come soon
 To list the fair soprano's strain,
 "Glory and peace . . . Good will." Again
 The vaulted roof gives back the strain,—
 That's Christmas week off Chestnut Street.
 O list! A moan, a whispered prayer ;
 Does pity'ng angel linger there ?
 Or would his pinion get a stain
 Even at Christmastide beneath
 Not mistletoe and holly wreath,
 But cobwebbed roof that glowers o'er
 A wretched bed, a cold, bare floor,

A creature hollow-eyed and wan
Who shrinks from dark, who shrinks from dawn,
Who hears from far the cheerful roar
Of life's strong surge on life's strong shore ?
Ah, in that warm humanity
She has no part ; kind Death with free,
Befriending fingers lifts earth's dark.
That's Christmas week near Chestnut Street.

Yet, something in the atmosphere
That tells of joy undamped by fear ;
A something dear that loving bides
At temple shrine or dear hearthside ;
Something like echo of sweet strain
After the song is done ; in vain
The street hum strives to still its tone,
The human heart claims it its own
On, off, or near, this Christmas week,
The gay turmoil of Chestnut Street.

EMMA SOPHIE STILWELL.

THROUGH THE DARK FOREST.

Extract from the speech delivered at the reception of the Emin Relief Committee in London, May 18th, 1890.

DAY after day, week after week, from dawn of morning to near eve, with a noon interval of rest, we are urged on unrestingly. Step by step we gain our miles, and penetrate deeper and deeper into that strange conservatory of nature, the inner womb of a true tropical forest. The warm vapors rise from it as from a great fermenting vat, until so dense are the exhalations

in a few days that only the flaming bolt can let in the sunlight on that impervious and endless foliage above our heads.

After a month's unbroken march we halt for rest, and for the first time attempt to question natives, who have hitherto artfully eluded our efforts to gain intelligence. We ask them if they know of any grass land lying east, north, or south of their district, and they reply in the negative in a manner that seems to imply that we must be strange creatures to suppose that it would be possible for any world to exist save this illimitable forest world.

Taking a grass-blade from the river bank—for only a few straggling blades can be found—we hold it up to view. "What, no field, no limited stretch of land with something like this growing?" "No. All like this," and they wave their hands sweepingly to illustrate that all the world was alike, nothing but "trees, trees, and trees!" Great trees, rising as high as arrows shot toward the sky, uniting their crowns, interlacing their branches, pressing and crowded one against the other until neither sunbeam nor shaft of light may penetrate it.

No sooner are these words heard by our men than their imaginations conceive the forest under the most oppressive and forbidding aspect.

The horror grows darker with their fancies, the cold of early morning, the comfortless gray of the dawn, the dead-white mist, the ever-dripping tears of the dew, the deluging rains, the appalling thunder-bursts and the rolling echoes, and the wonderful play of the dazzling lightning.

And when the night comes with its thick, palpable darkness, and they lie cuddled in their little damp huts,

and they hear the tempest overhead, the howling of the wild winds, the grinding and groaning of storm-tossed trees, the dread sounds of others falling, and the shock of the trembling earth which sends their hearts with fitful leaps to their throats, and a roaring and rushing as of a mad, overwhelming sea—oh ! then the horror is intensified.

Then they disappear into the woods by twos and threes and sixes, and, after the caravan has passed, return by the trail, some to reach Yambuya and disturb the young officers by their tales of woe and war, some to fall sobbing under a spear-thrust, some to wander and stray in the dark mazes of the woods, hopelessly lost, and some to be carved for the cannibal feast. And those who remain, compelled to it by fears of greater dangers, mechanically march on, a prey to dread and weakness, the scratch of a thorn, the puncture of a pointed cane, the bite of an ant, or the sting of a wasp. The smallest thing serves to start an ulcer, which presently becomes virulent and eats its way to the bone, and the man dies.

These sores rage like an epidemic, and dozens are sufferers. Then the recklessness with which the men eat up their stores of provisions ! What might have lasted ten days is eaten up in two or three, and they starve the rest of the time, for the spaces between the banana plantations may be only a day's march, but they may be twenty days. But it requires a calamity to teach blacks as well as whites how to live.

When we were well-nigh exhausted with our troubles we reached Ibwiri, the site of Fort Bodo. Here we rested for thirteen days to recuperate and repair the waste of the wilderness.

At this place the natives could tell us they had seen a grass land five days' journey further east, and this revives the men; but it was twelve days before we came to the end of the forest, and on the 160th day after leaving Yambuya, we filed out of the gloom into the light of broad day, shining over one of the loveliest lands we had seen. We raced gleefully like little wanton children in spring over the soft young grass, we stared at the great burning sun, we gazed in wondrous delight at the careering waves of green grass as the wholesome wind swept over it. We went into raptures over the billowy contours of the land, and the thin, winding lines of boscage between them, and our surprise was equal to that of the herds of game whose domains we had invaded, and who snorted their alarm.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

ON THE BLUFF.

OH, grandly flowing river!
Oh, silver gliding river!
Thy springing willows shiver
In the sunset as of old;
They shiver in the silence
Of the willow-whitened islands,
While the sun-bars and the sand-bars
Fill air and wave with gold.

Oh, gay, oblivious river!
Oh, sunset-kindled river!
Do you remember ever
The eyes and skies so blue

On a summer day that shone here—
 When we were all alone here,
 And the blue eyes were too wise
 To speak the love they knew?

Oh, stern, impassive river!
 Oh, still, unanswering river!
 The shivering willows quiver
 As the night winds moan and rave.
 From the past a voice is calling,
 From heaven a star is falling,
 And dew swells in the bluebells
 Above her hill-side grave.

JOHN HAY.

“SPÄCIALLY JIM.”

Permission of the “Century Magazine.”

I WAS mighty good-lookin’ when I was young,
 Peert an’ black-eyed an’ slim,
 With fellers a-courtin’ me Sunday nights,
 ‘Späcially Jim.

The likeliest one of ’em all was he,
 ‘Chipper an’ han’som’ an’ trim,
 But I tossed up my head an’ made fun o’ the crowd,
 ‘Späcially Jim!

I said I hadn’t no ’pinion o’ men,
 An’ I wouldn’t take stock in him!
 But they kep’ up a-comin’ in spite o’ my talk,
 ‘Späcially Jim!

I got so tired o’ havin’ ’em roun’
 (‘Späcially Jim!)

I made up my mind I'd settle down
An' take up with him.

So we was married one Sunday in church,
'Twas crowded full to the brim ;
'Twas the only way to get rid of 'em all,
'Spacially Jim.

TIMOTHY HORN.

THE most marvelous mortal that ever was born
You would say, had you known him, was Timothy
Horn.

Tall, bony, and broad—an angular giant,
And awkward as well ; yet his limbs were so pliant
They seemed, when he used them, like rainbows in
trouble,

Whose motions no word could describe except “wabble,”
And yet, strange to say, in the country, where Tim
Felt confident no one was looking at him,
His step was as firm, and his carriage as free
And stately as ever Apollo's could be.
It was only a habit, through modesty born,

Of trying to walk without drawing attention,
Which gave to the movements of Timothy Horn
The boneless, loose, limber appearance I mention.
Always first at a fire, and first through the flame,

To rescue the inmates, half-roasted and choking,
He returned with his arms full of people, but came
With his hair and his eyebrows white-crinkled and
smoking ;

And then, if they thanked him, so strange was his habit,
He'd take the first by-way and run like a rabbit.

One night, as he sat by his mother and read
"Miles Standish's Courtship," she stopped him and
said,

Very gently: "Dear Tim, you are now twenty-eight,
Don't you think it is time you were taking a mate?"

"O mother! who'd have such a great awkward fel—"

But the word was cut short by the clang of a bell,

And away to the fire sped Timothy Horn.

'Twas the six-storied house of Professor Van Dorn.

He had built it, expressly, uncommonly high,

The better to study the air and the sky,

With a vision unvexed by the smoke from the town.

The Professor himself had gone up to an air-way,

To shut off the draught, and he couldn't get down,

For the demon of flame was cremating the stairway;

But, forgetting himself in his love for the sciences,

Van Dorn brought some strange scientific appliances

To the sixth-story window, set down his barometer,

And, holding aloft a new patent thermometer,

Grew absorbed in a theme he would call therapeutical—

The effect of the heat on a wart on his cuticle.

They shouted to warn him; but, horror appalling,

The roof was ablaze and the rafters were falling.

Alas! he was far above human assistance,

For their ladder would reach only half of the distance.

And a son of old Ireland muttered, "Begorry!

If he only had builded his bashtely sixth story

Jihst under the third, we could rishcue him natel;

But now he'll be cooked and disfigured completly!"

A thousand pale faces looked up at Van Dorn,

When in through the circle sprang Timothy Horn,

Caught a shawl from the form of the scientist's daughter,

And, plunging it deep in a bucket of water,

Enveloped his head before any one spoke,
Sprang up the red stairs, and was lost in the smoke.
Brave men held their breath, but they saw in a minute
The shawl at the window, the Professor rolled in it;
Then it vanished, and then—the roof fell! The floors
under

Were torn from their places and hurled to the ground,
With such a concussion the air all around

Was a chaos of ashes and cinders and thunder.
“They are lost!” “They are saved!” As if blown by
the fall,

Tim shot from the house like a blazing red comet, or,
Anything sudden, and shook from the shawl

The Professor, still holding his precious thermometer,
Who smiled on his daughter, and tenderly said,
As he dusted the ashes of hair from his head:
“Weep not for our lost scientific appliances!”
The biggest of blazes can’t burn up the sciences!”
But Tim, what of him? When he heard the wild
shout

Of the people he tried to, but could not, get out;
For their praise ran so high, and still higher and higher,
He wished, in his heart, he was back in the fire.
There wasn’t much left of his facial expression—
You wouldn’t have guessed him to be a Caucasian,
His hair had the friz of the African fashion.
Now it happened Miss Stella Corona Van Dorn
Had always admired brave Timothy Horn;
But now, on account of her terrible fright,
Or, more likely, because of the pitiful sight
Of a barbecued father and fricassee Tim,
She felt a resistless attraction toward him,
And, her quicksilver heart mounting high above zero,

She, throwing her arms round the neck of the hero,
Aimed a kiss at his lips, but it landed instead
On his swiftly-averted, decarbonized head.
Then her lovers — Jim, Joseph, Sam, Thomas, and
Harry—

Broke forth into laughter, uncommonly merry;
But, alas! for their laughter, for Timothy Horn
Threw an arm around Stella Corona Van Dorn,
And, swiftly advancing, as proud as a lion,
Hurled his fist at each smile that he fixed his fierce eye
on,

Till the faces of Harry, Jim, Joseph, and Sam
Looked like they'd been kissed by a battering-ram.
Then he doubled his fist for the battle anew.

"O Tim!" cried Corona. "Oh! what shall I do?
I'm afraid you will kill them, and then they'll hang
you!

And I'll be a wid—oh!" "Whose widow?" gasped Tim.
"Why, yours, you dear stupid?" she whispered to him.
Then he tightened his clasp around Stella Van Dorn,
And that was the courtship of Timothy Horn.

W. W. FINK.

"COME AND BE SHONE."

THE Detroit brigade of boot-blacks was increased by
T one yesterday. A passenger train from the East
carried one more passenger than the conductor knew of,
because the said passenger was concealed on the trucks
and looked more like a hunk of mud than a live boy
fourteen years old. He came across the river with the
others, and after a brief look around the depot he walked
up to a hackman and said:

"Old boy, I'm right from Jersey City, with nothing to eat for two hull days and not a red in my pocket. I'm game, I am. Lend me a quarter and I'll make it a dollar before noon."

"I don't know you," replied the hackman.

"Nor I you, but that's all right. A man who won't lend a live boy a quarter to get a start in life is no man at all. Come, what d'ye say?"

He got the money, and, walking up to a boot-black who stood shivering in the cool air, he said :

"Boy, you'll never make a shiner in the world. Your forte is landscape painting or counting bank-notes. I'll gin ye a quarter for yer kit, and if ye ever want money for a pint of peanuts call on me."

It was a trade. There was a new box of blacking and a pretty fair brush, and the new boy no sooner had the box under his arm that he cried out in a wonderfully shrill voice :

"Come and see me! Come and be shone by a chap who kin make yer butes look nicer in two minits than a slouch could in four days. Hold out yer feet an' gin me a chance to lay the corner-stone of a fortune—and don't you forget it!"

He secured five "blacks" as fast as he could work, and in twenty minutes he had paid back the quarter. In half an hour he was fifteen cents ahead, and then he rubbed his aching arms and said :

"I've got to drop sunthin' down for my stomach to lay hold on, and then I'll come out and make the fur fly. It'll take me two hours yet to get limbered up and feel like a buzz-saw run by chain lightning, but when I do git to work in earnest I shall use up a brush every nine minits all day long."

After he had procured a cheap breakfast at a restaurant he found himself confronted by four or five boot-blacks, who looked as if they had planned to give him the bounce.

"Morning, gents," said the new boy as he looked from one to the other. "No use giving me any copperas, my beauties, for I've struck this town to stay. I'm right on the black. I'd rather black butes, but I kin black eyes if I'm forced to. I'm a Keeley motor—only more so. I strike, kick, bite, and pull hair all at one motion, and it takes three policemen to pull me away from the mangled remains of my victims."

The boys consulted together and concluded not to tackle him, and in five minutes more they were giving him their friendship. He led them back to the depot, stood them in line, and said:

"Now, slouches, you stick by me and I'll stick by you. This town hain't never bin half worked, and I know it. Down East we all thought you used dish-water and stove-blackening instead of shoe-polish. Re-press your emotion a few minutes and see me tear myself all to flinders."

The new boy moved around like a top, worked like a pony engine, talked like a candidate, and made twenty cents in about ten minutes. Putting the "chink" down into his old vest pocket, he swung his box over his shoulder, and remarked:

"Sixty cents afore ten o'clock of the first day is good 'nuff. Now I want to go up-town, see the streets, study architecture, steal me a dog, and this afternoon I'll feel as if I was born here and had been in jail half a dozen times. Ta-ta, children; don't spend your money for taffy while I'm gone!"

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

THE GRAND OLD DAY.

By permission of the "Ladies' Home Journal."

IT is coming—it is coming—be the weather dark or fair—

See the joy upon the faces—feel the blessings in the air!
Get the dining-chamber ready—let the kitchen stove be filled—

Into gold-dust pound the pumpkins—have the fatted turkeys killed;

Tie the chickens in a bundle by their downy yellow legs—

Hunt the barn, with hay upholstered, for the ivory-prisoned eggs;

'Tis the next of a procession through the centuries on its way;

Get a thorough welcome ready for the Grand Old Day!

And we first will go to meeting; where the parson we shall hear

Pack in gilded words the blessings that have gathered through the year;

And the choir will yield an anthem, full of unencumbered might,

That their stomachs would not hear of, if they waited until night;

Olden people will sit musing of Thanksgiving mornings fled—

Younger people will sit hoping for Thanksgiving days ahead.

But they'll join in silent chorus when the preacher comes to pray;

For we all must be religious, on the Grand Old Day!

Then I hear the kindly racket, and the traffic of old
news,
Of a meeting after meeting, 'mid the porches and the
pews;
They will tell each other blessings that are fondled o'er
and prized—
They will tell each other blessings by affliction well dis-
guised.
For the health that is a fortune, and the harvest full of
gold,
Side by side with destitution and rheumatics shall be
told;
And we'll hope that many foemen to each other's side
may stray,
For the world should all be friendly, on the Grand Old
Day!

Come to dinner!—we are coming, we are coming, fat
and spare!
Smell the sweet and savory music of the odors in the air!
Hear the dishes pet each other with a soft and gentle
clash!
Feel the snow of loaflets broken—see the table-sabres
flash!
Let our palates climb the gamut of delight-producing
taste—
Our interiors feel the pressure of provisions snugly
placed;
Full of thanks and full of praises, full of conversation
gay—
Full of everything congenial, on the Grand Old Day!
Ah! the poor and sick and sorrowing! To our glad
hearts be it known,

That God never gave a blessing to be clenched and held
alone;
Here are brothers, here are sisters, all entitled to their
share;
We shall always have them with us—He hath put them
in our care!
You who clutch at every mercy, and devote it to your-
selves,
You are setting heavy treasures on the weakest kind of
shelves.
You who take the wares of heaven and divide them
while you may
Will behold their value doubled on some Grand Old
Day!

They are coming! They are coming! Let the breezes
lisp the tale,
Let the mountains look and see them on the century's
upward trail!
Let the valleys smile their blandest, and the lakes their
parents greet,
As their rivers seek the oceans with their silver-slippered
feet!
Let all pleasures be more pleasant—let all griefs with
help be nerved,
Let all blessings praise their sources, with the thanks
that are deserved!
Every spirit should look heavenward—every heart
should tribute pay,
To the Soul of souls that treats us to the Grand Old
Day!

WILL CARLETON.

THE SPIRITS OF FIRE.

A FAIRY STORY.

From "A Bachelor's Wedding Trip." By permission of the Author.

LONG, long ago—millions of years ago—no one lived on the earth but the Spirits of Fire. They rode on the long tongues of flame that shot far up into the sky, and danced on the fiery waves of melted rock, and laughed when the white-hot spray dashed over them.

There were two kinds of Spirits of Fire—the Red and the White. The Red Spirits were ruled by their King, and the White Spirits by their Queen: and the King of the Red Spirits fell in love with the Queen of the White Spirits, and she with him, and they were married. Then what rejoicing there was—for before that time the Red and White Spirits had not always been very friendly. For the White Spirits had insisted on keeping the very hottest places for themselves—for wherever it was hottest, there the Spirits of Fire loved best to be—and had driven the Red Spirits out where it was colder; so that there had been a great deal of quarrelling between the two. But now that the King and Queen were married, every one hoped that the old differences would be settled, and all live together in harmony. And so they did for many years.

In process of time two sons were born to them, and each of the boys was red on one side and white on the other, except that both of the arms of one were red, and both of the arms of the other white. So they were called Red Arms and White Arms; and the Red Spirits claimed that Red Arms belonged more to them, and the White Spirits that White Arms belonged more to them;

but the King and the Queen said that they both belonged to the whole nation.

When they were pretty well grown up—that is, when they were about twenty thousand years old—there came one day a messenger from the Sun, riding on a shaft of light, who said that the good King and Queen must come home. For that was the way the Spirits of Fire died, or rather left the earth; the Sun, the great parent of the Earth and King Supreme of all the Spirits of Fire on it, sent his messengers for them when he wanted them, and they never came back again, but lived happily in his great Kingdom of White Light forever.

So the King and Queen called all their subjects together, and bade them good-bye, and placed their crowns on the heads of their two sons, and appointed them joint rulers over the whole nation. Then they joyfully sat on the shaft of light with the Sun's messenger; and in an instant they were gone, and were seen no more.

For awhile all went well. Red Arms and White Arms ruled lovingly together, and the nation was happy. But after a time both Red Arms and White Arms fell in love with a beautiful Red Spirit, whose hair was like a waving, red flame, and whose whole person glowed like a live coal, and whose lovely, smiling face shone with the softest golden light imaginable. Each tried to win her heart and her hand, but she could not make up her mind. The matter became the talk of the entire nation, the Red Spirits saying that she ought to marry Red Arms, while the White Spirits said that White Arms ought to have her, and so the nation was divided. Every day she was urged by one side or the other to make her choice; until at last she discovered that

she really loved Red Arms the best, and the very next time he came to urge her to marry him she said yes, and then Red Arms was happy indeed. But White Arms was in despair, and he vowed he would be revenged.

The wedding was a grand affair. All the Red Spirits came; and the oldest Red Spirit stood on a great billow of fire, and blessed the pair as they knelt before him, and pronounced them husband and wife. Then there was dancing on the sea of fire, and wild races on the flying tongues of flame, and every one was happy. But the White Spirits stayed away.

Red Arms and his wife chose for their home a great island in the sea of fire, and there they established their court, and the Red Spirits came and lived near them. But White Arms held his court in a white-hot valley on the other side of the earth, and there the White Spirits came. And day by day he brooded over his disappointment, until he was beside himself with rage. Then he determined that he would take the revenge he had sworn to have; and the White Spirits said they would help him. So they dug a hole clear through the earth to underneath Red Arms' island, and put in the bottom of it a great quantity of the most explosive gas known, and filled up the hole on their side. Soon the heat of the earth made the gas expand, and it expanded more and more. Till at last, one day, when Red Arms had given a grand ball on his island, to which all the Red Spirits were invited, the gas blew up, and blew the island, with Red Arms and his wife and all the Red Spirits on it, away up into the air, and it never stopped until it was two hundred and fifty thousand miles away from the earth; and there it became a little world all by itself, and commenced to revolve around the earth.

Now, as you know, Space is intensely cold. And as time went on, this little world of the Red Spirits—which we will call, for the present, the Red World—began to shrink, and grow more and more solid, and smaller and smaller, in the cold. And as the Sun saw that his Spirits of Fire were unhappy in the increasing cold, he sent his messengers for them, one after the other, as he had done for the King and Queen, and brought them home to him. But Red Arms and his wife would not go, but preferred to remain alone upon their little world.

More and more their Red World shrank in the cold of Space, until there was not even room for them to stand, for the Spirits of Fire were very large. So their bodies shrank into their Red World, and became a part of it, until there was nothing left of them but their heads, side by side, which became so cold that they couldn't shrink any more. But still Red Arms and his wife were together. Then he turned his face away from the earth, for he couldn't bear to look upon it, but she kept hers toward it to see what was going on—and there they are to this day. And we call them the Moon, and the face we see in the moon is the face of Red Arms' wife looking down upon us, glowing with that soft, golden light that makes the heart of every lover upon the earth happy—for she loves Red Arms.

CHARLES POMEROY SHERMAN.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

By permission of the Publisher, F. T. Neely.

O THE Man in the Moon has a crick in his back;
Whee!

Whimm!

Ain't you sorry for him?

And a mole on his nose that is purple and black;
And his eyes are so weak that they water and run
If he dares to dream even he looks at the sun,—
So he just dreams of stars as the doctors advise—

My!

Eyes!

But isn't he wise—

To just dream of stars, as the doctors advise?

And The Man in the Moon has a boil on his ear—

Whee!

Whing!

What a singular thing!

I know; but these facts are authentic, my dear,
There's a boil on his ear, and a corn on his chin—
He calls it a dimple,—but dimples stick in—
Yet it might be a dimple turned over, you know;

Whang!

Ho!

Why, certainly so!—

It might be a dimple turned over, you know!

And The Man in the Moon has a rheumatic knee—

Gee!

Whizz!

What a pity that is!

And his toes have worked round where his heels ought
to be.

So whenever he wants to go North he goes South,
And comes back with porridge-crumbs all round his
mouth,

And he brushes them off with a Japanese fan,
Whing!

Whann!

What a marvelous man!

What a very remarkably marvelous man!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

SOMETHING GREAT

THE trial was ended—the vigil past;
All clad in his arms was the knight at last,
The goodliest knight in the whole wide land,
With face that shone with a purpose grand.
The king looked on him with gracious eyes,
And said: “He is meet for some high *emprise*.”
To himself he thought: “I will conquer fate.
I will surely die or do something great.”

So from the palace he rode away;
There was trouble and need in the town that day;
A child had strayed from his mother's side
Into the woodland dark and wide.
“Help!” cried the mother with sorrow wild—
“Help me, Sir Knight, to seek my child!
The hungry wolves in the forest roam;
Help me to bring my lost one home!”

He shook her hand from his bridle rein:
"Alas! poor mother, you ask in vain.
Some meaner succor will do, maybe,
Some squire or varlet of low degree.
There are mighty wrongs in the world to right;
I keep my sword for a noble fight.
I am sad at heart for your baby's fate,
But I ride in haste to do something great."

One wintry night when the sun was set,
A blind old man by the way he met:
"Now, good Sir Knight, for Our Lady's sake,
On the sightless wanderer pity take!
The wind blows cold, and the sun is down;
Lead me, I pray, till I reach the town."
"Nay," said the knight; "I cannot wait;
I ride in haste to do something great."

So on he rode in his armor bright,
His sword all keen for the longed-for fight.
"Laugh with us—laugh!" cried the merry crowd.
"Oh! weep!" wailed others with sorrow bowed.
"Help us!" the weak and weary prayed,
But for joy, nor grief, nor need he stayed.
And the years rolled on, and his eyes grew dim,
And he died—and none made moan for him.

He missed the good that he might have done,
He missed the blessings he might have won.
Seeking some glorious task to find,
His eyes to all humbler work were blind.

He that is faithful in that which is least
Is bidden to sit at the heavenly feast.
Yet men and women lament their fate,
If they be not called to do something great.
FLORENCE TYLER.

OPPORTUNITIES OF THE SCHOLAR.

From "Henry W. Grady, His Life, Writings, and Speeches." Permission
of Cassell Publishing Co.

WE are standing in the daybreak of the second century of this Republic. The fixed stars are fading from the sky, and we grope in uncertain light. Strange shapes have come with the night. Established ways are lost—new roads perplex, and widening fields stretch beyond the sight. The unrest of dawn impels us to and fro—but Doubt stalks amid the confusion, and even on the beaten paths the shifting crowds are halted, and from the shadows the sentries cry: "Who comes there?" In the obscurity of the morning tremendous forces are at work. Nothing is steadfast or approved. The miracles of the present belie the simple truths of the past. The Church is besieged from without and betrayed from within. Behind the courts smolders the rioter's torch and looms the gibbet of the anarchists. Government is the contention of partisans and the prey of spoilsmen. Trade is restless in the grasp of monopoly, and commerce shackled with limitation. The cities are swollen and the fields are stripped. Splendor streams from the castle, and squalor crouches in the home. The universal brotherhood is dissolving, and the people are huddling into classes. The hiss of the Nihilist disturbs

the covert, and the roar of the mob murmurs along the highway. Amid it all beats the great American heart undismayed, and standing fast by the challenge of his conscience, the citizen of the Republic, tranquil and resolute, notes the drifting of the spectral currents, and calmly awaits the full disclosures of the day.

Who shall be the heralds of this coming day? Who shall thread the way of honor and safety through these besetting problems? Who shall rally the people to the defense of their liberties, and stir them until they shall cry aloud to be led against the enemies of the Republic? You, my countrymen, you! The university is the training camp of the future. The scholar the champion of the coming years. Napoleon overran Europe with drum-tap and bivouac—the next Napoleon shall form his battalions at the tap of the school-house bell, and his captains shall come with cap and gown. Waterloo was won at Oxford—Sedan at Berlin. So Germany plants her colleges in the shadow of the French forts, and the professor smiles amid his students as he notes the sentinel stalking against the sky. The farmer has learned that brains mix better with his soil than the waste of sea-birds, and the professor walks by his side as he spreads the showers in the verdure of his field, and locks the sunshine in the glory of his harvest. A button is pressed by a child's finger and the work of a million men is done. The hand is nothing—the brain everything. Physical prowess has had its day, and the age of reason has come. The lion-hearted Richard challenging Saladin to single combat is absurd, for even Gog and Magog shall wage the Armageddon from their closets and look not upon the blood that runs to the bridle-bit. Science is everything! She butchers a hog

in Chicago, draws Boston within three hours of New York, renews the famished soil, routs her viewless bondsmen from the electric centre of the earth, and then turns to watch the new Icarus, as mounting in his flight to the sun, he darkens the burnished ceiling of the sky with the shadow of his wing.

Learning is supreme, and you are its prophets. Here the Olympic games of the Republic—and you its chosen athletes. It is yours, then, to grapple with these problems, to confront and master these dangers. Yours to decide whether the tremendous forces of this Republic shall be kept in balance, or, whether unbalanced they shall bring chaos; whether 60,000,000 men are capable of self-government, or whether liberty shall be lost to them who would give their lives to maintain it. Your responsibility is appalling. You stand in the pass behind which the world's liberties are guarded. This government carries the hopes of the human race. Blot out the beacon that lights the portals of this Republic and the world is adrift again. But save the Republic; establish the light of its beacon over the troubled waters, and one by one the nations of the earth shall drop anchor and be at rest in the harbor of universal liberty.

A NEW SERIES OF CENSUS QUESTIONS.

UNCLE SAM has omitted from his census questions a great many queries on which information would be interesting, if not valuable.

Here are a few which might be added to the list:

Do you part your hair in the middle?

Do you favor the League or the Brotherhood?

How much did your false teeth cost ?
 Did you pay cash for them, or buy them on the installment plan ?
 Are you addicted to the piano habit ?
 Do you favor a revision of the creed ?
 Are you a lawyer or only an attorney ?
 Are you a journalist or merely a newspaper man ?
 Did you ever write poetry ?
 Who do you think wrote " Beautiful Snow " ?
 Were you ever kicked by a mule ?
 Do you buy your chewing tobacco or beg it ?
 Have you read " Robert Elsmere " ?
 When can you pay that little bill ?
 Can you swim ?
 Are you any relation to Daniel McGinty ?
 Have you fifteen dollars in your inside pocket ?
 What do you do for corns ?
 What size collar do you wear ?
 Where did you get that hat ?
 Do you speak as you pass pie ?
 Do you smoke cigarettes ?
 Do you think the Keely motor will ever mote ?
 Do you wear a hyphen in your name ?
 If single why are you not married ?
 How many times have you been refused ?
 Were you ever guilty of running for the Legislature ?
 Would you rather be hanged for it, or electrocuted ?
 Do you take water in yours ?
 Are you on the speak-easy list ?
 Were you ever bald-headed ?
 If so, were you born that way, or did you acquire the habit ?

Are you a Prohibitionist?
If so, what will you take?
At what age did your first child cut his (or her) first
tooth?
Are you a useful member of society, or merely orna-
mental?
Did you ever borrow an umbrella?
Did you return it? (N. B.—This is an unnecessary
question, but let it go.)
Are your feet mates?
Do you know beans?

AFTER THE WEDDING.

ALL alone in my room at last—
I wonder how far they have traveled now;
They'll be very far when the night is past—
And so would I, if I knew but how.
How lovely she looked in her wreath and dress,
She is queenlier far than the village girls;
There were roses, too, in her wreath, I guess.
'Twas they made the crimson among her curls.
She is good as beautiful, too, they say,
Her heart is gentle as any dove's;
She'll be all that she can to him always—
(Dear, I am tearing my new white gloves!)
How calm she is with her saint-like face,
Her eyes are violet—mine are blue—
(How careless I am with my mother's lace!)
Her hands are white, and softer, too.
They've gone to the city beyond the hill,
They must never come back to this place again;

I'm almost afraid to be here so still—

I wish it would thunder and lighten and rain.

Oh! no! for some may not be abed;

Some few, perhaps, may be out to-night;

I hope that the moon may come out instead,

And heaven be starry and earth be light.

It's only a summer since she's been here,

It's been my home for seventeen years;

But her name is a testament, far and near,

And the poor have embalmed it in priceless tears.

I remember the day when another came—

(There, at last I've tied my hair!)

Her curls and mine are nearly the same,

But hers are longer and mine less fair.

They're going across the sea, I know;

Across the ocean—will that be far?

(Did I have my comb a moment ago?

I seem to forget where my things all are.)

When ships are wrecked do people drown?

Is there never a boat to save the crew?

Poor ships! If ever my ship goes down

I'll want a grave in the ocean, too.

Good-night, good-night! It is striking one.

Good-night to bride and good-night to groom!

The light of my candle is almost done—

(How I wish that my bed were in mother's room.)

How calm it looks in the midnight shade!

Those curtains were hung there clean to-day;

They're almost too white for me, I'm afraid—

Perhaps I may be soon as white as they.

Dark—all dark—for the light is dead;

Father in Heaven, may I have rest!

One hour of sleep for my aching head—
For this aching heart in my poor, poor breast
For his sweet sake do I kneel and pray :
O God ! protect him from every ill,
And make her worthier every day—
The older, the purer, the lovelier still.
(There, I knew I was going to cry !)
I have kept the tears in my soul too long.
Oh ! let me say it, or I shall die !
As Heaven is witness I mean no wrong.
He never shall hear from this secret room
He never shall know in the after years
How seventeen summers of happy bloom
Fell dead one night in a moment of tears.
I love him more than she understands,
For him I loaded my soul with truth ;
For him I am kneeling with outstretched hands
To lay at his feet my shattered youth.
I love, I adore him just the same,
More than father, or mother, or life ;
My hope of hopes to bear his name,
My heaven of heavens to be his wife.
His wife ! Oh ! name that the angels breathe,
Let it not crimson my cheek with shame !
It is her name, her word to wreath
In the princely heart from whose blood it came
Oh ! hush ! Again I behold them stand,
As they stood to-night, by the chancel wall ;
I see him take her white-gloved hand,
I hear his voice in a whisper fall.
I see the minister's silver hair,
I see them kneel at the altar-stone ;

I see them rise when the prayer is o'er—
He has taken their hands and made them one.
The fathers and mothers are standing near,
The friends are pressing to kiss the bride—
One of those kisses had birthplace here,
The dew of her lips is not yet dried.
His lips have touched hers before to-night—
Then I have a grain of his to keep;
This midnight darkness is flecked with light,
Some angel is singing my soul to sleep.
He knows full well why many a knave
So close to his lady's lips should swim;
God only knows that the kiss I gave
Was set in her mouth to give to him.

WILLIAM L. KEESE.

THE HOME IN THE GOVERNMENT.

From "Henry W. Grady, His Life, Writings, and Speeches." Permission
of Cassell Publishing Co.

A FEW Sundays ago I stood on a hill in Washington. My heart thrilled as I looked on the towering marble of my country's Capitol, and a mist gathered in my eyes as, standing there, I thought of its tremendous significance and the powers there assembled, and the responsibilities there centered—its president, its congress, its courts, its gathered treasure, its army, its navy, and its 60,000,000 of citizens. It seemed to me the best and mightiest sight that the sun could find in its wheeling course—this majestic home of a Republic that has taught the world its best lessons of liberty—and I felt

that if wisdom and justice and honor abided therein, the world would stand indebted to this temple on which my eyes rested, and in which the ark of my covenant was lodged for its final uplifting and regeneration.

A few days later I visited a country home. A modest, quiet house sheltered by great trees and set in a circle of field and meadow, gracious with the promise of harvest—barns and cribs well filled and the old smoke-house odorous with treasure—the fragrance of pink and hollyhock mingling with the aroma of garden and orchard, and resonant with the hum of bees and poultry's busy clucking—inside the house, thrift, comfort, and that cleanliness that is next to godliness—the restful beds, the open fireplace, the books and papers, and the old clock that had held its steadfast pace amid the frolic of weddings, that had welcomed in steady measure the new-born babes of the family, and kept company with the watchers of the sick bed, and had ticked the solemn requiem of the dead; and the well-worn Bible that, thumbed by fingers long since stilled, and blurred with tears of eyes long since closed, held the simple annals of the family, and the heart and conscience of the home. Outside stood the master, strong and wholesome and upright; wearing no man's collar; with no mortgage on his roof, and no lien on his ripening harvest; pitching his crops in his own wisdom, and selling them in his own time in his chosen market; master of his lands and master of himself. Near by stood his aged father, happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to the house the old man's hand rested on the young man's shoulder, touching it with the knighthood of the fourth commandment, and laying there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and grateful father. As they

As I drew near the door the old mother appeared ; the sunset falling on her face, softening its wrinkles and its tenderness, lighting up her patient eyes, and the rich music of her heart trembling on her lips, as in simple phrase she welcomed her husband and son to their home. Beyond was the good wife, true of touch and tender, happy amid her household cares, clean of heart and conscience, the helpmate and the buckler of her husband. And the children, strong and sturdy, trooping down the lane with the lowing herd, or weary of simple sport, seeking, as truant birds do, the quiet of the old home nest. And I saw the night descend on that home, falling gently as from the wings of the unseen dove. And the stars swarmed in the bending skies—the trees thrilled with the cricket's cry—the restless bird called from the neighboring wood—and the father, a simple man of God, gathering the family about him, read from the Bible the old, old story of love and faith, and then went down in prayer, the baby hidden amid the folds of its mother's dress, and closed the record of that simple day by calling down the benediction of God on the family and the home.

And as I gazed the memory of the great Capitol faded from my brain. Forgotten its treasure and its splendor. And I said, "Surely here—here in the homes of the people is lodged the ark of the covenant of my country. Here is its majesty and its strength. Here the beginning of its power and the end of its responsibility." The homes of the people ; let us keep them pure and independent, and all will be well with the Republic. Here is the lesson our foes may learn—here is work the humblest and weakest hands may do. Let us in simple thrift and economy make our homes independent. Let

us in frugal industry make them self-sustaining. In sacrifice and denial let us keep them free from debt and obligation. Let us make them homes of refinement in which we shall teach our daughters that modesty and patience and gentleness are the charms of woman. Let us make them temples of liberty, and teach our sons that an honest conscience is every man's first political law. That his sovereignty rests beneath his hat, and that no splendor can rob him and no force justify the surrender of the simplest right of a free and independent citizen. And above all, let us honor God in our homes—anchor them close in His love. Build His altars above our hearthstones, uphold them in the set and simple faith of our fathers and crown them with the Bible—that book of books in which all the ways of life are made straight and the mystery of death is made plain. The home is the source of our national life. Back of the national Capitol and above it stands the home. Back of the President and above him stands the citizen. What the home is, this and nothing else will the Capitol be. What the citizen wills, this and nothing else will the President be.

A BAD BOY'S DIARY.

YOU never saw such a fuss in your life as there has bin in our house the last few days. P'raps I can ride a horse in a circus ring, but I've abandoned the attempt to be a magishun. It looks esy when he's a doing of it, but when you come to try it yourself you're disappointed. The night after pa took me to Herman's sho I thought I'd have a sho myself.

Lotty Sears an' 2 uther girls wus in to spend the evenin' with my sisters. I went in cook's pantry, and took a duzzen eggs. There wus a young man come with Lotty Sears, a more reg'lar swell you never see. I got the eggs an' then I wanted a hat like Herman used, so I took his'n off the hat-rack in the hall—it wus a shiny beaver hat, the latest thing in hats. I smashed the eggs up in the back parlor an' fixed my things so I could pla' I wus a wizzurd an' then I sez:

“Folks, won't you come to my exbishun? I'm a presty-digtater!”

They all laffed, an' come in. I took up the hat and shook it, an' said:

“Ladies an' gentlemen, this is the egg trick.”

They looked in an' seen the eggs all in a jelly. The young man he didn't think at first, so he smiled like anything.

“Now you see it,” sez I.

“Yes,” sez they.

“Now you don't,” sez I.

Then I shook 'em an' did what the wizzurd did, but the plagy eggs wouldn't come together agane. I had to give it up. The swell he laffed fit to kill, but wen I said I wus sorry his hat wus in such a sticky mess, whot would he wear home? he got serus very quick, his face got about three feet long, he looked as if he'd like to eat me. Bess clered me out the room. Sue said she'd tell my father, an' so it goes—a innocent little boy can't do the leste thing 'thout he's scolded an' banged round. Offen an' offen I have wisht I was a injy-rubber boy.

The next day I thought I'd have a sho out to the stable. I put my prices down to 1 cent; all the boys come in. I had mamma's gold watch—I got it out of

her buro drawer wen she was eting dinner—an' cook's mortar an' pestle, that she pounds almonds an' crowkets in. I sed:

"Will enny lady lend me her gold watch?" (like I heard Herman ask) an' Johnny, as he agreed 'cause I let him come in for nothin', he said:

"I'll lend you mine," and he gives me over mamma's watch, wot I'd put in his pocket for that purpose, so I pounded it all up.

It was awful hard to smash—only the cristel, that broke easy. I had to take a stone at last. I said:

"You see the watch is all banged up."

They hollered "Yes."

I took it and held it behind my back a minit, an' then I let 'em see the watch agane. I was in a fright when I saw it was just the same, an' wouldn't go back nice like it was.

The boys were scart, too, so we hid it in the manger, so the folks would think that Prince—that's our horse—had got it out the buro drawer and chewed it up.

"You ain't swollered the sord," yelled little Bill Brown. I said I hadn't got a sord to swoller.

"Won't a jack-knife do as well?" ast Bob Smith.

I said I'd try. Then he opened his big jack-knife an' lent it to me.

I tried to swoller it, but I choked perfectly dredful—the blood came out my mouth—so Bill he hollered:

"Give it up. You ain't no presty-digtater worth a fig."

All the boys said I'd given 'em away, I must pay back their cents. So I did, an' my tung hurt awful—swelled up like ennything. I was as mad as a hornet 'cause they talked so, so I went into the house.

I didn't feel very good the rest of the afternoon. I felt kind of sorry, too, about mamma's watch.

When wewus at tea, an' I dipping my cake in my tea, 'cause my tung was sore, in comes Sam rite in dining-room—he's our man—with cook and Betty, he a-holdin' up the watch. Ev'ry one the folks looked at it, then looked at me. Wot made 'em?

"I found it in the manger," gasped Sam, giving it to mamma.

"How came you with it?" ast my father, so sturnly that I began to shake.

But let me drop the curtain on the haroing scene, as they says in the storys. I will not polute the pages with what happened nex. Suffishunt be it to remark that for the following week my one grate thought was, "Oh, how I wish I was a Edison, so I could get out a patent for making injy-rubber little boys." When I gro up and have a family, I don't mean to punish 'em for what they didn't mean to do. Such unjustness is enuff to make a boy pack up his niteshirt an' his tooth-brush an' run away an' live with the injuns. Why don't they go an' buy another watch? There's plenty down to Mr. Goldsmith's julery store, 'stid of making such a fuss 'bout that.

NEW YORK WEEKLY.

NAMING THE BABY.

SEVEN years had we been married,
When this wee baby-boy
Came first to claim his share of love,
And bring his share of joy.

I remember I was sitting
In the twilight, cool and gray,
And waiting for my husband.
He was three weeks old, that day.

(The baby, not the husband,
Was three weeks old, you know),
And soon I saw him coming,
And he kissed us, bending low.
The husband—not the baby—
Bent and kissed us where we sat;
And I said, "This boy must have a name,
John, what do you think of that?"

"Of course," he answered, promptly,
"The child must have a name;
Do you know that I've been thinking,
All day, the very same?"
"Well, then, why don't you name him,"
I asked, and he replied,
"Oh, you can name him—suit yourself,
And I'll be satisfied."

With sudden breath of fervor,
And patriotic thrill,
I said, "Let's name him Sheridan,
And call him Little Phil."
"Well! yes! Perhaps!" John doubtful said,
And a frown crept in between
His quiet brows, "But then you know,
It makes a man feel mean

"To think he's named a baby for
Some public puppet, who,

Before the world turns over,
May fall completely through."
Now brave-eyed, keen Phil Sheridan
Was quite my hero then,
I did not like to hear him classed
With common public men.

However, naming the baby was
The work to do that night;
So I said, "I'd call him Willie,
If I only thought I might."
"Pshaw! Willie! That's too common,"
John instantly replied.
"Well, what do you think of Herman?"
"It's rather dignified!"

"And how do you like Augustine?"
"Augustine! That sounds weak."
"Well, Moses! There!" indignantly;
"No, love, that's quite too meek."
"Then name him for yourself, you, John,
I'll promise to agree;
But I'll not suggest another name;
You find such fault with me."

"Oh, don't be nervous, wife,"
John said, and stooped to give
The baby's face a little pinch:
"I guess this boy will live
A few days more without a name;
I leave it all to you;
Just please yourself with anything,
And I'll be suited too."

Then off he went to brush his hair,
And whistled "Nellie Bly,"
While I bent over baby,
And had a little cry.
But when I spoke about a name,
'Twas always, "Please yourself."
Until the child was three months old ;
Poor, nameless little elf.

Then I was quite disgusted ;
And, so, one night I said,
While dreaming o'er my treasure,
And fixing him for bed,
"My pretty babe shall have a name
Before this night is gone ;
Now just to plague your papa,
I'm going to call you John.

"I know it is a homely name,
And it needs no witch to tell,
That for any sound of loving,
I might call you "boy" as well ;
But you see 'twill make him angry,
Or at least he'll be ashamed ;
And, then, before you know it, sir,
We'll have the baby named."

So, then, a moment later,
I checked a yawn to say,
"Here, husband, do take little John,
He's been so cross to-day."
Oh, what a flood of happy pride
And tenderness and joy
Lit up that fellow's features, as
He gazed upon his boy.

"Well! well! You're going to call him John;
That's sensible, I'm sure;
Look up here, little woman,
What makes you so demure?
John, Jr., has a solid sound,
And, then, you know, I knew
If you would only please yourself,
I should be suited too."

How could I crush such vanity,
By telling him my jest?
Or hinting that his name was not
The sweetest and the best
That ever graced a baby's brow,
Like coronal of fame;
And after all I questioned
Of myself, "What's in a name?"

And so I gave the matter up
And so the time ran on,
And so my husband thinks, I think,
I named that baby John.

LITTLE CHARLIE'S CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS EVE! What magic there is in the
very sound of those two words! The eve of that
beautiful festival so dear to every heart. The old and
young alike hail it as a dear friend, whose very presence
brings peace and good-will to every one. At least this
ought to be the case; but it isn't always.

Eva Murray stood before the long glass in her dress-

ing-room, bright and radiant in her shining evening dress. It is Christmas Eve. With a happy, satisfied smile on her beautiful face, she nods back to the matchless figure reflected in the mirror.

"So you really intend going to Mrs. Stuart's to-night, Eva?" her husband inquired, entering the room at that moment.

"Yes, Charlie; you surely would not have me remain stupidly here at home," she returned, clasping a glittering bracelet on her rounded arm.

"But it is Christmas Eve, darling, and—"

"And you would rather keep me cooped up here than go where you know I will enjoy myself," she pouted, crossly. "But I am determined to go, and I think you very foolish not to go yourself."

"But, Eva, how little like Christmas time this is, to little Charlie. I don't believe that you have seen him to-day."

"No; I was out all the morning, and have been lying down this afternoon to be rested for the evening."

"But, Eva, has he no Christmas presents, poor little fellow?"

"Yes; I told Elsie to fill his stockings with candy and toys. I really don't think he wishes for anything else. If so, I thought you would supply all his fancies. You men know so well what to get for boys."

She handed him her soft white cloak and gloves to hold.

"Let the carriage come for me at two, Charlie. I suppose you will be 'tucked all snug in your bed, while visions of sugar plums dance through your head' by that time."

The beautiful lips parted in a rich smile.

"Come and say good-night to Charlie before you go, Eva. He is not well to-night. I think he has caught a dreadful cold, and I shall remain with him until he falls asleep."

"Very well."

She rustled past him into the beautiful nursery on the other side of the hall. Lying back on his pillows, his face flushed and feverish, and the blue eyes strangely bright, was little Charlie, their only child.

"How beautiful you are, mamma!" he cried, extending his dimpled arms to her.

"Good-night, Charlie; go to sleep soon like a good boy," and she stooped and kissed the tiny flushed face, never pausing to note how hot and feverish it was.

"Good-night, mamma;" and he put one small hand over his quivering lips that she might not notice that they did tremble in the childish disappointment.

Eva Murray passed down-stairs, and was put into the carriage by her husband and drove rapidly away to the gay throng at Mrs. Stuart's Christmas Eve party. Her husband turned slowly back into the house to take his seat again at his child's bedside. One glance showed him that Charlie had been weeping, and placing his hand on the mass of curls that crowned the tiny head, he inquired: "What has my little boy been crying for?"

"I did not mean to, papa; only I wanted to see mamma some more this evening. Elsie has been telling me about all the little boys and their mammas and their Christmas-trees; and I wanted them, too, papa, oh! so much," he sobbed, clinging to his father, who was leaning over him.

"You shall have a tree, Charlie, and everything that you wish on it."

"Even mamma?"

"Can't I be mamma, Charlie?"

"O papa! you are so good to me; but I should like to have a mamma like the other little boys;" and he cried again in his childish, sorrowing way.

"Shall I tell you a story, Charlie?" said the father, hoping to soothe the sorrow that he felt unable to lessen.

"Will it be about Christmas and the angels, papa?"

"Yes, Charlie;" and the strong man took the little fellow in his arms.

"Let me sit on your knee, papa, for my head aches very much."

He wrapped the child in a warm, soft shawl and took him into his lap. Leaning his cheek against the soft baby curls, Mr. Murray told his little listener the story of that first Christmas when the Father sent His only begotten Son into the world as a gift to men which should last for all time; and how the angels sang of peace and good-will to the shepherds as they were watching their flocks on the plains of Judea; how in all the world there was indeed peace and love among all men.

"Did the angels really say that to the shepherds, papa?"

"Yes, darling."

"Papa, I saw the angels last night."

"What do you mean, Charlie?"

"When I was asleep, papa, they came and stood just here by my bed. I was so lonely when I went to sleep, for Elsie was out, and my head hurt me so much." The little hand was passed slowly across the aching eyes.

"Does it hurt you now, Charlie?"

"Yes, papa, I hurt all over, and I am so hot and tired."

Poor little Charlie! The angels were very near to you then—so near that the kind faces almost touched yours as they bent above you.

"Papa, do little boys ever die and go away to the little Child that came down from heaven on that Christmas night that you have been telling me about?"

The strong arms clasped his child closer.

"Papa, if you would not feel very hurt, I would like to go and be with that kind Father who sent His Son to love us. And, papa, you could come too, after awhile, for God knows how much we love each other, and He would not keep you away from me very long."

"But I can't spare you, my little treasure." The man's voice trembled.

"But my head hurts here, and it will stop there, you know, papa; but oh! I love you so much;" and the tiny arms wound themselves lovingly around the father's neck.

"Dear little Charlie," murmured Mr. Murray, as the hot cheek pressed against his. "Are you very tired, my boy?"

"Very, very, papa." The angel wings folded silently—they were quietly waiting now. "If I go away before to-morrow tell mamma that I love her very dearly."

Little Charlie dropped into a fitful, feverish sleep. The father watched by his bedside. Strange thoughts crowded his mind, and his heart was full of anxious forebodings. A solemn stillness settled over the room; throughout the house an oppressive silence reigned.

Somehow, unconsciously, the brief years of his wedded life passed in review, and then all the great love of his noble, generous heart welled up in his soul, and seemed to centre in the dear boy who lay asleep before him,

and whose strange words he could not drive from his mind.

In the cold Christmas dawn Eva Murray came home.

She paused as she was passing the nursery, for distinctly she heard the tones of little Charlie's voice. Entering noiselessly, she stood at the foot of the bed. Leaning over it was the form of her husband.

"The angel has come! See, papa; it is standing at the foot of my bed. And oh! it looks just like mamma! Dear mamma!" cried the child, extending his waxen arms to the beautiful woman.

With a low cry she caught the child to her bosom.

"My little darling, it is no angel, but mamma; your own mamma come home to you to be as she should have been always."

"Mamma! mamma! O papa! mamma has come home to me! I am so happy!" And he wound his arm around Eva's neck, extending the other little hand to his father.

"Be very good to papa, mamma," was all he said.

When the Christmas morning dawned little Charlie was with the angels. And now in Charles Murray's home is a tender, thoughtful woman, the gentle companion of his manhood, the wise counselor to whom he always turns in every joy and sorrow. The old haughtiness is all gone, leaving her a worthy companion of the man whose name she bears.

THE NATURE OF MAN.

TWAS an early summer morning,
 Bluest sky shone through the trees,
 And the grasses rustled gently,
 'Neath the soft wings of the breeze.

She was strolling toward the garden,
 Looking fresh and sweet and cool;
 On her arm, a silken pocket
 Filled with dainty skeins of wool.

And he said, "Oh, may I carry it,
 That little bag for you?
 I wish there were some more important
 Service I might do.

"But if you're to the garden going,
 I'll escort you there,
 And see you safely seated on the
 Wide old rustic chair."

* * * * *

It was late one summer morning,
 And the sun was glaring down
 Upon the dusty tennis-court,
 So hot and hard and brown.

She was strolling hither, thither,
 Looking for a tennis-ball,
 Vainly wondering whither, whither
 Did the missing object fall.

He was lying in a hammock
That overlooked the court,
And when she sighed out, did he see
The object that she sought,

He seemed so very far away,
So lost in slumber deep,
That she turned and left that tennis-court,
Convinced he was asleep.

And things in life are very strange;
Ere she had turned away
That youth had wakened from his sleep,
And carelessly did stray

Toward a distant corner where
There lay a globe of yellow,
And shortly he was playing tennis
With another fellow!

LOUISE I. BEECHER.

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

SHE was a bright and beautiful child, one who seemed born for a better career, yet one on whom the blight of intemperance had left its impress early.

Her father was a drunkard, a worthless, miserable sot, whose only aim and ambition in life seemed to be to contrive ways and means of satisfying the devouring fire that constantly burned within him.

Her mother had died when she was a mere child, leaving her to grow up a wild-flower in the forest, uncultured and uncared for.

Yet she was very beautiful ; her form and face were of wondrous perfection and loveliness ; her disposition was happy and cheerful, notwithstanding the abuse to which she was continually subjected.

She was poorly and scantily clad. Sometimes her ragged garments scarcely covered her nakedness, yet she was clean and tidy, and many felt strongly attracted to her, both from feelings of pity and admiration.

Some sent her pretty presents, some gave her good clothes, but her wretched father appropriated them and sold them at the village grogeries for drink.

Often she was seen skipping like a sprite, bareheaded and barefooted through the flowery fields. She was observed in the meadows and pastures picking berries, which she sold for a few pennies to kindly disposed people who patronized her.

She had a sweet voice, and many stopped to listen to her, as they passed the hovel where she resided, wondering how one could have the heart to sing amid such miserable surroundings.

The years went by ; she grew to be almost a woman. She could not go to school or church, because she had nothing respectable to wear ; and had she gone her wicked father would have reviled her for her disposition to make something better of herself and for her simple piety. He sank lower and lower in the miserable slough of intemperance, and yet, when urged by well-meaning friends, to leave him she clung to him with an affection as unaccountable as it was earnest and sincere.

"If I should leave him he would die," she said. "If I stay and suffer with him here, sometime I may save him and make him a worthy man."

Many would have given her a home, food, and comfortable clothes, but she preferred to share her father's misery rather than selfishly forsake him in his unhappy infirmity.

The summer passed, the berries ripened and disappeared from the bushes. The leaves turned to crimson and yellow, and fell from the trees. The cold November winds howled through the desolate hollows, while, scantily clad, she crouched in a corner of her inhospitable, unhappy home.

She was very ill; bad treatment, poor food, and exposure had brought on a fatal sickness. Her brow burned with fever. Even her wretched father, selfish and inebriated as he was, became alarmed at her condition as he staggered about the room upon his return at a late hour from the village tavern, where he had spent the evening with a company of dissolute companions.

"Father," she said, "I am very sick; the doctor has been to see me; he left a prescription. Will you not go to the village and get it filled?"

"They won't trust me, child," he said, gruffly.

"But I will trust you," she said sweetly. "There is a little money hidden in the old clock there, which I saved from picking and selling berries. You can take it; there is enough."

His eyes sparkled with a dangerous glitter.

"Money!" he exclaimed almost fiercely. "I didn't know you had money. Why didn't you tell me before? Didn't you know it belonged by right to me?"

She sighed pitifully.

He staggered to the clock, fumbled about for a few moments, and soon found what he was seeking.

"Yes, I'll go," he said, excitedly. "Give me the prescription."

He snatched it from her extended hand, opened the door, and disappeared.

The night grew colder. The sick girl crept into bed and tossed and turned restlessly. The oil in the old lamp burned out. The windows rattled, a storm came, and rain and hail beat upon the window panes. The old clock struck the hour of midnight. The drunkard did not return.

Poor girl, her soul became filled with apprehension and fear for him.

"I must go for him," she said. "He will perish, and it will be my fault." She crawled out of bed, drew on her scanty apparel and worn shoes, threw a ragged shawl over her head and shoulders, and went forth into the darkness, heroically facing the driving storm.

The morning came, clear, cloudless, and beautiful. The earth was cold and frosty. A neighbor, going early to the village, found two lifeless forms lying by the roadway. Beside the dead man lay an empty black bottle. The girl's white arms were clasped about his neck. Her soul had gone to intercede for him before the Mercy Seat on high.

EUGENE J. HALL.

AT THE STAGE-DOOR.

From "Lines and Rhymes," by permission of John W. Lovell Co.

THE curtain had fallen, the lights were dim,
The rain came down with a steady pour ;
A white-haired man, with a kindly face,
Peered through the panes of the old stage-door.
" I'm getting too old to be drenched like that."
He muttered, and, turning, met face to face
The woman, whose genius, an hour before,
Like a mighty power had filled the place.

" Yes, much too old," with a smile, she said,
And she laid her hand on his silver hair ;
" You shall ride with me to your home to-night,
For that is my carriage standing there."
The old door-tender stood, doffing his hat
And holding the door, but she would not stir,
Though he said it was not for the " likes of him
To ride in a kerridge with such as her."

" Come, put out your lights," she said to him,
" I've something important I wish to say,
And I can't stand here in the draught, you know,
I can tell you much better while on the way."
So into the carriage the old man crept,
Thanking her gratefully o'er and o'er,
Till she bade him listen while she would tell
A story concerning that old stage-door.

" It was raining in torrents ten years ago
This very night, and a friendless child

Stood shivering there by that old stage-door,
Dreading her walk, in a night so wild.
She was only one of the 'extra' girls,
But you gave her a nickel to take the car,
And said 'Heaven bless ye, my little one,
Ye can pay me back if ye ever star.'

"So you cast your bread on the waters then,
And I pay you back as my heart demands,
And we're even now—no, not quite," she said,
As she emptied her purse in his trembling hands.
'And, if ever you're needy and want a friend,
You know where to come, for your little mite
Put hope in my heart and made me strive
To gain the success you have seen to-night."

Then the carriage stopped at the old man's door,
And the gas-light shone on him standing there;
And he stepped to the curb as she rolled away,
While his thin lips murmured a fervent prayer,
He looked at the silver and bills and gold,
And he said: "She gives all this to me?
My bread has come back a thousand-fold,
God bless her! God bless all such as she."

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

CHARITY GRINDER AND THE POSTMASTER GENERAL.

EVER since I've come down from Peekskill I've intended for to write to Miss Griffin. Somehow, though, I've gone and put it off and put it off until it seemed to me I wouldn't never do it. However, last Sunday was a week, I did sot down and give her an account of most o' the things that I'd been through since I got to York, with the heft of what I could find out about the folks I visited, and all I reckoned about the rest—made it as interestin' as I could, and I put it in an envelope and directed it, so's to have it by me Monday mornin', when I intended to hunt up some relatives o' mine I'd heered was come to York.

Well, Monday came, and as I started out I said to Cousin Marthy (I'm there ag'in a spell):

“Where's the post-office, Marthy?”

“Goin' to put in a letter?” says she.

“Yes,” says I.

“Oh!” says she. “Well, you needn't go to the post-office; only jest slip it into one o' them boxes on the lamp-posts. They'll do as well.”

Says I: “Land alive, what's York comin' to? Be them post-offices?”

She laughs, and says she:

“Well, they're letter-boxes, and they save a long journey. They're quite a convenience.”

“Of course they be,” says I, and out I went to put the letter in first off before I did another thing.

I walked along, looking for a lamp-post, and soon I come to one. There was a box to it, and beside it stood

a young man in a plaid waistcoat and very ily hair smoking and whistling.

"Is this here the post-office, young man?" says I.

He looks at me a minute and grins—what fur, I'd like to know—and says he :

"Yes'm, and I'm postmaster-general of this corner."

"Oh!" says I. "Well, you needn't take such airs if you are. You government officials always presume on your position in society to be imperdent to them that's full as good as you, if not a little better. None o' your airs to me. I want a letter put into the office for Peekskill. What d'ye tax?"

"Oh!" said he, "that depends on weight, mum."

"Well," says I, "what does this weigh?"

I gin him the letter, and he balanced it upon his thumb, and says he :

"Well, this is a purty heavy letter. I'll tax seventy-five cents for it. It's less than it ought to be, but considerin' you're an old lady—"

"Like yer imperdence," says I. "Old!"

"Middle-age, I meant," says he.

"Oh!" says I; "say so next time. Seventy-five cents. What an awful postage!"

"It's owing to the rise in cotton and gold," says he. "They went up double yesterday."

"Oh!" says I. "Well, I suppose it can't be helped. But I sha'n't write much more at that rate; correspondence would be too expensive. Will you take it safe?"

"Of course I shall," says he. "Come, now, my time is of value."

So I gave him the letter, and three twenty-five cent stamps, and went away, but as I looked back I saw him goin' into a liquor-store.

I didn't like the looks o' that, and it struck me I'd stop at Marthy's ag'in and ask her whether he was trustworthy. So I did. I tapped at the basement window and she came.

"Marthy," says I, "what kind of a fellow is the postmaster-general at the corner?"

"Hey?" says she.

"The postmaster-general at the corner," says I.

Says she:

"What on earth has been happening to you, now?"

So I up and told her. When I did she set to laughing until I thought she'd get hysterics. By and by, seeing how mad I was getting, she stopped and begun to explain—how't there warn't no such officiate, and how't the letter and the money was likely stolen.

"The letter aint," says I, "I seen him put that in the box."

"Oh!" says she, "then if it was stamped it will go."

"Land alive!" says I, "it hadn't no stamp on it. Up home I always give the money to the people at the office, and they put them on. So I thought he would. Where d'ye get stamps?"

"Oh!" says she, "I have plenty here," and she opened her pocket-book and gave me a couple.

"Now, if I had my letter out, I'd put it on," says I.

She laughed, and says she:

"You'll have to write another one."

But I was determined not to. I didn't say nothin' to Marthy, but I posted up to my bed-room, and got a long bit o' whalebone, and made a hook on the end of it with a pin, and then down I marched to the corner and began to try to get out my letter.

It was plaguey work. The little flap kept a falling

down, and fish as I could, I couldn't find nothin'. I've got a heap of spirit, though, and I kept on. At last the pin did stick in something, and I fished a letter up, so's I could stick in my fingers and get it out. 'Twasn't mine, though; 'twas directed to a Miss Albertina Briggs.

I was provoked, I tell you, and I held it in my hand while I fished again. About ten minutes after up came another. Then I thought I'd got mine, for sure, but this time 'twas a dirty affair, directed to Annie Rooney.

What on earth possessed me not to put 'em back, I don't know, but I held 'em while I went on peepin' into the little hole and forgettin' everything else, when down comes a hand on my shoulder, and a voice says in my ear :

"Caught you at last, eh ?"

And there was a policeman.

"What are you doin' ?" says he.

"Trying to get my letter out," says I.

"Needn't play the innocent on me," says he. "Come, give me your implements."

And he took away the letters and the whalebone and pin, and caught me by the arm, and marched me away up street.

There was a train of boys a mile long arter us, and I shrieked the hull way.

They took me to a station-house, and then the policeman says to the gentleman behind a desk :

"Here is the person who has been robbing the letter-boxes in this ward. I've jest captured her and her implements."

"Oh ! what a dreadful thing," says I. "I aint, Mr. Judge and Jury, I aint. I'm highly respectable and a

professor, and I'll have him sued for libel the minute I can write to my brother to come down and do it."

"Silence!" says the gentleman. "This is a very ingenious contrivance," and he looked at the whalebone and pin like an owl. "Were there any letters on her person?"

"Two," says the policeman, handin' 'em up.

"I was goin' to put 'em back," says I.

"Silence!" says the gentleman.

"Hold your own tongue," says I. "I suppose you'd like to hang me and not have me speak a word."

"This is useless," says the gentleman. "But in consideration of your age and sex I may promise you some clemency, if you give up your accomplices."

"Well," says I, "I kin knit, and work cross-stitch, and make paper flowers, and do tambour work, and I did once paint a piece on velvet, but the teacher finished it up."

"Is the woman crazy?" said the gentleman.

"Them's my accomplices," says I, "and I allers hev been considered accomplished up tu Peekskill."

"No evasion," said the gentleman. "If you are in league with light-fingered Dick you might as well own it."

"I aint engaged to nobody," says I. "Parson Scragg does call tu brother's now and then, but 'taint for me to say he comes to see me."

"She's a deep one," says the policeman.

"It will not avail her," says the gentleman. "I must commit her."

I knowed that was a legal term for sending me to prison, and down I flopped on my knees.

"Don't," says I; "I'll make a full confession."

"Very well," says the gentleman; and another sat down at his desk and begun to write.

"I'm Miss Charity Grinder," says I.

"Got that down, secretary?" says the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," says he.

"I'm from Peekskill," says I, "and my brother is named Jonathan, and I belong to Dr. Cluppings'—"

"Is he one of the gang?" says he.

"Gang?" says I. "He's our pastor."

"Oh!" says he.

"I come tu York to visit my relatives and see the sights," says I; "and if this is one of 'em, I wish I'd stayed at home. I wouldn't never hev been here if it hadn't been for the postmaster-general."

"Gracious goodness! what does the woman mean?" says the gentleman.

So I told him the hull on't about the letter and the seventy-five cents, and all, and says I:

"I didn't want nobody else's, but when I'd fished 'em I was afraid of catchin' 'em ag'in, so I didn't want to put 'em back, Mr. Judge and Jury, until I'd got mine. If that there policeman had knowed his duty, he'd hev seen I was a respectable lady, and never have took me up for a highway housebreaker."

Then I give him Cousin Marthy's address, and told him she knowed 'twas all true. It appeared he was well acquainted with her husband, and he begun to believe me.

He called a policeman and sent him to the house, and as I walked home all the sassy boys we met kept a-hollerin', "There goes the woman that was took up."

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

SHE LIKED HIM RALE WEEL.

THE spring had brought out the green leaf on the
trees,

An' the flowers were unfolding their sweets tae the
bees,

When Jock says tae Jenny, "Come, Jenny, agree,

An' say the bit word that ye'll marry me."

She held doon her heid like a lily sae meek,

An' the blush o' the rose fled awa' frae her cheek.

But she said, "Gang awa' man!

Your heid's in a creel."

She didna let on that she liked him rale weel—

Oh! she liked him rale weel—

But she didna let on that she liked him rale weel.

Then Jock says, "Oh, Jenny, for a twal-month an'
mair,

Ye ha'e kept me just hangin' 'twixt hope an' despair.

But, oh! Jenny, last night something whispered tae
me

That I'd better lie doon at the dyke-side an' dee."

Tae keep Jock in life, she gave in tae be tied;

An' soon they were booked, an' three times they were
cried.

Love danced in Jock's heart, an' hope joined the
reel—

He was sure that his Jenny did like him rale weel.

Oh! she liked him rale weel!

Aye, she liked him rale weel!

But she never let on that she liked him rale weel.

When the wedding day cam', tae the manse they did
stap,

An' there they got welcome frae Mr. Dunlap,
Wha chained them to love's matrimonial stake
Syne they took a dram an' a mouthfu' o' cake,
Then the minister said, "Jock, be kind tae your Jenny;
Nae langer she's tied to the string o' her minnie;
Noo, Jenny, will ye aye be couthie an' leal?"

"Yes, sir; oh, yes, for I like him rale weel!"

Aye, she liked him rale weel!

Oh! she liked him rale weel!

At last she owned up that she liked him rale weel!

ANDREW WAULESS.

A MESSAGE.

SHE wasn't on the playground, she wasn't on the
lawn,

The little one was missing, and bed-time coming on.

We hunted in the garden, we peeped about to see

If sleeping under rose-tree or lilac she might be.

But nothing came in answer to our anxious call

Until at length we hastened within the darkening hall.

And then upon the stillness there broke a silvery tone—

The darling mite was standing before the telephone,

And softly, as we listened, came stealing down the
stairs:

"H'lo, Central! Give me Heaven. I want to say my
prayers."

THE INDEPENDENT.

THE MONK'S PRAYER.

ONE eve I knelt in a Franciscan church,
And one, I need not name, beside me knelt
And prayed. The twilight cast a sacred gloom
O'er nave and chancel. Sculptured saint, and saint
In painting, shadowy, spirit-like, appeared.
Her face alone shone clear and angel-like,
And, looking upward to the one red light
Which burned before the Host, a tender light
In her own face, betokened angel smiles.
The sound of children chanting childhood's hymns
Of praise to Mary, floated down from stalls
Up near the holy place. Two monks in cowls
And girded with the three fold cord, before
The altar knelt in silent prayer. She, too,
Dear one! prayed, silent. Heart told heart she praye
For me.

O, love, long since in Paradise!
This night I vigil keep and kneel alone
Where once those brothers knelt. O, love, lost love,—
As, walking through fair vales of rest with Him
In sacrament adored that eve by us,
Thou lookest down upon a priest in prayer—
Rememb'ring that calm night of peace and love,
Rememb'ring him who loved, and loving, died
To all the world for thee—this night, my saint,
My loved one! pray for him who knelt with thee.

CHARLES C. HAHN



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Defence of Lucknow, The. Stirring.
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- Dueelist's Victory, The**. A noble revenge.
- Engineer's Making Love, The**, by R. J. Burdette. Courting on the rail.
- Fall of Pemberton Mill, The**, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Unusually strong and popular.
- Felon's Cell, A**. Very dramatic.
- Fly's Cogitations, A**. Amusing.
- Good-bye**. A feminine good-bye.
- How Girls Study**. Impersonation.
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- Jesus, Lover of My Soul**. Spiritual and beautiful. Parts to be sung.
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- Lasca**. Incident of a Texas cattle ranch. Dramatic and pathetic.
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- Lincoln's Last Dream**. Pathetic.
- Maister and the Balmis, The**. Scotch. Spiritual.
- Newsboy's Debt, The**. Pathetic and touching.
- Old Letters**. Sad memories they recall.
- Over the Orchard Fence**. The old farmer's story.
- Poor-House Nan**. A strong temperance piece.
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- Santa Claus in the Mines**. A touching Christmas story.
- Serenade, The**. Encore.
- She Cut His Hair**. Funny.
- Skeleton's Story, The**. Very dramatic.
- Teddy McGuire and Paddy O'Flynn**. Irish. Very amusing.
- Ter'ble 'Spurence, A**. Negro dialect.
- Total Annihilation**. Encore.
- Wendell Phillips**. A noble tribute.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 13

Ancient Miner's Story, The, by Will Carleton. The emptiness of riches.
Aristarchus Studies Elocution. Humorous.
At Last, by John G. Whittier. Spiritual.
Aunt Polly's George Washington. Negro dialect; humorous.
Banford's Burglar Alarm. Amusing.
Canada. A tribute to her people.
Chase, The. Very dramatic.
Child's Dream of a Star, A. Pathetic.
Chopper's Child, The, by Alice Cary. A wholesome Thanksgiving lesson.
Ego et Echo, by John G. Saxe. Humorous. Affords vocal opportunities.
Griffith Hammerton. A pathetic and stimulating Scotch story.
In the Signal Box, by George R. Sims. A thrilling and pathetic story of a station master.
Jehoshaphat's Deliverance. A lofty, poetical, and inspiring description.
Lady Rhesia, The. Amusing.
Little Quaker Sinner, The. The vanity of dress.
Lead the Way. Inspiring.
Legend of the Organ Builder. One of the most popular selections ever written.
Let the Angels Ring the Bells. A ringing Christmas poem.
Lord Dundreary in the Country. An amusing extract.

Marit and I. A pleasing love story.
Mary's Night Ride, by George W. Cable. Dramatic and very popular.
"Marry Me, Darlint, To-night." Irish; humorous. Encore.
Memorial Day. Patriotic.
Methodist Class Meeting, A. Yorkshire dialect.
Mine Shildren. German dialect.
Mother and Poet, by Mrs. Browning. Dramatic, pathetic, and popular.
New Cure for Rheumatism, A, by R. J. Burdette. Very amusing.
Old Continentals, The. Patriotic.
Old Man Goes to Town, The. An old farmer's pathetic story.
Only. A good temperance piece.
Out to Old Aunt Mary's, by James Whitcomb Riley. Very popular.
Playing School. A child's piece. Encore.
Public Speech. Instructive.
Regulus to the Carthaginians. Familiar but always popular.
Song of the American Eagle. Patriotic.
Spring Poet, The. Humorous.
Two Stammerers, The. Very amusing.
Uncle Ben. A spirited child's story. Very pathetic.
V-a-a-a, The. Very funny.
Yosemite, The. A sublime description.
Zarath. Heroic and stirring.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 14

Ballad of the Wicked Nephew, by James T. Fields. Humorous.
Battle of Morgarten, by Mrs. Hemans. A poem of Swiss heroism.
Be a Woman, by Dr. Edward Brooks, A. M. On the duty of mothers.
Bill and Joe, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Pleasing humor.
Brudder Yerkes's Sermon. Negro dialect.
Child is Father to the Man, The. A touching child's story. Scotch.
Cow and the Bishop, The. Humorous.
Culprit, A. Very amusing.
Daniel Gray, by J. G. Holland. Moral.
Day is Done, The, by Longfellow. Reflective and very beautiful.
Death of Steerforth, The, by Charles Dickens. Dramatic.
Drummer Boy of Mission Ridge, The. Patriotic and stirring.
Finding of the Cross, The. For missionary meetings.
Going for the Cows. Country sights and sounds.
Her Laddie's Picture. Touching.
Jimmy Brown's Sister's Wedding. A very amusing boy's piece.
June, by James Russell Lowell. A fine poem.
Jupiter and Ten. Amusing. Encore.
King Harold's Speech to His Army. Heroic.

Life Boat, The. Very pathetic.
Miseries of War, The. Oratorical.
Mither's Knee, A. Scotch.
Money Musk. Description of a Negro dance.
Mother's Portrait, A. Very pathetic.
"Nearer Home." Tender, spiritual.
Night Watch, The. Very Dramatic.
Pockets. Good description.
Romance of the Rood-Loft, A. A musical courtship.
Romance of the Swan's Nest, The, by Mrs. Browning. Pleasing description.
School-boy on Cerns, A. Humorous.
Second Trial, A. A touching story of a little sister's sympathy and love.
Sister Agatha's Ghost. An interesting Yorkshire story.
Smile and the Sigh, The. Encore.
Sweetest Picture, The, by Alice Cary. Tender and beautiful.
Tear of Repentance, A. Beautiful description.
Tender Heart, The. Encore.
Three Leaves from a Boy's Diary. Amusing. Good boy's piece.
Victor of Marengo, The. Soul-stirring.
What We Did with the Cow. Amusing.
Widow Cummiskey, The. Sharp Irish wit.
Ulysses, by Tennyson. Fine description.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 15

Bachelors, The. Amusing.
Bartholdi Statue, The. Eloquent.
Becalmed. A dramatic poem.
Brave Aunt Katy. Religious.
Commerce, by Edward Everett. A lofty tribute.
Concord Love Song, A. Encore.
David's Lament for Absalom, by N. P. Willis. Pathetic and popular.
Death of Jezebel, The. Very dramatic.
Der Oak Und der Vine. German dialect.
Fading Leaf, The, by Gail Hamilton. A beautiful description of Nature.
Fall in 1860, by George W. Cable. A spirited description.
Flag of the Rainbow. Patriotic.
Grant's Place in History. A high tribute.
Gray Champion, The, by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Historic, interesting.
Guessing Nationalities, by Mark Twain. Exceedingly clever humor.
In the Children's Hospital, by Tennyson. Spiritual and pathetic.
Ireland to be Ruled by Irishmen, by William E. Gladstone. Eloquent.
Jem's Last Ride. Exciting.
King Arthur and Queen Guinevere, by Tennyson. A lofty, dramatic, and pathetic extract.
Kiss Deferred, The. A pleasing and popular poem.

Little Foxes, by R. J. Burdette. As instructive semi-humorous selection.
Little Maid with Lover's Twain. A dilemma. Scotch.
Lullaby. For little folks. May be sung or recited.
Manhood, by George K. Morris. Uplifting and inspiring.
Mr. Beecher and the Waifs. A tender tribute to the great preacher.
Mrs. Pickett's Missionary Box. For church or missionary meetings.
Music in Camp; frequently called **Music on the Rappahannock.** An incident of the Civil War.
Old Roundsmen's Story, An. For Christmas.
Our First Experience with a Watch-dog, by Frank R. Stockton. Amusing.
Perfectly, Awfully, Lovely Story, A. An aesthetic exaggeration.
Price of a Drink, The. Temperance.
She wanted to Hear it Again. Encore.
Song for the Conquered, A. Instructive and helpful.
Three Kings, The, by Longfellow. A fine Christmas selection.
Tragedy on Past Participles, A. Amusing. For educational meetings.
Two Runaways, The. Negro dialect. Very amusing.
Watch Night, by Horatius Bonar. Religious. New Year's Eve.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 16

Aesthetic Craze, The. Humorous.
Back from the War, by T. De Witt Talmage. Good for G.A.R. occasions.
Battle Hymn, The. Lofty, impressive. Good for teaching.
Calls. The nature of a ministerial call. Amusing.
Charlotte Race, The, by Lew Wallace. from "Ben Hur." Exciting, popular.
Christening, The. An amusing mistake in the baptism of a child.
Cloely Croak. A pleasing story of rustic courtship.
Curse to Labor, The, by T. V. Powderly. A strong plea for temperance.
Day of Judgment, The, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. An amusing incident.
Decoration Day. A patriotic tribute.
Elf Child, The. By James Whitcomb Riley. "The Gobble-uns 'll Git You." Popular.
First View of the Heavens. Lofty description.
From the Shore of Eternity. Reflective and impressive.
General Grant's English, by Mark Twain. A stirring vindication.
Ginevra. Dramatic, thrilling.
Jimmy Moy. One of the very best of Samuel Lover's laughable Irish stories.
Legend of the Earth, by Jean Rameau. A lofty description of the creation.

Lily Servoss's Ride, by Judge Tourge. A thrilling Ku-klux story.
Lost Child, The. An exciting poem.
Message of the Dove, The. An inspiring Easter story.
Mourner a la Mode, The, by John C. Saxe. An amusing satire.
New South, The, by W. H. Gridley. Patriotic, graphic, glowing.
Old Fireplace, The. Pleasing pictures of childhood.
Old Man and Jim. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Two of James Whitcomb Riley's most popular readings.
Portrait, The, by Lord Lytton. Ver, dramatic and exceedingly popular.
Swan Song, The. A very touching and powerful story.
Tell-Tale Heart, The, by Edgar Allen Poe. Dramatic confession of a murder.
Thanksgiving in Boston Harbor. For Thanksgiving Day.
Topsy's First Lesson. From "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Very amusing.
Toussaint L'Ouverture, by Wendell Phillips. An eloquent tribute.
Two Queens in Westminster. A strong, historic poem.
Uncle, The. Intensely dramatic.
While We May. Pathetic, tender.
Wisdom Dearly Purchased, by Edmund Burke. Lofty patriotism.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 17

Army of the Potomac, by Joaquin Miller. For G. A. R. meetings.
Aunt Melissa on Boys, by J. T. Trowbridge. A story of intoxicated turkeys.
Aunt Sylvia's first Lesson in Geography. Amusing. Negro dialect.
Beat Race, The. A spirited description. The girls' crew wins.
Courting and Science. For teachers' meetings. Humorous.
Dead on the Field of Honor. Lofty description.
Easter Morning, by Henry Ward Beecher. Eastertide selection.
First Thanksgiving, The. A ringing, musical poem.
Garfield Statue, The, by Grover Cleveland. An eloquent tribute.
Heavenly Guest, The, by Celia Thaxter. A poem for church occasions.
How We Fought the Fire, by Will Carleton. Amusing.
Inge, the Boy King. A dramatic story of ancient Norway.
Jimmy Brown's Prompt Obedience. Very funny.
John Burns, of Gettysburg, by Bret Harte. Patriotic, yet amusing.
Land of Thus-and-So, The, by James Whitcomb Riley. For little folks.
Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi, The, by Longfellow. A beautiful legend.

Lexington, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. A stirring, lofty, and patriotic poem.
Little Match Girl, The. A touching Christmas story for children.
Lord Dundreary's Riddles. Droll humor. Dude imitation.
Lost. An intensely strong and dramatic temperance selection.
Low-backed Car, The. By Samuel Lover. Humorous and musical.
Minuet, The. Introducing the minuet step. Very popular.
Miss Witchhazel and Mr. Thistlepod, by R. J. Burdette. How a city girl learned to farm.
Monk's Magnificat, The. Introducing a chant. Lofty and spiritual.
Mother-in-Law, The, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The bitterness of love.
Mr. Brown Has His Hair Cut. A very amusing and popular piece.
Nurse Winnie Goes Shopping. Irish dialect. Humorous.
Ride of Collins Graves, The. Thrilling incident of a bursting dam.
Rover in Church. A pleasing story for children.
Sent back by the Angels. Pathetic.
Usual Way, The. A good encore.
Walpole's Attack on Pitt. Oratorical.
What is a Minority? by John R. Gough. Eloquent.
Wild Night at Sea, A. Dramatic.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 18

Absolution, by E. Nesbit. An exceptionally strong and popular poem.
Abigail Fisher. Rustic dialect.
Appeal for Temperance, by Henry W. Grady. An eloquent address.
At the Stage Door. Touching kindness of an actress.
Auctioneer's Gift, The. A short, affecting story.
Bad Boy's Diary, A. He would be a prestidigitator.
Blind Man's Testimony, The. A short Scripture story.
Charity Grinder and the Postmaster-General. A humorous mistake.
Cowboy's Sermon, The. Some Scripture truths plainly stated.
Come and be Shone. Humorous account of a lively bootblack.
Daniel Periton's Ride, by Albion W. Tourgee. A thrilling incident.
Defence of the Bride, The. A strong dramatic story.
Death Bridge of the Tay, The, by Will Carleton. A stirring story.
Famished Heart, A. A story worth repeating.
Gets Dhere, by Charles Follen Adams. Homely truths in German dialect.
How Ben Fargo's Claim was Jumped. An interesting frontier incident.
Up-um. A popular bit of Scotch dialect.

Little Charlie's Christmas. A pathetic Christmas story.
Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy. A dramatic incident of the Revolution.
New Series of Census Questions. Humorous.
Noses. A boy's composition. Amusing.
O'Grady's Goat. Irish dialect. Humorous.
Packet of Letters, A. Clever humor.
Pilgrims, The, by Chauncey M. Depew. A tribute to the New England fathers.
She Liked Him Rale Weel. Pleasing Scotch dialect.
Squarest Un Among 'Em, The. A touching newsboy's story.
St. Martin and the Beggar, by Margaret E. Sangster. For Sunday schools.
Tastes, by James Whitcomb Riley. Rustic humor. Encore.
Timothy Horn. His unique courtship.
Tobe's Monument. One of the most pathetic and popular stories ever written.
Two Christmas Eves, by E. Nesbit. A dramatic and pathetic poem.
Volunteer Organist, The, by S. W. Foss. Rustic, pathetic, and popular.
Wanted to See His Old Home. Affecting story of an old negro.
Whistling Regiment, The. An incident of the Civil War. Popular.



Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 19

Address to the Toothache, by Robert Burns. Humorous Scotch dialect.
Ballad of the Wayfarer, by Robert Buchanan. Pathetic and pleasing.
Beware, by Longfellow. Encore.
Bridget O'Flanagan. Irish humor.
Cold, Hard Cash. Encore.
Courting in Kentucky. Rustic, humorous, taking.
Divided, by Jean Ingelow. A beautiful and pathetic descriptive poem.
Doctor's Story, The. Amusing.
Dream of Fair Women, A, by Tennyson. Fine description.
Drop of Water, The. Very dramatic.
Dumb Savior, The. A powerful temperance story.
Getting On. An old man's reveries.
Glacier Bed, The. A thrilling story of an Alpine guide.
Her Laugh—In Four Fits. Encore.
How Uncle Podger Hung a Picture, by Jerome K. Jerome. Very laughable.
Jacqueminot-Rose Sunday. A pleasing hospital incident.
Joe Sleg. A story of an heroic railroad engineer.
Lady of Shalott, The, by Tennyson. Popular with the best readers.
Last Lesson, The. A touching school scene.

Lecture by the New Male Star. Efforts of a female reporter. Humorous.
Mary Alice Smith, by James Whitcomb Riley. A quaint story.
Midnight in London. Vivid description of the great city by gas light.
Mother's Mending Basket. A delightful home picture.
Oh, the Golden, Glowing Morning! For Easter day.
Queer Boy, A. Humorous.
Reuben James. A tribute to the courage of a sailor.
Siege of the Alamo. Patriotic.
Summerset Folks, The. Encore.
Swipesey's Christmas Dinner. How the newsboys "chipped in."
Toboggan Slide, The. An embarrassing situation.
Tola of Mustard Seed, The, by Sir Edwin Arnold. A sad but beautiful lesson.
Tragedy in the Sunshine, A. Dramatic.
Tray. An interesting story of a dog's brave deed.
True Bostonian at Heaven's Gate, A. Encore.
Twilight at Nazareth. Fine description.
War-horn of the Elffings, by William Morris. Beautiful description.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 20

All Things Shall Pass Away. An interesting Persian tale.
Aunt Phillis's Guest. Spiritual.
Billy. Who wasn't good like his brother Daniel.
Boys Wanted. A good piece for boys.
Bridget's Soliloquy. Dialect. Entertaining.
Casualty, A. Touching story of a bootblack.
Condensed Telegram, The. Humor.
Coaching the Rising Star. A striking lesson in dramatic elocution.
Doctor's Story, The, by Bret Harte. A touching incident of the Civil War.
Early Start, An. A minister's programme not completely carried out.
Elopement in '75. A stirring love story of the Revolution.
Fortunes of War, The. A sad story of the Civil War.
Following the Advice of a Physician. Very amusing.
Getting Acquainted. Encore.
He Worried About It, by S. W. Foss. Droll humor.
Hullo. Cheering. Very popular.
I Will Not Leave You Comfortless. A pathetic tale of mountain life.
Joslar. Country courtship. Encore.
Judy O'Shea Sees Hamlet. She describes the play in true Irish fashion.
Little Margery. Childhood's faith and trust.

Little Busy Bees. How they gather honey at a church fair.
Me and Jim. Rustic characterization pathetic, strong.
Milla's "Huguenots". A pathetic love story of the eve of St. Bartholomew.
Naughty Kitty Clover. For little girls.
Not in the Programme. An affecting incident in the life of an actress.
Obstructive Hat in the Pit. Very amusing.
Perfect Wife, The. A valuable lesson suited for church fairs.
Poor Rule, A. Encore.
Rajput Nurse, A, by Edwin Arnold. A thrilling Eastern story.
Riding on a Rail. Amusing incidents on a train.
Skimpsey. A thrilling and pathetic story of a horse jockey.
Song of the Market Place. A powerful picture of poverty, pity, music, and charity.
Tale of Sweethearts, A, by George R. Sims. A thrilling heart story. Dialect.
Their First Spat. A young couple's first quarrel. Humorous.
Uncle Noah's Ghost. How he searched for and found it. Amusing.
Wedding, The, by Southey. The dark side of the picture.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 21

Babies, by Jerome K. Jerome. Humorous.
Because. Encore.
Benediction, The, by Francois Coppée. A strong poem introducing a chant.
Betrothed, The, by Rudyard Kipling. Difficulty of choosing. Humorous.
Bridal of Malahide, The. Heroic and pathetic.
Clive, by Robert Browning. Very dramatic and exceedingly popular.
Contentment. Reflections of a lazy man.
Crossing the Bar, by Tennyson. One of his latest and most beautiful poems.
Cry in the Darkness, The—The Sentinel's Alarm. A story of Indian treachery.
Deacon's Downfall, The. How he was converted by a sweet soprano.
Dreamin' o' Home. Pathetic.
Emergency, An. A kind heart often found under a coarse coat.
Flag at Shenandoah, The, by Joaquin Miller. Faithful unto death.
H'anthem, The. Encore.
Herod. Highly dramatic.
Her Perfect Lover. Encore.
Italian's Views of the Labor Question. Dialect. Humorous.
Lydia's Ride. An incident of the British occupation of Philadelphia.
Men at Gloucester. Dramatic rescue of men at sea.

Napoleon's Advice to an Actor. A hint to readers and actors.
Old Canteen, The. A mother's story of her two sons who took opposite sides in the war.
Old Vote for "Young Marster", An. A good story. Negro dialect.
Overboard. Pathetic description of a man washed overboard at sea.
Papa Was Stumped. He couldn't do fractions.
Puzzle, A. Encore.
Revenge, The, by Tennyson. A heroic sea fight.
Seaweed. A beautiful fanciful poem.
Sir Hugo's Choice. A strong story of love and duty.
Sisterly Scheme, A. How a young girl supplanted her older sister. Very popular.
St. Patrick's Day. Irish dialect.
Stranded Bugle, The. A pleasing, fanciful poem.
Thar Was Jim. Pathetic.
That Sugar-Plum Tree. For children.
Two Gentlemen of Kentucky. Fine negro characterization.
Uncertain Pledge, An. Encore.
Unregistered Record, An. A negro jockey's story of a mad race.
What Else Could He Do? Encore.
Winnie's Welcome. A jolly Irish piece.
Woman's Career. Clever humor.
Worse Than Marriage. Encore.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 22

Ah Yet's Christmas. A pathetic story of a little Chinese boy.
Big Enough Family, A. A little boy's opinion of babies.
By the Alma. A story of Scotch heroism.
Deacon's Week, The. Good for missionary occasions.
Easter with Pareps, An. A powerfully pathetic Easter story.
Fall in! For G. A. R. occasions.
Fate of Sir John Franklin, The. A pathetic poem of Arctic adventure.
Gowk's Errand and What Cam' O't, A. A very amusing story done in Scotch.
Hagar. A dramatic picture of the departure of Hagar from Abraham's tent.
Hilda. A strong story of the power of a woman's love.
Hilda's Little Hood, by Hjalmer Hjorth Boyeson. A pleasing poem.
His Sister. Encore.
Hunt, The. A spirited description.
Joan of Arc's Farewell. Lofty and pathetic.
Jock Johnston, the Tinkler. A story of love and chivalry.
Leap-year Mishaps. As told by an old maid.
Little Black Phill. A touching incident of the Civil War.
Lost Puppy, The. A humorous poem.

Marguerite. For Decoration Day. Pathetic and tender.
Mr. Kris Kringle, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. A touching Christmas story.
Mr. Potts' Story, by Max Adeler. Mrs. Potts curbs her husband's tendency to exaggeration.
My Double and How He Undid Me, by Edward Everett Hale. Humorous.
Mysterious Portrait, The. Amusing.
My Vesper Song. Parts to be sung.
Not Ashamed of Ridicule. An excellent boys' story.
Old Wife, The. Pathetic.
On the Other Train. Very pathetic and popular.
Rural Infelicity. Amusing.
Scallywag. Teaches a good lesson.
Soul of the Violin. A strong, pathetic story of an old musician.
Teacher's Diadem, The. Appropriate for Sabbath schools.
Teaching a Sunday-school Class. A young lawyer's first experience. Humorous.
Them Oxen. Great grandmother's story of how the oxen drew two hearts together.
Wind and the Moon, The, by George MacDonald. For children.
Work, Work Away. Instructive and stimulating.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 23

Sells of Brookline, The. How they announced the end of the Civil War.
Benefits of the Constitution, by Daniel Webster. Oratorical and patriotic.
Busy. A bad spell and its results.
Chickadee, The. For children. Opportunity for bird notes.
Close of the Battle of Waterloo, by Victor Hugo. Full of dramatic power.
Count Gismond, by Robert Browning. Dramatic and chivalric.
Dance of Death, The, by Sir Walter Scott. A weird battle description.
Dead Pussy Cat, The. Child characterization.
Earl Sigurd's Christmas Eve. A spirited Norse Christmas story.
Easter Eve at Kerak-Moab. A thrilling and dramatic Easter tale.
Execution of Andre. Vivid description.
Execution of Sydney Carton, by Charles Dickens. An intensely dramatic story of the French Revolution.
How We Kept the Day, by Will Carleton. For Fourth of July. Humorous, rollicking.
Influence of Great Actions, The, by Daniel Webster. Instructive, eloquent.
Jimmy Brown's Attempt to Produce Freckles. Very amusing.

Literary Nightmare, A, by Mark Twain. Very funny and very popular.
My Fountain Pen, by Robert J. Burdette. Most amusing.
Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep. A beautiful paraphrase.
Owyhee Joe's Story. A tale of the Wild West.
Phoebe's Exploit. How a little girl saved a train.
Saunders McOlashan's Courtship. A very popular piece of Scotch humor.
Saved by a Boy. Teaches a lesson of honesty. For little folks.
Tommy's Dead. Pathetic.
True Eloquence. A fine definition.
Used-to-be, The, by James Whitcomb Riley. A quaint and fanciful poem.
Warwick, the King Maker, by Lord Lytton. Historic and dramatic.
When de Darkey am a-Whistlin' in de Co'n. A plantation song.
What Miss Edith Saw from Her Window. Humorous.
When I Was a Boy, by Eugene Field. Pleasing memories of boyhood.
When the Light Goes Out. Whole some advice in pleasing doses.
Whirling Wheel, The. Cheer to the heavy laden.
Wreck of "The Northern Belle," by Edwin Arnold. A tale of the treacherous sea. Dramatic.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 24

Art of Bookkeeping, The, by Thomas Hood. A humorous and exceedingly ingenious play upon words.
Ballad of Beau Brocade, The. Ancient tale of highwaymen of a past century.
Battle of Bannockburn, The. Vivid description.
Battle of Zaralla, by Oulda. A thrilling picture.
Black Zeph's Pard. A miner's tale. Pathetic.
Change of Heart, A. Encore.
Colored Philosophy. Negro dialect. Humorous.
Constantinus and the Lion, by George Croly. Dramatic and thrilling.
Courting of T'nowhead's Bell, The. An amusing Scotch prose piece.
Crime Revealed by Conscience, by Daniel Webster. Oratorical.
Death of Carver Doon, The, by R. D. Blackmore. Very dramatic.
Execution of Lady Do Winter, by Alexander Dumas. A gruesome tale.
Foreign Views of the Statue. Thoughts suggested to the immigrants on first seeing Bartholdi's statue. Amusing and very popular.
Getting the Right Start, by J. G. Holland. Excellent advice to young men.
How the La Rue Stakes Were Lost. A touching and thrilling story of the rescue of a child from under the horses' feet.

Incident of the French Camp, A. Pathetic and dramatic.
John Brown's Body. An incident on the Civil War.
Mammy Gets the Boy to Sleep. Negro dialect. Amusing.
Miss Eva's Visit to the Ogre. A very pleasing story for children.
Murder of Nancy Sykes, The, by Charles Dickens. Highly dramatic.
One-legged Goose, The. A plantation story. Exceedingly funny.
Organ-tempest of Luzerne, The. A beautiful description.
Point Sublime, Colorado Cañon. Lofty and impressive description.
Rock-a-by Lady, The, by Eugene Field. A pleasing song for little folks.
School-boys' Strike, by R. J. Burdette. Very amusing.
Seein' Things, by Eugene Field. Bed time experiences.
Spelling Bee at Angel's, by Bret Harte. Incidents attending a frontier spelling bee.
Strike at Colchester, The. How the women went on a strike—and how they returned. Amusing.
Tribute to Our Honored Dead, A, by H. W. Beecher. Oratorical.
Washington's Address to His Troops. Patriotic and inspiring.
When Summer Says Good-by. Rot licking humor. Negro dialect.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 25

ge and the Thinker, The. Humorous.
Back in War Days. An inspiring story for Decoration Day.
Call Path, The. Amusing and suggestive.
Chrysanthemum, The. Clever humor.
Cuba Libre, by Joaquin Miller. Spain's cruelty and injustice set forth.
Death of Robespierre, by George Lippard. Dramatic and realistic.
Delayed in Transmission. How an unruly tongue blocked an important message.
Dr. Lanyon's Narrative. Dramatic extract from Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.
Execution, The. An exciting story of My Lord Tomkewdy. Humorous.
Extending Credit. Encore.
Fiddle Told, The. A touching story of a convict's liberation.
Fight with the Aurochs, The. A thrilling tale of cruelty, heroism, and love, from "Quo Vadis."
Flannigan to Flannigan. An exceedingly clever bit of Irish humor.
From the Valley of the Shadder. Affection for a kitten and its consequences.
Grand Advance, The. Heroic incident of the Civil War.
He Understood. Encore.

How Jane Found Massa Linkum. A very pathetic piece.
I Go Fishin'. Humorous.
King's Decree, The. Norseland chivalry. A fine poem.
Little Bugler's Alarm, The. A touching story of the Kaffir War.
Little Visitor, A. For young folks.
My Last Duchess, by Robert Browning. A strong narrative poem.
Night, by Jerome K. Jerome. Beautiful description.
Offering for Cuba, An. A tale of Spanish cruelty.
Napoleon Bonaparte and Touloussant L'Ouverture. A strong prose selection.
'Ostler Joe, by George R. Sims. A story of unflinching love.
Practical Regeneration. An excellent church selection.
Recessional, by Rudyard Kipling. A beautiful spiritual poem.
Rizpah, by Tennyson. Strongly dramatic.
Settin' up with Peggy McKeag. From "The Latimers." Clever Scotch humor for church occasions.
Stop Yer Kickin'. Full of cheer.
What's the Difference? Encore.
Widow Mysie, The, by Robert Buchanan. A fine piece of humor.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 26

After the Fourth of July. Young America's appreciation of Independence Day.
Avalanche of Drugs, An. Very humorous.
Battle of Dundee, The. A humorous incident of the Boer War.
Battle of Manila. A vivid poetic description.
Billy, He's in Trouble. Droll humor.
Black Death of Bergen, The, by Lord Dufferin. A weird Norse tale.
Bull of Bashan, A. Dramatic story of a Mexican rancher.
Cavalry Charge, The. A stirring martial poem.
Corporal Dick's Promotion, by Conan Doyle. Intensely dramatic and pathetic.
Dave Flint's Temptation. A strong temperance story. Scotch dialect.
Emir's Game of Chess, The. A strong oriental tale.
Every-day Case, An. A pathetic story of real life.
Happy Farmer, The. Droll humor.
How Christmas Came to Crappy Shute. Heroic and pathetic story of a newsboy.
How the Captain Saved the Day. Patriotic and pathetic.
How they Stopped the Run, by Anthony Hope. Exciting run on a bank.

His Finish. A good golf story.
Indian Attack, The. A thrilling rescue.
I Vunder Vy? German humor.
Lucky Jim. A convict's sad experience.
Lullaby, by Paul Lawrence Dunbar. Sleep song. Negro dialect.
Mission of a Song, The. Descriptive, religious, tender.
My Sweetheart. Pleasing.
Ole Mistis. Apathetic and thrilling story of the race track.
Organist, The. Impressive and touching.
Reasonable Doubt, A. In which a juryman discovers that a long-lost son is being tried for his life.
Ride by Night, The. A thrilling story of the Civil War.
Rock and the Sea, The. Eloquent description.
Story the Doctor Told, The. A strong tale of a mother's self-sacrifice.
Sunset, by Shelley. A sublime description.
Thanksgiving Guest, The. A strong, pathetic Thanksgiving story.
That 'Fellow' Who Came on Sundays. Humorous. Encore.
When de Co'n Pone's Hot. Bright and cheery. Dialect.
When Pa Begins to Shave. Humorous.

Shoemaker's Best Selections No. 27

At the Telephone. The feminine side of a delicious conversation.

Bellinda's Shopping. Encore.

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